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MEMORIALS

OF

OLD OXFORDSHIRE.

EDITED BY

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.,

Editor of "Memorials of Old Buckinghamshire";
Author of "English Villages," "The Story of our Towns," "Old English Customs," "The Cathedrals of Great Britain," &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO THE

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PREFACE.

THE Editor desires to express his grateful thanks to the authors who have kindly co-operated with him in the preparation of this volume. In such company it has been a pleasant task to wander through the old-world towns and villages of the shire of Oxford; to admire its remarkable churches, its fine examples of domestic architecture, its castles, camps, and battlefields; to recall the lives of its noblest sons; to catch a glimpse of the stirring life of the University; and to watch the rival factions of King and Parliament contending in deadly conflict, making the shire their scene of slaughter.

The earlier volumes of this series of "Memorials"—Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire—have commended themselves to many readers, and the Editor hopes that not only will this volume receive a welcome from lovers of Old Oxfordshire, but that he may be able to arrange for the issue of several similar works relating to other counties. He especially desires to express his thanks to Mr. Charles E. Keyser, M.A., F.S.A., who has enriched his interesting chapter on Oxfordshire Churches by several plates which he has presented for its illustration, and to Mr. C. W. Hughes for his drawings.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

Barkham Rectory,
November, 1903.

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HISTORIC OXFORDSHIRE.

FOR the historian Oxfordshire has a peculiar fascination. It is the shire of the great city, the wondrous Oxford, with its annals of nigh seven centuries of University life and changing manners, the home of learning, the Saxon and Norman stronghold that played a great part in the Danish strife, the civil war of the twelfth century, and in the national drama of the seventeenth. The shire that has Oxford for its capital lacks not historic interest. Hence it has come to pass that the story of the great city and University has overshadowed that of the shire, and little is known of the old villages and churches, the quaint towns, mansions, and manor-houses that stud the county, or of the old families which have sacrificed their noblest sons for their King and country. We are endeavouring to tell again the story of some of these, and though we must not quite forget the chronicles of Oxford, our eyes will wander most often to the hills and forests of the shire, which are replete with associations of the past.

Earthworks, cromlechs, camps, and roads tell us of the earliest peoples who inhabited this district. On the west they found their tribal boundary where the Edgehill overlooks the plains of leafy Warwickshire. There are camps at Nadbury, Madmarston, Tadmarton, and Ilbury. Crouch Hill has an entrenchment, Maiden Bower was a strong fortress. Castle Hill and Gredenton were fortified, and numerous trackways connect these camps.

On the south, the Thames formed a means of defence, and opposite the Berkshire stronghold at Sinodun, near

Wallingford, stands the camp called the Dyke Hills, protected by a double vallum and a trench. The Rollright Stones were raised by the same folk who made these camps, and the Hoarstone at Enstone, the Devil's Quoits at Stanton Harcourt, the dolmen at Steeple Barton, preserve their memory. The county has also two Grimsdikes, one

HOAR STONE, ENSTONE.

stretching from the Wenloch to the Glyme, the other from the Thames by Mongewell to the foot of the Chilterns at Nuffield. Emm's Ditch, near Witney, is probably a corruption of Grimsditch, and marks yet another tribal boundary, and Ashbank, Wattlebank, and Avesditch or Goblin's Bank are various names for the vallum which runs

from Akeman Street to Middleton Park. The ancient Icknield Way runs through the county, entering it at Chinnor, and the trackways are numerous.

The earliest inhabitants of whom we have any record were the Dobuni[1]—a warlike Celtic race, who were surrounded by strong tribes—the Carnabii on the west, the Coritani on the north, the Atrebates on the south, and the Catuvelauni on the east. There was much fighting between these tribes; the Dobuni extended their territory as far as the Severn; then they were pressed by their Buckinghamshire neighbours, the Catuvelauni, who conquered the greater part of the country now known as Oxfordshire. The Dobuni and their conquerors both coined money, and examples of their coinage have been found. The former bears the inscription "BUDUOC," with the figure of a horse on the reverse; the latter has the name of Cunobeline, the "Cymbeline" of Shakespeare, foremost of the Celtic chieftains.

DOLMEN.

Of the coming of the Romans we have many evidences. Cæsar could not penetrate the forests of Oxfordshire, and it was left to Aulus Plautius to receive the submission of the Dobuni. The conquerors have left many traces of their occupation. Akeman Street, a branch of Watling Street, passed through the county, and can be easily traced from Blackthorn, near Ambrosden, through Chesterton, Kirtlington, Stonesfield, Asthall, across the Windrush to Gloucestershire. The Icknield Way, leading from Chinnor, through Wallingford, to Silchester, became a Roman street. Of Roman towns and stations there are few. Alchester, the old Chester, an important *castrum*,

[1] Ptolemy calls them Δοβόυνοι, and Dion Cassius Βοδόυνοι.

has only a few heaps of earth to mark its site on the road between Oxford and Bicester. Coins, walls, hypocausts, and other evidences of the presence of the Romans, have been found here. Dorchester, as its name implies, was also a Roman station, and extensive finds of coins and other relics confirm the witness of its nomenclature. These were the only two Roman stations in Oxfordshire, but the county was dotted over with Roman villas, which were some of the finest in England. Stonesfield, Northleigh, Wigginton, Beckley, Wheatley, Fringford, Middleton, and Woodperry possess grand examples of the residences of noble Romans, with fine quadrangles, tessellated pavements, hypocausts, and the usual comforts with which the luxurious Roman loved to surround himself.

When the Roman occupation came to an end, though the legions had returned to the Eternal City, and many of Britain's bravest sons had gone with them, the old country life of rural Oxfordshire continued with little interruption. The Anglo-Saxons were coming in clans and families, but they were far away on the southern coast, and for years seed-time and harvest and the occupations of country life went on in the villages without let or hindrance. Dorchester continued its placid existence; Alchester may have been abandoned; Cirencester was the "county town" and market, which attracted the Celtic or semi-Roman gentry by the delights of its amphitheatre and its busy forum. News sometimes came along the great roads of fightings and hideous slaughter, but for the present the peaceful rural life continued, and all was well. There was a rude awakening. Troops of fair-haired Saxons were making their way along the Thames and across the Berkshire Downs. Silchester had fallen. They fought with the Britons in 556 at Beranbyrig, or Banbury, and only obtained a partial success.[1] Cuthwulf

[1] A.D. 556. This year Cyric and Ceawlin fought with the Britons at Beranbyrig.—*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.*

and his West Saxons in 571 A.D. took Bensington, Aylesbury, and Eynsham. A few years later they overran the country, destroying the beautiful villas, and reducing the population to slavery. The wealthy folk fled before the storm; the rustics changed masters, and were left to till the soil, or found a refuge in the woods and forests; and Oxfordshire became part of the powerful kingdom of Wessex.

Then followed a long period of anarchy and unrest. The West Saxons advancing from the South were confronted with the Mercians coming from the North, and the records of six centuries tell of little but constant fighting between these opposing powers and their common enemy, the Danes. At the beginning of the seventh century Oxfordshire was part of Wessex; then Penda of Mercia conquered Cwichelm of Wessex, and by an agreement the Thames was made the division between the two kingdoms. Penda's successor, Wulfhere, invaded Berkshire, and took possession of the northern part of that district. Then Ine of Wessex drove the invaders across the river and made it the boundary of his kingdom. In 752 Cuthred of Wessex crossed the river, fought Ethelbald, King of Mercia, at Burford, and conquered the country. "Battle Edge," near Burford, marks the site of the battle, which was commemorated as late as the eighteenth century by a feast and procession in that quaint town, when the figures of a dragon (the device on the standard of Ethelbald) and a giant were carried through the streets.

Again the unhappy county was devastated with war. Offa of Mercia reconquered his lost possessions by winning a mighty battle at Bensington in 777 A.D. Again the fortunes of war changed, and Egbert, in 827, established his sway over Oxfordshire, which was thus finally incorporated with the kingdom of Wessex.

Early in the seventh century Christianity came to the West Saxons, and their apostle was St. Berin. At that

time Cynegils was King of Wessex, and to his court at Cholsey the missionary came to proclaim the Gospel. Tradition tells of a great conference at Churn Knob, on the Berkshire Downs, which impressed the monarch. The visit of Oswald, the Christian King of Northumbria, who was seeking the hand of his daughter, further influenced him, and Cynegils embraced the Christian faith, and was baptised at Dorchester, Oswald acting as sponsor. His people followed his example, and Dorchester was given to St. Berin "to make there an episcopal see." This little Oxfordshire village thus became the seat of a bishopric, which afterwards extended from the Thames to the Humber. The name of this first bishop still survives in "Berin's Hill," on the Chilterns.

But the proclaiming of the Gospel of Peace did not hush the din of war. As we have seen, the contest between Wessex and Mercia continued for many a weary year; and when this happily ceased through the victory of Egbert, the Danish troubles began, and Oxfordshire suffered severely. For twelve months the marauders sojourned at Cirencester, and laid waste Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire with fire and sword. There was fighting, too, between Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, and his cousin Ethelwold. In 914 the Danes plundered the county as far as Hocknorton, and made great slaughter. Tradition tells of another fight at Danesmoor, and many places were totally destroyed,[1] and the country made desolate.

The first historic mention of Oxford is in the year 912, when the chronicle states: "This year died Eathered Ealdorman of the Mercians, and King Eadward took possession of London and Oxford, and of all lands which owed obedience thereto." About this time the earliest

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1 Some of these ruined towns were Blackley, Stean near Banbury, King's Sutton, Chipping Warden, Stone Green, Hanwell, Burton Dasset, and Chilgrove, which may possibly date their destruction from this period.—Beesley's *Banbury*.

fortifications at Oxford were constructed, and the well-known mound raised upon which the Norman keep was subsequently erected. For the first time, also, the geographical delineation of the county was actually made. It is well known that shires which take their names from the chief town were formed somewhat later than the older counties, such as Berkshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Norfolk, etc. Some writers see in these names the evidence of conquest, of districts added to the old kingdoms of Mercia or Northumbria, and named after the principal place in the conquered territory. At any rate, at the beginning of the tenth century the actual boundaries of the county were determined, and the district was called the Shire of Oxford.

Edward the Elder at last checked the ravages of the Danes, and for a time the land had peace. Kirtlington was the scene of a great council in 977, when there was a great concourse of thanes and bishops. At the close of the century the Danes renewed their plundering. Ethelred the Unready tried to buy them off, and then, in 1002, on St. Brice's Day, ordered their massacre. Oxford was the scene of a terrible slaughter. The Danes took refuge in the church of St. Frideswide's Monastery, which was set on fire, so that they perished miserably. Their compatriots soon found revenge, and ravaged the country, and sacked and burnt Oxford. It seems to have recovered speedily, for a council was held there in 1015, on which occasion Sigefrith and Morkere, two Danish chieftains, were secretly murdered. Edmund Ironsides shared their fate a few years later. Gemots were held at Oxford in 1018 and 1036, and here Harold died. Edward the Confessor was an Oxfordshire man, having been born at Islip, where his mother, Emma, happened to be staying, and where there was probably a palace. The font in which it was believed that the monarch was baptised has been removed to Middleton Stoney. He recognised the place of his birth by bequeathing it to his Abbey of Westminster.

An important council was held at Oxford in 1065 to decide about the usurpation of Northumbria by Tostig. King Harold decided in favour of Morkere, and this led to the alliance of Tostig with Hardrada, the battle of

FONT IN WHICH EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BAPTISED.

Stamford Bridge, the subsequent defeat of Senlac, and the Norman Conquest of England.

The most prominent persons in Oxfordshire after the Conquest were Robert D'Oily, who married the heiress of

Wigod, lord of Wallingford, and held Hocknorton and about fifty manors in the county; Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who held Deddington, Tew, Somerton, Fritwell, Newington, Barford, and many others, and Roger D'Ivory, who was granted twenty-three manors. D'Oily was ordered to build a castle at Oxford, and erected the great square keep familiar to all who know the city. Hithe Bridge and the churches of St. Mary Magdalene, St. Peter-in-the-East, and St. Michael were probably built by him. The Domesday Survey gives a graphic picture of the county and of each manor within its borders, but an examination of its contents would lead us too far afield. No less than eighty-eight of the estates changed hands, their English owners being dispossessed in favour of the Norman.

The coming of the Normans lowered the high position of Dorchester as an episcopal see. Remigius, the first Norman prelate of the diocese, removed his throne to Lincoln, and there began to build his cathedral. Banbury and Cropredy were confirmed to the see by Honorius II.; and Alexandra, bishop of Lincoln in the time of Henry I., built a castle at Banbury which had a notable history, and was for a long time the abode of the occupants of the see.

Castles were also built during Stephen's reign at King's Sutton, Evenley, Ardley, Swerford, Somerton, Chipping Warden, Chipping Norton, Mixbury, Deddington, Culworth, Sulgrave, Brackley, and Adderbury.

This was an age of active church building, and the Norman character of many Oxfordshire churches testifies to their having been erected at this time.

Oxfordshire was always famous for its sport, and in ancient times abounded in forests, where deer flourished. Here the Norman kings loved to hunt. Henry I. had a hunting-lodge at Woodstock, and built the palace of Beaumont, just outside the city of Oxford, where Beaumont Street now runs. He kept a menagerie at Woodstock, and frequently visited there. During Stephen's reign the

county suffered much from the Civil War. Great councils of the nation were held at Oxford in 1135 and 1139. During the session of the latter the servants of the bishops of Lincoln, Ely, and Salisbury quarrelled with those of the Earl of Brittany, and some were killed in the fray. Stephen arrested the bishops, and ordered them to give up their castles. Thus Banbury passed into the king's hands, who also held Richard de Camville's castle at Middleton. The castles of Oxford, Woodstock, and Bampton were held for the Empress Maud. She was besieged and hard pressed while at Oxford, and everyone has heard of her escape by night along the frozen Thames, dressed in white, finding safety in the friendly fortress of Wallingford. The war was ended by a Council at Oxford in 1153.

During this period monasticism spread, and the shire lacked not religious houses. Osney Priory was founded by Robert D'Oily in 1129. St. Frideswide's, originally founded in Saxon times, was endowed with many rich acres. Eynsham was founded, and Dorchester became a house for Austin canons. The nunnery of Godstow was founded in 1138, and a Cistercian monastery at Oddington, afterwards removed to Thame. The Knight Templars had a house at Cowley, and an alien priory existed at Cogges.

Henry II. set to work to destroy the castles built in the troublous times of his predecessor, which were a plague to the peace of the country. The castles of Middleton Stoney, Ardley, Swerford, and Somerton, and many others were levelled with the ground, but those at Chipping Norton, Mixbury, Deddington, and Banbury were spared. The shire witnessed the rising of the storm between Henry and Becket. It was at Woodstock that the Archbishop bearded the King, and there was forced to assent to the Constitutions of Clarendon, so obnoxious to ecclesiastics. In honour of the martyred prelate the churches of St. Thomas, Oxford, Goring, and Elsfield, and a chantry chapel at Burford, were dedicated. Woodstock

is also famous for the story of Fair Rosamund, whose ashes lie at Godstow. The tragedy of her life will be told later in this volume.

Both Richard I. and John were Oxfordshire men, the former having been born at the Palace of Beaumont, the latter at Woodstock. The crusades stirred the zeal of many in the county. Richard de Camville and Bernard de St. Walery followed the "Lion Heart" to the Holy Land, and never returned. Those who were left behind were not so loyal to their absent King, conspired against him, and suffered when he returned.

The pomp of chivalry and knightly exercise found a home in the shire, and one of the spots selected by Richard for tournaments lies within its borders. Bears or Bayards Green, between Mixbury and Brackley, was the appointed jousting place, and fancy can picture the scenes of courtly display and knightly prowess which once took place on this roadside common. King John loved the chase, and often came here for that purpose. Not content with his seats at Beaumont and Woodstock, he built a "palace" at Langley, in Wychwood Forest, of which more anon.

. Of parliaments and councils held at Oxford it would take too long to write; but the historian must mention the important "Provisions of Oxford," drawn up in 1258, which rank with Magna Charta as the safeguard of English liberties. Of the coming of the Friars there are many evidences: they founded several houses in Oxford, and Edward II. gave to the White Friars his palace of Beaumont. The Prebend of Banbury was founded in 1231, and Thame also became a prebendal of Lincoln. Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord of Banbury, the greatest Churchman of the "Golden Age of Churchmen," built the grand church at Thame and the fine chapel attached to the Prebendal House. Of the rise of the colleges and the history of the University we shall read in a later chapter.

Amongst the great landowners in the county in the

thirteenth century was Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother, who was himself King of the Holy Roman Empire, a man of great wealth. To him Henry III. gave the Honour of St. Walery, including the lordship of Ambrosden, Mixbury, Beckley, and other places. He built a palace at Beckley, enlarged his park, and some of the churches in the shire were built by him, as the presence of his arms on tile or in glass testifies. He built the Cistercian Abbey of Rewley, outside Oxford. The manor of Bampton was granted to the King's half-brother, William de Valence.

Deddington Castle, now destroyed, tells of the fate of Piers Gaveston, the royal favourite, who was incarcerated there just before he met his death at Warwick at the hands of the "Black Dog" of Warwick. During the reign of the second Edward the order of the Knights Templars was suppressed, and their houses at Temple Cowley and Gosford were given to the Knights Hospitallers.

Oxfordshire supplied a contingent of soldiers for the French wars in the time of Edward III. Oxford was ordered to send 30 armed men, Witney 4, Banbury 6, Thame 3, Chipping Norton 3, and Burford 4. These doubtless helped to win for England the fight at Creçy. Chaucer is said, without much authority, to have been born at Woodstock; thither he would often come with the court, and his son, Thomas Chaucer, held the manor of Ewelme. The fourteenth century saw the building of many noble houses. Cottisford, Cogges, Greys Court, Stonor Park, Sherburn, Henton, and Broughton all began their existence at this period, though succeeding ages have either added to their greatness or reduced them to ruins.

The third Edward loved Oxford, where he was educated, and Woodstock frequently saw him. There his sons were born. The Black Death wrought havoc in the fair hills and vales of Oxfordshire, and the city itself suffered terribly from the dread pestilence. The colleges at this and subsequent times provided for themselves rural retreats,

whither they could retire when the plague came. Corpus had a house at Witney; Trinity at Garsington; All Souls' required their tenants at Stanton Harcourt Parsonage to provide chambers for its fellows; Magdalen went to Brackley, or Burford, or Ewelme, Thame, Water Eaton, or Witney; Oriel on one occasion used St. Bartholomew's Hospital, outside the city, and sometimes retired to Dean.

Sounds of fighting were heard on the borders of the county at Radcot Bridge in 1387, when Robert De Vere, Earl of Oxford, a favourite of King Richard II., fought against the forces of the Earls of Gloucester and Derby. De Vere was defeated, and only escaped by swimming his horse across the river. Of this exploit the poet sings:—

> "Here Oxford's hero, famous for his boar,
> While clashing swords upon his target sound,
> And showers of arrows from his breast rebound,
> Prepared for worst of fates, undaunted stood,
> And urged his heart into the rapid flood;
> The waves in triumph bore him, and were proud
> To sink beneath their honourable load."

Richard II. kept Christmas at Woodstock in 1391, when a tournament was held in the Park, which ended in tragedy, the youthful Earl of Pembroke being slain by John St. John, whose lance slipped and fatally pierced the Earl's body. Another tournament was to have been held at Oxford in 1400, and was devised by certain conspirators against Henry IV., who were determined to assassinate their King during the jousts and proclaim a certain priest of Magdalen as Richard II. returned again to life. The conspiracy failed, and many noble heads fell.

The Wars of the Roses affected little the life of the University or the peace of rural Oxfordshire.

Edward IV. frequently came to the county and stayed at Woodstock and Langley. Romance tells us that while hunting in Wychwood Forest he first saw and loved Elizabeth Woodville, his future Queen, though the Queen's

Oak at Grafton Regis, Northants, lays claim to the honour of having witnessed the affecting meeting. In his reign occurred the Battle of Danesmoor, near Banbury, between an army of insurgents from the north led by Robert of Redesdale, Sir Henry Neville, and Lord Fitzhugh, and the royal forces under the Earl of Pembroke. This conspiracy was fomented by the Earl of Warwick, who liked not the King's connection with the Woodvilles and the advance of the Queen's relatives. The fight was fought with much stubbornness, and the insurgents triumphed. The Earl of Pembroke, Sir Richard Herbert, his brother, and divers other gentlemen, were taken and beheaded at Banbury, the porch of the old church being, according to tradition, the place of execution. The Earl of Pembroke lost the day through the desertion of Lord Stafford, who was angry because the Earl put him out of an inn wherein "he delighted muche to be for the loue of a damosell that dwelled in the house."[1]

The fall of Richard III. sealed the fate of several Oxfordshire families, amongst them the house of Lovel, the founders of Minster Lovel. A mystery attends the fate of Francis, Viscount Lovel, who fought for Richard. It is said that he escaped from the battle of Stoke, sought refuge in a secret chamber in his old home, was fed for some time by an old housekeeper, who died suddenly, and thus caused her master to perish from starvation. William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, a supporter of the White Rose, the owner of Ewelme, met his death in 1449. He was condemned to exile, but his foes boarded the vessel which was bearing him to France, and beheaded him. Lord Saye, whose son William became by marriage the Lord of Broughton, suffered death at the hands of Jack Cade's rebels in 1451. His son fell at the battle of Barnet, twenty years later. The vicissitudes of noble families were strange and numerous.

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[1] Hall's *Chronicle.*

Vast changes took place in the time of Henry VIII. Thrice he visited Oxford, and at Woodstock an attempt to assassinate him was made by William Morisco. Wolsey loved Oxford, and intended great things. He suppressed

THE RUINS OF MINSTER LOVEL.

the monastery of St. Frideswide and began to rear his mighty college, but his fall prevented him from carrying out his great conception.

Reformation principles were rife in the county, and were suppressed with a strong hand. Burford was a centre of heresy, and Master Dods acted as spy upon his

neighbours, and accused his master, the Vicar of Windrush, of lax opinions. Foxe tells of many victims of persecution who were condemned to carry faggots round the market place, to be branded on the cheek, and even to be burnt. Many were sent to monastic prisons, there to be kept as perpetual penitents. But the principles of reform spread, and soon the monasteries were condemned. Their suppression is an oft-told story, and the result was disastrous to the University and to the country, while the appropriation of the revenues by the Crown and the spoliation of the goods of the Church were scandalous and unjust. There were about thirty-eight houses in Oxfordshire, including cells, and about seven hospitals. All tell the same tale of wrong, spoliation, and injustice, of greedy appropriation of revenues and Church goods. Churchwardens followed the example of the courtiers, and sold costly chalices, vestments, brasses, and lead. Dorchester Church was preserved by the generous action of Richard Beauforest, who bought it for £140 and gave it to the town.

As an atonement for the suppression of the monasteries, Henry founded six bishoprics, of which Oxford was one. Osney Abbey Church was given for a cathedral, and Robert King, the last abbot, became the first bishop. The Episcopal See was soon removed to the church of St. Frideswide, and a Foundation of Dean and Canons created on economic principles.

The change in the aspect of religious affairs was not effected without some protest, and the Oxfordshire rustics liked not the new Prayer Book. There was some rioting, and stern measures were taken by Lord Grey of Wilton and an army of 1,500 men. A meeting of the squires of Oxfordshire was held at Witney in order to suppress the revolt, and certain persons, including the vicars of Chipping Norton and Bloxham, were ordered to be hanged on their own steeples. Disaffection was stamped out rigorously, and conformity to the new order of things vehemently

enforced. The manor and castle of Banbury passed away from the possession of the Bishops of Lincoln, and were held for a short time by the ever-greedy Protector Somerset. The return of Romanism with Queen Mary caused some re-action, but the execution of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer made its savour to be abhorred. We need not tell the details of that *auto-da-fé*. It is an oft-told story. The martyrs' memorial stands somewhere near the fatal spot.

The shire knew Queen Elizabeth well. She had been a prisoner at Woodstock and at Rycote. In the former she was not comfortable, as the place was ruinous, and the gatehouse where she sojourned was cold and miserable. She envied a poor milkmaid who was "singing pleasantlie," studied her books, and cultivated astrology under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Dee. On her accession, she came to Oxford and had a grand reception. She listened patiently to the disputations in St. Mary's Church, saw plays acted in Christ Church Hall, and breathed a tender farewell when her visit ended. Her favourite's wife, Amy Robsart, the heroine of the romance of Cumnor, was buried in St. Mary's a few years prior to the Queen's advent. Leicester himself met his death in the county at Cornbury, and it is said that he was poisoned by his wife, Lettice Knollys. Recusants were plentiful in Oxfordshire, and here frequently came Edmund Campian, the Jesuit, who found favourite hiding-places at Stonor House, near Henley, Souldern, Mapledurham, and other residences of Roman Catholic families. George Napper, another Jesuit, was captured at Kirtlington, and was executed with revolting atrocities at Oxford. The Queen often came to Woodstock and Langley, and loved especially Ditchley, the home of Sir Henry Lee. James I. was a keen sportsman, and frequently followed the chase and stayed in the same houses, as well as at Wroxton, Broughton, Hanwell, and Chastleton.

It would require a volume to record adequately the part

which the shire played in the drama of the Civil War. Oxford was the Royalist headquarters. Battles were fought at Cropredy and Chalgrove, and at Edgehill, just beyond the borders of the county. The castle of Banbury was a great centre of the fighting, and the country round was pillaged and plundered by the armies of both belligerents. A little room in Broughton Castle, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, is pointed out as the birthplace of the rebellion. There the conspirators met to devise their plan of campaign. Amongst them were Hampden, Pym, the Lords Brook, Essex, and Warwick, and the owner of Broughton, nicknamed "Old Subtlety." In 1642 hostilities commenced. The King held Oxford, Woodstock, Mapledurham, Bletchingdon, and the Roundheads were in possession of Broughton, Banbury, Brackley, Henley, and the Chilterns. Edgehill was fought in October, a graphic account of which is given later by Mr. Money. Broughton and Banbury fell into the King's hands, and the town was pillaged. Oxford was fortified, and became the residence of the King during the greater part of the war. The aspect of the University city was entirely changed. Learning was forgotten, and the youths rushed to arms. New College and Christ Church echoed with the sounds of military drilling. Ammunition was stored in the cloisters of New. Strange scenes were witnessed in the streets. Wounded troopers were carried along; now a company of Parliamentary prisoners is brought in. Against the wall of Merton poor Colonel Windibank is placed, to be shot for surrendering Bletchingdon. The Court lacks not gaiety. Plays are performed before the royal party, and during the interludes of war they hunt at Woodstock. Prince Rupert is busy harrying the enemy. In 1643 the battle of Chalgrove Field is fought and Hampden slain. Waller and Essex press the city closer, and Charles leaves Oxford, passing through Wolvercot and Yarnton, Handborough, Witney, and Burford, and so to Worcester. A little later he returns

and fights at Cropredy Bridge. Banbury Castle is besieged by the Parliamentary forces under Colonel Fiennes, who makes the grand old church, so wantonly destroyed in 1790, his headquarters, and plants his artillery in the churchyard. Shots are continually exchanged by the guns of the castle and the church. The fortress holds out bravely, and is at length relieved just when provisions have begun to fail.

At length Naseby sounded the knell of the Royalist cause; Charles soon delivered himself to the Scots; and the war was over. By order of the King, the garrisons of Banbury, Oxford, and other places, which had held out so long, marched out and were accorded all the honours of war, having earned the respect of both friend and foe.

The havoc wrought in Oxfordshire by the war was terrible. Banbury had especially suffered, having been frequently pillaged by both parties. Thame suffered in the same way. Henley was plundered by the Royalists. Many old houses were destroyed. Banbury Castle was pulled down. Churches were defaced, stripped of their leaden roofs, which made excellent bullets, and dishonoured by being used as barracks. Many clergymen were ejected from their livings. Speaker Lenthall, of Burford Priory, was one of the chief instruments for the removing of "scandalous ministers." The vicar of Iffley earned his living by cutting wood. Lydiatt, rector of Alkerton, was compelled "to borrow a shirt to shift himself"; and Dr. Oldys, of Adderbury, was shot. The ejected Bishop of Oxford, Robert Skinner, was allowed to keep the living of Launton, and in spite of all Commonwealth commands read the Book of Common Prayer and ordained three hundred clergymen. A visitation of the University was ordered, which occasioned strange doings at Oxford. Twenty heads of colleges and professors were ejected, and Mrs. Fell, the wife of the Dean of Christ Church, had to be forcibly removed from the Deanery. The

"Levellers" troubled the Commonwealth both at Burford and Oxford, concerning whom we shall hear more later on.

The Restoration was received at Oxford with tumultuous joy, and the old order was restored. Puritan ways gave place to boisterous merriment, and the manners of the University were often wild and wanton. When the Plague broke out in London, Charles and his court came to Oxford. Parliament met here in 1681. Monmouth's rebellion awakened the military ardour of the students, and several companies were formed, but their services were not required. The broken drum in All Souls' bursary tells of the entertainment of the young soldiers by the Earl of Abingdon at Rycote, and of their return to the city in an inebriated condition. The efforts of James II. to Romanize the University, and his contest with the Fellows of Magdalen with regard to the election of president, are familiar to all students of history, and need not now be recorded. "Dutch William" soon came to the throne. He had little connection with the shire. We hear of him at Burford in 1695, when two saddles were presented to the King, and at Oxford, where a State banquet was prepared for him in the Sheldonian Theatre, but he refused to eat anything, and the viands were seized upon and devoured by a rabble of townsfolk. Both the city and the shire were ardently attached to the Stuarts. There were numerous non-jurors, amongst whom was Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, a profound hater of the Hanoverians. The city was said by Wesley "to be paved with the skulls of Jacobites." Popular rejoicings, street riots, songs and toasts, all showed the love of Oxford for the lost cause. The same feeling was prevalent in the county, and northern Oxfordshire was Jacobite to the core. The squires were meditating joining the rising of 1745. Lord Cornbury was the leader of the faction, and the Pretender is said to have visited him, and to have been shaved by a baker of Charlbury. Meetings were held prior to the rebellion at Woodstock, but perhaps prudence prevented the squires

from embarking upon the perilous enterprise. This attachment to a dying cause lingered on, and not till the last century had begun did the Fellows of St. John's College cease from holding their wine-glasses over the finger-bowls and toasting the King over the water.

The eighteenth century saw the rise of Blenheim Palace and the bestowal of the Honour and Manor of Woodstock by a grateful nation upon the hero of many fights, the great Duke of Marlborough. Unhappily, the Duchess destroyed the old manor-house, the home of so many kings and queens of England. There was a mania in that century for destroying old houses and building new ones. Fire also played havoc with many. Of those that remain some account will be given later on.

With the dying flickers of the flame of Jacobitism the connection of Oxfordshire with the annals of English history may be said to have ceased. We have had many changes in University life. The Evangelical and the Oxford Movements have exercised a lasting effect upon the country, and the University Commission has wrought changes in the life and condition of Oxford. In the shire, Enclosure Acts have altered the appearance of country, and manners change in new times; but Oxfordshire still remains one of the most delightful counties in England. Its old-world towns and villages retain the pleasing associations of their historic past, and recall many a scene of fight and foray enacted in the dim and distant time when the Dobuni struggled with their eastern neighbours, or when Charles and Cromwell made the shire their battlefield. And Oxford, gentle mother of many sons, sheds her glamour over all, and endears to all her children the shire that gave her birth.

P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ROLLRIGHT STONES AND THEIR FOLKLORE.[1]

PERHAPS owing to their occurrence in a part of England where such remains are rare, the Rollright stones have from very early days attained a celebrity in England quite disproportionate to their actual dimensions, and have become household words while many more important megalithic piles have been almost forgotten. The Stone Circle, otherwise known as Rolldrich, is found already in the lists of the mediæval compilers of the "Marvels of Britain," and in one entry it even appears as the second wonder of the realm.[2] It is thus described by Camden:[3]

"Beneath Einsham, Evenlode a little river, arising likewise out of Cotteswald speedeth him into Isis: which riveret on the very border of the shire passeth by an ancient Monument standing not farre from his bank, to wit, certaine large stones placed in a round circle (the common people usually call them *Rolle-rich* stones, and dreameth that they were sometimes men by a wonderfull *Metamorphosis* turned into hard stones). The draught of them, such as it is, portrayed long since, heere I represent unto your view. For, without all form and shape they bee, unequall, and by long continuance of time much impaired. The highest of them all, which without the

1 For a fuller exposition of the history of the Rollright Stones we would refer our readers to a paper by Dr. Arthur Evans in *Folklore Journal*, 1895, of which this chapter is a partial *resumé*.—EDITOR.

2 In a MS. in the library of Benet College, Cambridge, falsely ascribed to Bede, cited by Mr. Thomas Beesley in a paper on the Rollright Stones. *Transactions of the North Oxfordshire Archæological Society*, vol. i., p. 65.

3 Philemon Holland's Translation, 1637, p. 374.

circle looketh into the earth, they use to call *the King*, because hee should have beene King of England (forsooth) if hee had once seene *Long Compton*, a little towne so called lying beneath and which a man if he goe some few paces forward may see: other five standing on the other side, touching as it were one another, they imagine to have been knights mounted on horsebacke and the rest the Army. But loe the foresaid portraiture. These would I verily thinke to have beene the Monument of some Victory and haply erected by Rollo the Dane who afterwards conquered Normandy."

The stones themselves are set on a bleak hill, which

THE ROLLRIGHT STONES
(From Camden's *Britannica*).

forms a branch of the Cotswold range, at a height of somewhat over 700 feet above sea-level, overlooking to the North-West the valley of the Warwickshire Stour and its tributary brooks. The road that runs between the circle and the "King-stone" is itself of great antiquity, and forms in this part of its course the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, the circle lying in Oxfordshire and the single stone beyond in Warwickshire.

The Rollright stones lie but a few miles outside the old boundary of Wychwood Forest, which at one time extended a good deal further to the North than it does at the present day. It is quite conceivable that this forest

land had a wider extension to the North-West, and that it is to its sheltering wilds that this early monument survived intact for so many ages, and was part of the same "Wealden" district as the neighbouring forest. The origin of this great "Waste" district of Western Oxfordshire may in fact go back very far, and be traced to the boundary arrangement of uncivilized tribes, with which it was a common practice to surround their territory, for purposes of security, with a waste tract.

That the former extension of the forest of Wychwood accounts for the survival of almost all the other megalithic remains of the same class existing within the Oxfordshire limits appears to be certain. On the Western confines of the Forest stood till lately Frethelestone, perhaps originally Frithwald's Stone (Frithwaldes Stàn), broken up only a generation since to make a newly-formed[1] road, the ebb of the forest boundary on this side having left it exposed. By the shrunken borders of the Forest above Ascot stands, or stood till lately, in a dilapidated condition, the Hoar Stone or "Hore Stone,"[2] and to the North another megalithic monument by the village of Enston was also, with the neighbouring "Hawk Stone," at one time sheltered by the Forest. The Hoar Stone is not, as its name would seem to imply, a solitary block. It has another smaller one by its side, and in an old drawing preserved by Gough,[3] a third is seen at right angles to this. It stands, or stood, by the remains of a mound, and was obviously originally a dolmen like "the Whispering Knights."

MENHIR.

Within the ancient limits of the Forest, on the Oxford side stood the scattered blocks to which the name of "Devil's Quoits" has been attached, which formed originally part of a great megalithic

1 Akerman, "A View of the Ancient Limits of Wychwood Forest" (*Archæologia*, 1858).

2 Akerman, *id. op.*, p. 7.

3 In the Bodleian Library.

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circle, standing on a low embankment considerably larger than Avebury.

The Rollright circle itself belongs to a well-marked class of what Ferguson has called "hundred foot circles." Its mean diameter, indeed, is as nearly as possible 100 feet.

From the comparatively small size of the Rollright circle, and judging from the analogy of similar monuments in various parts, there is a high probability that it once contained an interment. Ralph Sheldon, indeed, seems to have dug inside without result, but such an examination as conducted some two centuries ago was not likely to have been very exhaustive. During the present century the stone enclosure was turned into a plantation, and the trees, which till a few years since covered the whole area, must have done much to destroy any evidence of sepulture that may have been still remaining.

The neighbouring dolmen, known still as "The Whispering Knights," may also have been set up in a sepulchral connection, though excavation would be here impossible without doing harm to the monument. As it is, it has been considerably ruined since the first representation of it was made by Camden towards the end of Elizabeth's reign.

The "King-stone" stands about seventy yards to the North-East of the centre of the circle, near the flank of an elongated artificial mound. The bank by which it stands, boldly described as an "Archdruid's Barrow" by the ingenious Dr. Stukeley, does not answer to any known category of sepulchral tumulus existing in the British Islands. It certainly is not what is technically known as a "Long Barrow"—a long, low mound, that is, with an interment at the East end, in this part of England generally contained in a megalithic chamber such as that of which we see the ruins in "Wayland's Smithy," and belonging to the Neolithic Period. Neither does it answer to any of the round barrows of the Bronze Period. It seems unlikely that it was of sepulchral origin, and there is no good analogy at hand for determining whether the menhir which

stands near its flank was—as seems most probable—one of several or whether it always stood alone.

When Stukeley wrote, the immediate neighbourhood of Rollright was still an extensive heath; at the present day, unfortunately for antiquaries, it has for the most part yielded to cultivation. The account of the barrows in the adjoining tract which Stukeley has left us has, therefore, a considerable value, though his theories about "Arch-druids" and the like may be consigned to the same category as his derivation of Rollright from a supposed Welsh word "*Rholdrwg*, which means the Druids' *wheel* or *circle*." Speaking of Table III., representing a view of Rollright inserted in his work on Abury, Stukeley observes: "In the same plate may be seen another barrow, but circular, below the road to the left hand, on the side of the hill. Under it is a spring head running eastward to Long Compton. This barrow has had stonework at the east end of it. Upon this same heath eastward, in the way to Banbury, are many barrows of different shapes within sight of Rowldrich; particularly near a place call'd Chapel on the heath is a large flat and circular tumulus, ditched about, with a small tump in the centre: this is what I call a Druid's barrow; many such near Stone-henge, some whereof I opened; a small circular barrow a little way off it. There are on this heath too many circular dish-like cavities, as near Stonehenge; we may call them barrows inverted."

"Not far from the Druid's barrow I saw a square work such as I call Danish Courts or houses. Such near Stonehenge and Abury. 'Tis a place 100 cubits square, double ditch'd. The earth of the ditches is thrown inward between the ditches so as to raise a terrace going quite round. The ditches are too inconsiderable to be made for defence. Within are seemingly remains of stone walls. 'Tis within sight of the temple" (*i.e.*, the Rollright stones) "and has a fine prospect all around, being seated on the highest part of the ridge. A little further is a small round

barrow with stonework at the east end like that before spoken of near Rowldrich; a dry stone wall or fence running quite over it across the heath."[1] Stukeley then goes on to speak of the dolmen known as the "Whispering Knight." "'Tis what the old Britons call'd a *kist vaen* or stone chest."

The road which runs between the circle and the King-stone is, as already observed, of great antiquity, and represents, no doubt, an ancient British trackway. Along its side may in places be traced the stones of ruined cists and perhaps small circles; and in a field to the north of it, about half a mile from Rowldrich itself, is a small circular clump of trees and bushes surrounded by a double line of stones, and evidently representing an ancient barrow. There is, moreover, a feature about the road itself which is of special interest. At intervals along its side may here and there be seen upright stones, which seem to show that the road itself was regarded as a kind of *Via Sacra*, as affording access to the group of ancient sepultures and monuments scattered along the hill-top. The progress of cultivation and enclosure has made it impossible now to obtain more than general indications of these once-extensive relics of ancient funereal cult that once surrounded Rowldrich, and which in Stukeley's days were still comparatively untouched.

Stukeley is no doubt quite right in comparing the "disk-shaped barrows"—as is now the accepted term for the class—about Rollright with those near Stonehenge, and he notices that "the diameter of the outer circle at Stonehenge and this circle at Rowldrich are exactly equal"—a statement approximately true. The main point that we have to bear in mind is, that though Stonehenge represents a much more elaborate monument of its kind, both it and the Oxfordshire circle belong to the same general class of monuments. And what is very

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1 Stukeley, *Abury*, p. 12.

important is, that both stand in immediate relation to a large group of sepulchral barrows.

The folk-lore of which the Rollright stones have become the centre is of the highest interest, and it would be difficult to find any English site in which it is more living at the present day.

With regard to the King-stone and the circle, or "King's men," as they are called, the main outlines of the story are as follows:—

A certain King—the name is not, as a rule, remembered—had set forth at the head of his forces to conquer all England. But as he went up the hill on which Rowldrich stands, there appeared to him the Witch to whom the ground belonged. The King was now within a few steps of the crest of the hill from which the village of Long Compton would be visible in the combe below, when she stopped him with the words, "Seven long strides shalt thou take, and—

> "If Long Compton thou canst see,
> King of England thou shalt be."

The King, who now thought his success assured, cried out exultingly:—

> "Stick, stock, stone,
> As King of England I shall be known!"

So he took seven strides forward, but lo! and behold! instead of his looking down on Long Compton there rose before him the long mound of earth which still stands before the King-stone, and the witch said:—

> "As Long Compton thou canst not see
> King of England thou shalt not be.
> Rise up, stick, and stand still, stone,
> For King of England thou shalt be none,
> Thou and thy men hoar stones shall be
> And I myself an eldern-tree."

Thereupon the King and his army were turned into stones where they stood, the King on the side of the mound

and his army in a circle behind him, while the witch herself became an elder tree. But some day, they do say, the spell will be broken. The stones will turn into flesh and blood once more, and the King will start as an armed warrior at the head of his army to overcome his enemies and rule over all the land.

The Witch-Elder still watches over the victims of her magic. As to the exact position of the tree, however, the tradition is shifting. According to some accounts it used to stand in the field not far from the dolmen called the "Whispering Knights." Some say that it was near the circle, but was blown down not many years ago. Others say that it is to be found in the hedge by the road not far from the King-stone, or further in the field beyond the mound, where an elder-bush that stood by a large stone was some years since pointed out to a friend as "the Witch." As a matter of fact, the elder still grows in luxuriant clumps along every hedgerow and wherever a waste patch is to be found in the country round. When the district was wilder the stones must have been surrounded by a dense elder thicket. Indeed, the idea may well have grown up that Dame Elder had turned the King and his army into stone for molesting "her ancient solitary reign."

The proof that the elder is a witch is that it bleeds when it is cut. And with regard to this, I came upon a remarkable tradition, which an old woman, the wife of a man of eighty, told me she had heard many years ago from her husband's mother. On Midsummer Eve, when the "eldern-tree" was in blossom, it was a custom for people to come up to the King-stone and stand in a circle. Then the "eldern" was cut, and as it bled "the King moved his head." It is to be observed that this breaking of the spell by blood-letting itself fits on to a very widespread superstition regarding witches, of which I found many surviving expressions in the neighbouring village of Long Compton. They say there that if you only draw

her blood, "be it but a pin's prick," the witch loses all power for the time.

For the "eldern-tree" to bleed it must be in blossom. The more sceptical spirits amongst the country people explain the matter by the catch, "If you cut the elder with your hand on it, it will bleed," but among the children at least the more literal belief in the bleeding elder has not died out. An old man of Little Rollright told me that some years ago he was up by the stones, and a ploughboy asked him whether it was really true that the elder-tree bled if it was cut. "Lend me your knife," said the old man, and forthwith stuck it into the bark. "Won't you pull it out?" said the boy. "Pull it out yourself!" was the reply; but the boy was too scared to do so. It was only at last, as they were about to go home for the night that the boy, fearful that he would lose his knife altogether, approached the tree "tottering with fright and all of a tremble," and, snatching it out, rushed away without waiting to see whether the tree bled or not.

In these interesting superstitions we see traces of a time when the elder-tree was itself regarded as a supernatural being, a Tree-Goddess akin to the Dryads of old, before human witchcraft was called in to explain this survival of primitive animism. The idea of the sacred tree bleeding when injured is very widespread, and recalls the oak of Ceres described by Ovid:—

> "Cujus ut in trunco fecit manus impia vulnus
> Haud aliter fluxit discussa cortice sanguis
> Quam solet, ante aras ingens ubi victima taurus
> Concidit, abrupta cruor e cervice profundi."

The fairies dance round the King-stone of nights. Will Hughes, a man of Long Compton, now dead, had actually seen them dancing round. "They were little folk like girls to look at." He often told a friend who related this to me about the fairies and what hours they danced.

His widow, Betsy Hughes, whose mother had been murdered as a witch, and who is now between seventy and eighty, told me that when she was a girl and used to work in the hedgerows she remembered a hole in the bank by the King-stone, from which it was said the fairies came out to dance at night. Many a time she and her playmates had placed a flat stone over the hole of an evening to keep the fairies in, but they always found it turned over next morning.

Chips were taken from the King-stone "for luck," and by soldiers "to be good for England in battle." Betsy Hughes told me that her son, who had gone to India as a soldier, had taken a chip with him, "but it brought him no luck, for he died of typhus." A man told me that he had been offered as much as a pound for a chip at Faringdon Fair; and the Welsh drovers, who used to trench the road with their cattle before the railway was made, used continually to be chipping off pieces, so that formerly the stone was much bigger than it is now. A man at Great Rollright gave me a chip that he had kept in his house for years.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of this practice, there were many who held that to do any injury to the stones was fraught with danger. In Wales, one of the most frequent punishments that falls upon those who thus transgress against the stones is the breaking down of the transgressor's wagon,[1] and this belief still survives at Rowldrich. A ploughman informed me that one day a man who was driving along the road from Banbury swore to a friend who was with him that he would carry off a chip of the King-stone "though his wheel locked." He got down from his cart and chipped a piece off the stone; but when he tried to drive on he found that one wheel was locked in such a way that nothing he could do would make it go round again.

[1] *Cf.* Barnwell, "On some South Wales Cromlechs,' *Arch. Camb.*, 1872, p. 135.

A curious kind of sanctity seems to linger about the spot. As one of my informants—a well-to-do farmer of the neighbourhood—was going along the road at the top of the hill one Good Friday, he met a labouring man that he knew, who stopped him and said: "Where do you think I be going—Why, I be agoing to the King-stones, for there I shall be on holy ground." The man who told me this said that "Some think the place was consecrated ground in the old Romish days." It appears, moreover, from a passage in Stukeley, that the oblong hollow by the King-stone was, in old times, a place of festal pilgrimage. Stukeley[1] relates that near the "Archdruid's Barrow," as he calls the mound, "by that called the King-stone is a square plot, oblong, formed on the turf. Hither, on a certain day of the year, the young men and maidens customarily meet and make merry with cakes and ale." He himself suggests that "this seems to be the remain of the very ancient festival here celebrated in memory of the interr'd for whom the long barrow and temple were made." However this may be, it seems highly probable that the Midsummer's Eve gathering described to me by the old woman, when the blossoming elder was cut, and the merrymaking described by Dr. Stukeley, were one and the same festival.

Various other traditions are attached to the King-stones, the name by which the stone circle, as well as the "King" himself, are known to the inhabitants. The King-stones and the "Whispering Knights" of the neighbouring dolmen are said to go down the hill at midnight to drink of a spring in Little Rollright Spinney. According to some accounts, they go down every night when the clock strikes twelve; according to others, at certain special seasons—"on Saints' days, for instance." What is more, the gap in the bushes is pointed out through which they go down to the water. In some versions of the tale, the

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1 *Abury*, p. 83.

King[1] also goes down to the stream at the same hour with his men; but others say that "the King goes down to the water to drink when he hears the clock strike twelve," meaning, as my informant was at pains to explain to me, that as he cannot hear the clock, he stays where he is. One sceptic assured me that he had passed by the stones many a time at midnight and never seen them move. Here we certainly seem to be on Celtic ground, and recall the Breton tales of how the stones of Carnac go down to the sea on Christmas Eve, or how those on the heath of Plouhinec once every hundred years rush hurtling down "like a troop of drunken giants" to drink at the Intel brook. Once a year the "Pierre de Minuit" goes to drink in the Yonne. Legends of the kind seem very widespread, not only in Brittany, but in other parts of France where megaliths are found. They recur in Ireland, where, for example, the white boulder of Cronebane goes down every May-day morning to wash at the Meeting of the Waters. The superstition does not seem to be unknown elsewhere in our own island.

At midnight, again, the stones of the circle become men again for a moment, join hands, and dance round in the air. This dance recalls the *Chorea Gigantum*, or "Giants' Dance," which was transported, as Giraldus Cambrensis tells us, from Ireland to Salisbury Plain, and is better known as Stonehenge. In Cornwall, indeed, the usual name for such stone circles is Dawns-mên, or the Stone-dance; and Borlase observes that "in the circular figure there is a very ancient dance or play ('tis called *Trematheeves*) still practised among the Cornish." In Cornwall the story usually runs that they were men turned into stones for dancing on Sunday.

The "Whispering Knights" are traitors who, when the King with his army hard by were about to engage with the enemy, withdrew themselves privily apart, and were

[1] Sometimes, too, the king's men with him. In some accounts the stones descend to drink at a stream by Long Compton.

plotting treason together, when they were turned into stone by the Witch. Some, however, say that they are at prayer. I was told that once upon a time the big flat stone (the capstone) was taken away to make a bridge across the brook at Little Rollright. It took a score of horses to drag it down the hill, for at first it would not move, and they had to strain and strain to get it along till every bit of the harness was broken. At last they got it to the brook by Rollright Farm, and with great difficulty laid it across to serve as a bridge. But every night the stone turned over back again, and was found in the morning lying on the grass. So when this had happened three nights running, they saw that the stone must be taken back whence it came. This time they set a single horse to it, and the single horse took it up the hill quite easily, though it had taken twenty times that number to drag it down, and that they could hardly do.

Similar stories of megaliths returning to the place whence they had been removed by impious hands are also rife in France. Thus, a holy stone in Poitou, carried away by the people of the district during the Revolution, returned next day of itself.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting feature in the Rollright folklore, so far as concerns the "Whispering Knights," is that the dolmen has become to the young girls of the neighbourhood a kind of primitive oracle. At least, it has been so used within the memory of man. Old Betsy Hughes, of whom mention has already been made, informed me that years ago, at the time of the barley harvest, when they were often out till dusk in the fields near the "Whispering Knights," one of the girls would say to another, "Let us go and hear them whisper." Then they would go to the stone, and one at a time would put her ear to one of the crevices. But "first one would laugh and then another," and she herself never heard any whispering. Another old crone told me that the stones

were thought to tell of the future. "When I was a girl, we used to go up at certain seasons to the 'Whispering Knights,' and climb up on to one of the stones to hear them whisper. Time and again I have heard them whisper—but perhaps, after all, it was only the wind." Who that has stood on the wooded steep that overhangs the ruined sanctuary of Dodona, and has heard the breeze rustling through the prickly leaves of its immemorial oak-wood, will not understand this primitive impression?

For the best commentary on such traditions we have, in fact, only to turn to certain parts of our Indian dominions, where megalithic piles in every respect the counterparts to those erected in Britain in prehistoric times are set up by the native tribes to this day. In their beliefs the connection between the erection of these great stone monuments and the cult of departed spirits is brought out at every step. In some cases the setting up of these stones is not a mere honorary act, but the stone itself, in some mysterious way, personifies the departed, and absorbs, as it were, his ghost. The Khassias, for instance, a very wild jungle tribe of Bombay, set up a tall rough slab of stone near the house, representing the deceased, to which they make daily oblations. In their eyes, then, it is the actual person, as it were, in a stony form. So too the dolmens are in some parts regarded as themselves the deified spirits of the departed, and thus as a demon or god. At Shahpûr, in the Deccan, there is a great parallelogram of stones enclosing a low tumulus which contains layers of human ashes. One of these surrounding stones larger than the others is here supposed to be the chief, and the others his men, and they are believed to be watching grey cattle in the middle space, where stands the barrow.[1]

It is only by going back within the primitive circle of such ideas as these that we can hope to find the clue to

[1] Colonel Meadows Taylor, "Description of Cairns, Cromlechs, Kistvaens, and other Celtic, Druidical, or Sythian Monuments in the Deccan" (*Trans. of R. Irish Academy*, 1862 [24], pt. ii., p. 329).

the ancient lore which is still handed on by these Oxfordshire villagers. The recurring tradition of the baker who brings small loaves, one for each stone, and then tries to count them, may it not go back to the times when offerings of small cakes and food offerings were still made as in India at the present day to such hoar-stones? The stones in this primitive belief had a being of their own; they might indeed be regarded, and often were regarded, as the stony dwelling-places of souls that once were human. Could human kindness, then, refuse them such small offerings of food? Then, too, on the parched hill-top, how often might they pant for the water-brooks below! What more natural than that when the darkness of night threw over them its invisible mantle—at the hour when spells are broken—they too should snatch a momentary life and hasten down to quench the thirst of ages?

The name that attaches itself to the spot in its two variant forms—Rowldrich as applied to the stones, Rollright to the two neighbouring villages—leads us in a very different direction. These names, although the fact has hitherto escaped the attention of our antiquaries, are of quite exceptional interest in connection with a whole cycle of legends relating to the early struggles of Christian paladins against the paynim South and heathen North, that have attached themselves to ancient monuments over a large part of the Continent.

In Doomsday the name of the two villages now known as Great and Little Rollright appears under the corrupt form of Rollandri. It may hence be inferred that the original form of the name must undoubtedly have been "Rollandriht"—the "right," as will be seen: the jurisdiction of Roland. The parallel and alternative form of the word Rowldrich or Rolldrich, more exclusively applied to the stones, leads us back to the cognate name. In a mediæval account of the *Mirabilia Britanniæ*,[1] the place

1 Published by Herne in his edition of *Robert of Gloucester*, vol. ii., p. 578.

where the stones stand is called Rolandrych. This is obviously a slightly later form of Rollendrice or Rollandrîce, the kingdom or dominion[1] of Roland.

The name thus takes us back to the time when "Roland the brave" stood forth as the legendary champion of Christendom against the Paynim.

That such a name, however, should have been transferred by analogy to this old British monument in the days before the Norman Conquest is itself a most remarkable fact. It evidently points to Old Saxon influence during the period in question, and is of great importance in its retrospective bearing on the antiquity of the Continental Roland stones. The earliest documentary evidence of a Rolandsäule is in a *Privilegium* of the Emperor Henry V. to Bremen, apparently dated in the year 1110, allowing the image of Roland, which we may infer already existed in that city, to be "adorned with a shield and our imperial arms."[2] It hardly needed, however, this præ-Norman parallel in England to show that their origin must be traced to a considerably earlier date. From the many heathen usages and beliefs attaching to these columns throughout North Germany, which at times recall the Sword-God, Tiu, Chrôdo (the Saxon Saturn), or even Woden, it is evident that, in their origin

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1 Like the German *Reich*, the Old English *rîce* is untranslateable by any modern English equivalent.

2 "In signum hujusmodi libertatis et gratiæ licentiamus eisdem (civibus) qui in eorum civitate Bremensi possint signum et imaginem Rolandi ornare clypeo et armis nostris imperialibus." See Deneken, *Die Rolands-Säule in Bremen* (1828), p. 2 *seqq.* Zoepfl, *op. cit.*, p. 176 *seqq.* The impossible date "1111" has been corrected to 1110. The next record is at Halle (1341), then Hamburg (1375). From the fifteenth century the mention of them becomes common. Of existing examples none probably are earlier than the fifteenth century. The original monument at Bremen was of wood, Zoepfl, *op. cit.*, p. 171. It was destroyed in 1366 in civil strife, and set up again in stone in 1404. The existing Rolandsbild seems to represent the monument of 1404 as restored in 1512. It bears the inscription:

"*Vryheid do ik ju openbar*
De Karl und mannig Vorst verwahr
Deser Stadt gegeven hat
Des danket Gode is min Rad."

at least, they represent the rude stone or wooden images of the old gods, baptized with a new name, and finally shaped after a more civilized model under the pressure of militant Christianity.

ARTHUR J. EVANS, M.A., F.S.A.

BROUGHTON CASTLE.

BROUGHTON CASTLE is situated in the Hundred of Bloxham, in the county of Oxford. It is not in any way like many castles, an ivy-clad ruin; it is replete with modern luxury and comfort, and it is in every way the perfection of a twentieth century nobleman's residence. However, in by-gone times, Broughton Castle has played no unimportant part. Of course, it is mentioned in Domesday; then it belonged in turn to the Mohuns, the Hungerfords, the De Broughtons, and then to the famous architect-bishop, William of Wykeham, from whom, in 1450, it came to its present owners, the Fiennes family, by the marriage of Margaret, great-niece and heir of the Bishop, with William, second Baron Saye and Sele. Perhaps the oldest relic connected with it, amidst all its treasures and remarkable memories, is a gold ring of great antiquity, found in the park on the occasion of the felling of a beech tree. Its device is a knight cross-legged, with a shield containing the arms of St. John of Jerusalem. Its history may be conjectured, but cannot be traced. It is an heirloom kept in the hands of each head of the family.

The second Lord Saye and Sele did not live long to enjoy the addition which marriage had made to his wide estates. He was an ardent partizan of Edward IV., and after having sold his estate of Knowle to discharge the cost of troops continually being raised on behalf of the King, he fell at Barnet in the hour of victory in 1471. His tomb is a striking feature in the beautiful church beside the

castle; his helmet and gauntlets hung up there still tell of the fallen warrior.

Broughton Castle history virtually begins with its acquisition by the Saye and Seles. Barnet left the family fortunes at a comparatively low ebb; and royal gratitude does not seem to have done anything to revive them. Two peers in succession refused to take up the title from what they considered want of sufficient means. By 1604, however, things had improved. We find James I. paying the castle a visit, and now his host, Richard Fiennes, M.P. for the county, is recognised as seventh Baron. The King liked his reception so well that he came again in 1618 with his wife, Queen Ann of Denmark (whose room is still pointed out). Then, in 1624, William Fiennes, eighth Baron, became first Lord Viscount Saye and Sele.

Shortly after this the great Rebellion began. For a long time Broughton Castle, like Lady Place later on, is the very focus of resolved resistance to illegal arbitrary power. A stone staircase winding up to the roof is still called "Cromwell's staircase." On the roof is an isolated room which is shown as the council chamber. The proverb says: "If you would talk secrets, go into the middle of a field." This room comes next to that: there are no neighbouring rooms, with walls having ears, to listen to the secrets. Here Pym, Hampden, Brooke, Lord Saye and Sele, with his two younger sons, and others, were wont to meet, and the nation ratified the results of their deliberations. Then at length came Edgehill: the sword was finally unsheathed, and the castle recruits, the Saye and Sele Bluecoats, and Horse, played a valiant and distinguished part throughout the day. This, however, brought Broughton into great peril. Essex fell back, the King advanced; in a few days the castle was summoned to surrender. Its position amongst its hills made protracted resistance hopeless. The Royalists threw up an earthwork for a battery in the park, which still exists, and the defenders hung bales of wool over the

battlements to break the cannonading. Happily, on the second day the house was surrendered, and so Oxfordshire escaped the terrible loss which might have followed had storming been necessary. The garrison were permitted to depart to their homes; the castle was plundered, but not otherwise injured. This was no thanks to Charles I. His intense hatred was such that he ordered its utter destruction. "But what hurt us most," says a very friendly neighbour, the mayor of Banbury, "is a warrant under His Majesty's own hand for the plundering of Lord Saye and Sele, his house, and demolishing it, and invites the people to doe it, and with a grant unto them of all the material of the howse." There was not a man in Oxfordshire that would accept the offer!

Viscount Saye and Sele, however, was not even thus made disloyal. He and many others of the Parliament would have saved the King, if he would have let them. They felt as Browne did, but things by that time were hopeless.

"The King doth swear
That he doth fight for them,
And they declare
They do the like for him.
Both say they wish and fight for peace,
Yet wars increase.
So, between both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone!"

Lord Saye and Sele voted in his place in Parliament for Terms of Accommodation. He retired to a rather grim exile at his lately purchased estate of Lundy Island, rather than have anything to do with the Regicides. There was a "Will Say" signed the death-warrant, but this was not William, Lord Saye and Sele. It is strange such an utterly impossible signature for a nobleman should ever be supposed to have been his.

At the Restoration he was foremost in "bringing back the King," and with Fairfax and Monk contributed no

little to Charles II.'s restoration. The grateful monarch made him Lord Privy Seal. His bag of office is still preserved. He was also High Steward both of Newbury and Banbury. His eldest son, James, became second Viscount in 1662. Antony à Wood speaks of him as "a good cavalier"; however, Rupert plundered his house also quite impartially, Shutford Manor, near the castle. In his time came the reaction. The castle bears various traces of it. The long barrack room in the roof is at once christened "Mount Rascal," a name it still retains. In the great dining room, the beautiful angle lobby or porch, though of carved oak, is painted white, after the then universal custom in the houses of enthusiastic loyalists. Penitential words were also placed on it. They are still to be read:—

"Quod olim fuit meminisse minime juvat."

Since those troubled times the castle has enjoyed a dignified repose, with only the varied change of owners which on earth is inevitable.

A few words on its architectural character may be now desirable. "The styles of the buildings," it is stated in a memorandum (obligingly furnished to me by the fourteenth Baron, John, Lord Saye and Sele), "are practically of three periods, viz.:—fourteenth century, the De Broughtons (1301-1307); fifteenth century, the Wykehams (1404); and sixteenth century, the Fiennes (1554)." The De Broughton work is at the east end of the present house, "the chapel being part of their buildings." The chapel is lofty, and has two windows looking down into it from side bedrooms, which led to a remark from Bishop Wilberforce, when once on a visit to the clergy-lord in the "fifties": "This is, indeed, to 'let the saints rejoice in their beds.'" Adjoining is a groined priests' room and a beautiful groined window branching off to the circular stone staircase that leads up to the barracks and Captain of the Guards' room. In 1407, license was granted

to crenellate the castle; and of this date are the remains of the embattled walls to the moat, the great gate-house, and stables. The hall, which measures fifty-four feet by twenty-six feet, is said to have been of sixteenth century date; but it was considerably altered, and the bay windows thrown out in 1554, when Tudor windows were inserted, and the two present grand staircases erected.

Along the north side of the house, on the first floor, runs a fine gallery, ninety feet long by twelve feet wide, with rooms opening out of it. About the middle is "King James' bedroom," in which is a large and very handsome carved Jacobean chimney-piece of stone. The latest portion of the house is the great drawing-room, which has a fine and highly-decorated ceiling, and is above the great dining-room already mentioned.

Needless to say, the house is full of memorials of the Civil Wars—old armour, swords, cannon balls, and dented cuirasses. The historical portraits are of great interest and value. Both sides are represented impartially—Charles I., Rupert, Hampden, Pym, and various duplicates of members of the family of that date, the later lords being given more at full length. Colonel Nathaniel and Colonel John Fienne's portraits both tell something of their character; above all, we are helped to understand how "Old Subtlety" (as his enemies called him half affectionately), William, first Viscount, was amongst the master minds of the period. The King's party, however, had the poets and wits on their side for the most part, and the Broughton Castle people consequently were lampooned unmercifully.

The following is a specimen of one of the coarse ballads of the period:—

"Farewell Saye and Sele and hey,
Farewell Saye and Sele and ho,
And those sons of Ayman
Shall hang as high as Hayman
With the old Anabaptist they came on,
With a hey, trolly, lolly, ho!"

A modern writer has suggested a similar effusion:—

"Hampden to hell, and his obsequies knell,
Serve Hasling, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists keep we not here!

Chorus—Marching along, fifty score strong,
Stout-hearted gentlemen singing this song!"

Browning.

But Broughton has milder memories, and these are perhaps best regained by a glance at the church. There Royalist and Roundhead met in absolute amity. The castle has not only its chapel, but its church, and in close continuity. Some fifty yards from the lily-bespread moat will be found the fair church. The nave is Early English; the chancel screen of stone, in the Decorated style; the roof and clerestory are of fifteenth century date; the tower and spire are good examples of Decorated work, beautifully but simply proportioned. Within there is almost a wilderness of monuments. With a small congregation, the rector must be puzzled between the real and the represented in the assembly. A splendid canopied monument still presents Sir T. Wykeham and Margaret, his wife; the De Broughtons are all there; the Saye and Sele who fell at Barnet; "Old Subtlety," the first Viscount; and various lords and ladies succeeding. It is almost an Aldworth, but in perfect repair. The church has been excellently restored of late years by Sir Gilbert Scott, and is quite the most cherished possession of its rector. It is well worthy of his regard, and of the commendations of its restorer, who always said, "the west window of the aisle was the best fourteenth century window he had ever seen anywhere for beauty and fair proportions."

The castle is a short and pleasant drive from the Banbury Station, where the town's staple delicacy is to be met with in perfection. One of the inns has a handsome sandstone room still attached to it, bearing the name of Cromwell's Council Chamber.

Banbury Castle, as well as Broughton, belonged at one time to the Saye and Seles, and the first Viscount was compensated when the Parliament demolished it.

ALAN CHEALES, M.A.

POSTSCRIPT.

It has been suggested to me that it would be of interest were a postscript added to the preceding chapter, giving a brief account of the work of restoration undertaken by the present tenants of Broughton during the past few years. A veritable labour of love this has been, and the old grey walls stand forth, once more, freed from the coating of paint and plaster which had disfigured them for so many generations; the ceilings have been strengthened and supported, weak spots in the old timbers revealed; the floors and chimney-stacks repaired, which in many places were rapidly decaying; so that as far as one can foresee, the Castle, in all human probability, will remain for many years to come a monument to the artistic taste of a bye-gone age—even as it is, a well-nigh perfect specimen of English domestic architecture of the fourteenth century.

From an archæological point of view, the most interesting and important discovery is that which has been made in the Great Hall. Hitherto a tradition had grown up, and come to be accepted, that no part of it belonged to the work of the De Broughtons (fourteenth century), but on removing the plaster from the walls about two years ago, we were rewarded by bringing to light at the western end a series of doorways of undoubted fourteenth century architecture. Three of these doors being at a height of between seven and eight feet from the floor lead to the supposition that they were the means of access to a minstrel's gallery. But an even more interesting discovery was to follow,

namely, the remains of what must have been three truly magnificent windows of the Decorated period, which reach the whole height of the Hall. A portion of the beautiful tracery which filled them has also been laid bare on the outer wall of the south side of the Castle. The fourth window seems to have been altogether destroyed to make way for the large bay on the north side. On the eastern wall a corresponding door to the one leading into the groined passage had also been blocked up. These alterations were probably made in 1554, when the Castle was "Elizabethanized" and the present Tudor ceiling erected; but looking at the Hall as it stands revealed, one is almost tempted to class the architects of that day with the vandals of the nineteenth century! It is a matter of much satisfaction, however, that this part of the building should no longer be robbed of its true antiquity, and that no future doubt exists as to all the main walls having been allowed to remain intact.

The afore-mentioned groined passage, surely one of the loveliest specimens of English architecture in existence, has been stripped of the plaster which defaced it. The corbels, all different in design, are remarkable for their originality and spirit, *vide* the man blowing a horn and a rabbit chewing a pea pod. Passing from this passage to the present dining-room, a partition having been removed, the room has been restored to its former length, and the plaster removed from walls and ceiling. In taking down the old linen-fold panelling for restoration, the remains of the original fire-place were revealed, for which a very modern one had been substituted.

Retracing our steps to the drawing-room, the white paint has been carefully removed from the oak panelling, which was found in a remarkable state of preservation, and the large window at the north end re-opened, after being blocked for many years. Here again another doorway was discovered behind the panelling, of whose existence no one was aware. This now gives access by a flight of steps

into the "Ladye's garden," where in all probability, at some period, stood a range of offices or out-buildings; the windows in the ivy-clad walls, which alone remain, seem to point to this.

This brief account does not pretend to do more than outline what has been accomplished in six years. The space is too limited to indulge in the many theories and suppositions which are aroused at every turning, or which are advanced by the many distinguished antiquaries and archæologists who have made pilgrimages to Broughton; suffice it to say that if we have been instrumental in preserving for all lovers of the beautiful these walls, which have weathered the storms of well-nigh six hundred years, then our labours will indeed not have been in vain.

BLANCHE GORDON LENNOX.

BLENHEIM PALACE.

IN a volume entitled *A New Description of Blenheim*, published by Slatter and Munday in 1806, is the following "Notice to Parties of Pleasure": "The University of Oxford is certainly the principal object of attraction in the vicinity of Blenheim, and will amply repay the traveller for allotting a day or two to the inspection of the colleges, libraries, paintings, and other curiosities." This Alice-in-Wonderland inversion of values is potent to reveal to us the palace as it loomed colossal in the eyes of the nation that had reared it—the edifice of which Lord Lyttleton wrote in 1728:—

> "Parent of Arts, whose skilful hand first taught
> This tow'ring Pile to rise, and form'd the Plan
> With fair proportion; Architect divine,
> Minerva; Thee to my advent'rous Lyre
> Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
> *Bleinhemia*, Monument of British Fame,
> Thy glorious work! For thou the lofty Tow'rs
> Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy Shield
> In peril guarded, and thy Wisdom steer'd
> Through all the storms of war. Majestic in its Strength
> Stands the proud Dome, and speaks its great Design.
> Hail happy Chief, whose valour could deserve
> Reward so glorious! Grateful Nation hail,
> Who paid his service with so rich a Meed!
> Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
> The Hero or the People? Not the Vale
> Of Tempe fam'd in Song, or Ida's Grove
> Such beauty boasts."

The building was begun on June 18th of the year 1705. In theory, the palace was erected at the expense of the English nation, and bestowed, together with the manor

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of Woodstock, by Queen Anne on John, Duke of Marlborough. As a matter of fact, the public money expended reached the sum of two hundred and forty thousand pounds; to this the Duke and Duchess added another sixty thousand, making a total outlay on the building of three hundred thousand pounds. The whole grant of land was two thousand three hundred and thirty acres, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three of these being absorbed by the park and pleasure grounds. Both honours and estate were settled upon the Duke's descendants by his daughters and their heirs, a special clause forbade the cutting off of the entail, and the following enactment was coupled with the gift:—The battle of Blenheim was fought on August 2nd, 1704, "on the same day of every year for ever, the inheritor of his Grace's honours and titles shall render at Windsor to Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors, one standard or colours, with three fleur-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits and services due to the Crown."

In the year 1689, John Churchill was, as reward for his discreet counsels to the Princess Anne, created Earl of Marlborough and Gentleman of the Bedchamber by King William. On January 10th of the year 1691 he was dismissed from his offices on suspicion of Jacobite dealings, but in 1698 he was fully restored to favour. He was then made Governor to the young Duke of Gloucester, and the King, on delivering the prince to his care, said: "My lord, teach him but to know what you are, and my nephew cannot want accomplishment." In 1701, Marlborough was appointed General of the Foot, Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Holland, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Hague, and, on his death-bed in 1702, King William recommended him to Anne as "the most proper person in all her dominions to conduct her armies or preside in her councils, as being a man of a cool head and a warm heart."

John Churchill had married Sarah Jennings in 1677.

He was in his twenty-seventh year; his bride was seventeen. His letters to her are preserved at Blenheim Palace. Undaunted by the turmoils of a courtship in which his controlled and courteous spirit was exasperated to the repeated declaration, "She shall not use me thus, like a footman," Churchill gave to his wife a whole-hearted devotion that flagged not with years or abated under her extraordinary demands. Nearly thirty years later, in 1704, when he was controlling the allied armies in face of colossal difficulty, conciliating jealousies, corresponding with every European Court, ailing, and obliged often to remain in the saddle for fourteen hours at a stretch, he wrote, on the receipt of an affectionate letter from his wife: "I would not for anything in my power it had been lost; for it is so very kind that I would in return lose a thousand lives, if I had them, to make you happy. . . . I do this minute love you better than I ever did in my life before. This letter of yours has made me so happy that I do from my soul wish we could retire and not be blamed. . . . Love me as you do now, and no hurt can follow me. You have by this kindness preserved my quiet and, I believe, my life; for till I had this letter, I had been very indifferent of what should become of myself." On August 13th of that year, the day of the Battle of Blenheim, Marlborough had been seventeen hours on horseback, yet immediately triumph was assured he wrote on the back of a tavern bill a note to the Duchess, informing her of his victory. The next morning he wrote again: "Before the battle was quite done yesterday, I writ to my dearest soul to let her know that I was well and that God had blessed Her Majesty's arms with as great a victory as has ever been known." Four days later, he tells her that with one other such victory "we might have such a peace as that I might enjoy the remaining part of my life with you."

His contemporaries, be they friend or foe, are agreed as to the first Duke of Marlborough's charm of manner

and dignified simplicity of bearing: at all times and to all men his courtesy was unfailing. After the battle of Blenheim he thus addressed the Marshal de Tallard, a prisoner in his private coach: "'Tis to be confessed, sir, that Providence has befriended me in giving me the advantage over you in the field of battle; but I have nothing more to rejoice in, from its having espous'd my side, than that this advantage which I have gained furnishes me with an opportunity of shewing the respect and esteem I shall always bear to your person and character." Yet the warrior who could wear his own honours thus diffidently was mindful of the dues of others. To the Marshal's gallant assertion, "Your Grace has beaten the best troops in the world," came the quick response: "Your Lordship, I presume, excepts those who had the honour to beat them." Fêted from the Danube to the Rhine, created by the Emperor Leopold a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and addressed by that sovereign as "most illustrious cousin and most dear prince," we have Evelyn's testimony to the modesty with which such honours were borne. Lord Chesterfield, himself a past master of elegancies, writes of Marlborough, "He was always cool, and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance; he could refuse more gracefully than others could grant, and those who went from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business were yet charmed by his manner, and, as it were, comforted by it."

The honours showered upon her husband after the Battle of Blenheim augmented the Duchess' ever-inordinate belief in her own importance. Her behaviour to her sovereign became insupportable, and the breach between her and Queen Anne widened daily. Throughout his later campaigns, Marlborough was besieged by querulous letters from his wife. These he received with his customary grace and acknowledged as a lover, but once or twice he is constrained to tell the writer that he

is so racked with headache as to render reports of her distress terrible to him. In October of 1706, when the relations between the Queen and the Duchess, who styled themselves respectively "Mrs. Morley" and "Mrs. Freeman," were already strained, the Duchess thus ends a letter to her royal mistress: "Upon recalling everything to my memory that may fill my heart with all the passion and tenderness I once had for Mrs. Morley, I do solemnly protest I think I can in no ways return what I owe her, so well as being plain and honest. As one mark of it, I desire you would reflect whether you have never heard that the greatest misfortunes that has ever happened to any of your family has not been occasioned by having ill advice and an obstinacy in their tempers." The woman who addresses herself thus to a generous and long-suffering friend, the subject who is so plain-spoken to her sovereign, was unlikely to be squeamish in dealing with her relatives, and it is not surprising that the Duke, in apologising to Lord Dartmouth for his wife's threat of publishing the confidential letters from Queen Anne, should add, much as he laments her strange conduct: "A man must bear a good deal to lead a quiet life at home."

Nevertheless, the Duke made unavailing attempts to restrain his wife. "Be obliging and kind to all your friends, and avoid entering into cabals, and whatever I have in this world, if that can give you any satisfaction, you shall always be mistress of, and have the disposing of that and me," he writes; but at last he yielded to her importunities, and asked from his sovereign an explanation of her coldness. The Queen replied: "You seem to be dissatisfied with my behaviour to the Duchess of Marlborough. I do not love complaining, but it is impossible to help saying on this occasion I believe nobody was ever so used by a friend as I have been by her ever since I came to the Crown. I desire nothing but that she would leave off teasing and tormenting me, and behave herself with the decency she ought, both to

her friend and Queen, and this I hope you will make her do."

The Duke of Marlborough died on June 16th of the year 1722. Twenty years later the Duchess removed his body to the mausoleum she had erected at Woodstock. She appears to have sincerely lamented the loss of her one true lover, the friend of unwavering loyalty, the general of whose career she had been reckless. His ways were not her ways, and probably she was incapable of estimating the emotions of a nature so much more sensitive than her own; but one tribute of his affection was sufficiently obvious and dramatic to appeal to her understanding. After his death, locked within a cabinet with her husband's most private papers, she found a mass of her own hair. He had always been proud of it, and one day, long years before, when he had ignored her whim, in a fit of anger she had cut it off to annoy him. He never alluded to the action or criticised the change in her appearance; but the hair disappeared. The Duchess had always supposed it had been stolen by the maid until, after the Duke's death, she came upon these tresses laid amid his peculiar treasures. This tale, says Lady Montagu, the Duchess ever after related "with tears in her eyes." Small insight is required to discern the fact that a woman worthy of such devotion would never have told the story; but in a final estimate of her character it is important to re-set "la belle Jennings" in her actual environment. Adored by James, Duke of York, pursued by the unwelcome addresses of his brother, the King, she never even dallied with royal flatteries, but gave to her husband a fidelity without parallel in the licentious court of Charles II.

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, lived on till October 18th, 1744, to rear monuments to her husband's memory, draw up an elaborate will, and quarrel incessantly. On receiving the news of Anne's death she had remarked that "the Queen died like a Roman, for her

country's good." Earlier, the Duchess had drawn up an "account of her conduct" in the form of a letter which had been so full of resentment against Anne as to raise a storm of popular indignation. Thereupon, with the aid of Fielding, the novelist, she issued a further pamphlet entitled "A Full Vindication of the Duchess of Marlborough." The one thing she feared was ridicule, and it was with money and manœuvres that she secured during her lifetime the suppression of Pope's sketch of the character of "Atossa." The writing of her husband's memoirs she entrusted by will to Mallet and Glover. Both men were poetasters, and the Duchess left them five hundred pounds apiece on condition that none of the work was written in verse—"no, not so much as a single line"!

Very entertaining is the volume published for the proprietors by Walker in 1744, entitled: "Authentick Memoirs of the Life and Conduct of her Grace Sarah, late Duchess of Marlborough, containing a genuine Narrative of her Grace's conduct, from her first coming to Court, to the Death of her Royal Mistress Queen Anne, and from the Demise of the Queen to her Grace's Death. Likewise All her Grace's Letters to the Queen, and her Majesty's Answers. To which is prefix'd the last Will and Testament of her Grace, from a true Copy of the original, lodg'd in Doctors Commons." Its perusal throws almost as much light on the character of Anne as on that of the Duchess herself. In fact, he who shall study in detail the story of the building of Blenheim Palace will arise from his delectable task with no small knowledge of the England that passed from the rule of the Stuarts to the dynasty of Hanover.

MAY STURGE HENDERSON.

THE RISE OF THE COLLEGES AT OXFORD.

EVER since Rashdall's *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* gave a stimulus to English research upon this interesting subject, it has become easier to disentangle the truth about the beginnings of college history from the mass of legend and fiction which had obscured the origin of every university. Mr. Clark's excellent book on the *Colleges of Oxford* did much to contribute by individual research to the history of various foundations. And, finally, we have in one short handbook a brilliant little sketch of *Oxford and Oxford Life*, by the Senior Proctor of the Jubilee Year, Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wadham.

With all this before me, and with the knowledge that a love of Alma Mater inspires in all her pupils, it is not very hard to give the brief sketch that alone is here possible of the rise of the Colleges of Oxford.

To have colleges at all, you must first have something in the nature of a university, and that in turn presupposes a collection of schools and the presence of recognized and accomplished teachers. Into the myths which Mr. James Parker has once and for all destroyed, we are now spared from entering; but it will not be profitless to consider, for a moment, the beginning from which these schools and teachers in Oxford originally sprang. There seems no doubt of their connection with that outburst of intellectual activity at the end of the eleventh century at Paris, when William Champeaux, head of the cathedral school of Paris, saw his most famous pupil, Abelard, grow up to be the

greatest of its teachers. Paris, in fact, became full of teachers, and in an age of guilds it was but likely that these men should form themselves into a definite society; and this is what actually happened between 1150 and 1170.

At the earlier of these dates there was little that deserved the name of a teaching body in Oxford; but as far back as we can trace their history, it is characteristic of the schools of Oxford that they were never dependent on any capitular or monastic body. When they had a head, he was elected, indeed, by the masters themselves, but his authority he derived from Lincoln, not from St. Frideswyde's nor from Oseney. This distinction between Oxford and European universities implies another, for the very fact of the city being neither a cathedral nor a capital town favoured that development of our university into the peculiar college system, which is it chief charm. But that university would probably never have come into existence at all but for a migration which seems to have taken place, under very providential circumstances, from the far greater metropolis of western learning, across the channel, where every English ecclesiastic had hitherto gone for education. This migration may have been voluntary, but I incline to the explanation that Beckett's quarrel with King Henry II. directly moved the French King to turn out the English students from Paris, as the subjects of a King who was oppressing Holy Church. Henry II.'s retaliative measures again produced an effect which is little short of providential, for he at once ordered all masters and scholars beneficed in England (who were studying abroad) to return, "*as they loved their revenues.*" The exodus from England was, therefore, stopped at the same time as it was ordered from Paris, and there is every possible circumstantial evidence that the resulting flood of students came to Oxford.

It was not an unknown thing for Frenchmen themselves to come to the banks of Isis, for before 1117 we know that a "Doctor of Caen" became a "Master of Oxford,"

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that he was not a monk, and that he taught theology to some eighty clerks. This implies, as we have already said, that schools did exist here. But to explain the further facts of the independence of the Oxford masters, and the absence of any organic connection between them and the Church, the Paris migration is the only feasible hypothesis. The *Studium Generale*, which undoubtedly did arise about 1175, is very frequently referred to after 1180, and never before; and by 1209 we get the first piece of real documentary evidence in the record of 3,000 souls mentioned in connection with the unfortunate killing of a woman by a clerk. The arrangements made in 1214 to settle this quarrel give also our first glimpse into the extraordinary jurisdiction of the Chancellor's Court. The dependence of this official, already noted, on the university produced an independence of even the Bishop of Lincoln, and resulted in our Chancellor's possessing far more privileges than his prototype in Paris; for academic, ecclesiastical, civil, and criminal power were all vested in his hands at once, unfettered by the presence in his town either of a cathedral or of the machinery of a capital city.

It will be seen at once that the mention of 3,000 souls in 1209 presupposes that arrangements had already been made for housing such a numerous body of scholars who were collected to hear the famous teachers of the place; and in the halls, hostels, and boarding-houses is the beginning of the colleges we know which add that peculiarly mediæval aspect to Oxford, which has vanished from the continental universities and will never be possible in America. These early "halls" were at first independent and self-governing. Later on, they were governed by a master under the authority of the Chancellor. The last survival of these interesting institutions is St. Edmund's Hall, which still is kept beneath the sheltering arm of Queen's. These "halls" gave an opportunity for the exercise of that characteristically mediæval piety, the maintaining or "exhibiting" of a scholar at a university,

which was seen in another form in the founding of chantrys, where priests should say masses for the founder's soul. It was not till 1243 that the brilliant idea occurred to one Alan Basset of combining these two forms of piety into one. But the "college" was not yet.

We get nearer to it when, in 1280, the money left in 1249 by William of Durham to support ten masters of theology, was invested in the purchase of houses, which became Great University Hall, and are now UNIVERSITY College. Of its original buildings nothing now is left. The oldest part of the existing edifice (the west side of the first quadrangle) was begun in 1634. The latest addition was made by Mr. Bodley in 1879, and forms the Master's Lodge. It was this college which produced, when engaged in a lawsuit, the astounding myth of its foundation by King Alfred, which actually passed into a law of the realm by a judgment of the Court of King's Bench in 1726, and as late as 1872 was gravely recognized by Lord Sherbrooke, with the sole excuse that he was speaking at the college dinner. Its most famous pupil is Shelley, who came into residence in 1810, and some ten years ago a very beautiful monument to the poet, by Onslow Ford, was placed in the college buildings.

To return to our "origines," we can hardly say that even by 1282 the foundation which the widow Devorguilla set in order was a true beginning of the modern college any more than "Great University Hall" had been. For, when in 1261 SIR JOHN DE BALLIOL was scourged at the door of Durham Abbey, the provision he then made for certain poor scholars at the University was only a part of his compulsory penance. The first building (on the same site as the present College) was nothing more than an almshouse. There was no chapel for the scholars till 1327, and the statutes did not receive their final form till 1507, at the hands of Foxe, Bishop of Winchester. The oldest part of the existing buildings is probably the reading-room of the library, on the left of the front quadrangle,

which may date from about 1420. But all the rest of the College, as we see it, is a conglomeration of modern attempts at architecture by Wyatt, Butterfield, and Waterhouse, of which it is difficult to say which is the least appropriate. It may, however, be considered fitting that these modern buildings should have been the home of so much that has pre-eminently influenced modern thought and action from the University. When it is forgotten that Evelyn, Lockhart, and Southey were at Balliol, it will be remembered that Clough and Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Cardinal Manning, and T. H. Green came from this foundation.

We have seemed a long while in getting to the real beginning of the Oxford College; but, like all good things, it came slowly in its own good time. The true founder of the Academical College system was WALTER DE MERTON, who in 1263 made over his estates to a community of scholars who were, on the proceeds, to study at some university. They studied at a hall in Oxford, and by 1270 they had one official to look after these estates at Malden, and another to be their warden at Oxford. A site was bought, and called MERTON HALL, in Oxford. Its clerks took over the fabric and the duties of the parish church of St. John the Baptist, which became their College Chapel. More lands were added to the first estates. "College livings" began, as the founder gave their first ecclesiastical promotion to his own scholars in vacancies on his own lands. The revenues of the College itself increased. By 1277, the Parish Church was rebuilt as a considerable Collegiate Church, and became a definite part of the College itself. The first lines of the quadrangle we know so well now grew fortuitously into shape, and remained the model for all subsequent architecture of the kind. In the present buildings, the oldest part is the Muniment Room, which may well have been one of the original tenements purchased by the founder. The hall, though ruined by Wyatt, retains the original walls.

The library, one of the most interesting mediæval rooms in England, remains as it was built. The beautiful quadrangle, which faces the fields to the south, was completed about 1610, probably from the designs of the same artist who planned Wadham. The College, as a whole, is ruined by Mr. Butterfield's new buildings.

The statutes of Merton took their final form in 1274, and the College was the prototype and example of all similar institutions. By Merton was established the right of self-government, of recruiting its own numbers, of holding property, of using a common seal. Established as the nursery of the secular clergy of the English Church, it branched out into the training ground of civil servants, physicians, historians, and artists. The liberal education this involved was secured by the liberal endowments of the founder. The first orderly and well-endowed corporation was formed, whose members had every opportunity for the best forms of study. The wonderful series of accounts in the College treasury is so complete that Professor Thorold Rogers was enabled very largely to base his "History of Prices" upon their records. During the Civil War the College saw strange changes and became more like a small court than an abode of learning. Queen Henrietta Maria slept in the Warden's Lodgings! Anthony Wood, later on, was one of Oxford's greatest and best historians. It is one more mark of the creative genius which marked Merton from the beginning that it was here in 1661 that the first "common room" for fellows was opened in Oxford. Richard Steele was a postmaster here in 1694.

With the foundation of Merton we have seen the rise of the Oxford colleges. There is but space to mention very shortly the dates at which the other foundations rapidly followed the magnificent example which had once been set. It is curious that one of the most troubled reigns in English history—that of Edward II.—saw the birth of two more colleges in the space of twenty years.

Of these, EXETER was founded in 1314 by Walter de Stapleton, and its fellowships were confined to Devon and Cornwall men. Of its pre-Reformation buildings, the old gate-tower in the Rector's Lodgings is the only relic. Exeter is almost as much rebuilt as Balliol or Queen's, and has suffered proportionately.

In 1324, Adam de Brome, almoner of Edward II., founded ORIEL College. As rector of St. Mary's, he also got permission to transfer the church and its revenues to his own foundation. The tenement called "La Oriole" (probably *Oratoriolum*) on the present site was occupied in 1329, and changed the name of the College from the old "St. Mary's." Pusey, Keble, Dean Church, Tom Hughes, Cecil Rhodes: these are the very various names suggested by Oriel to-day. Of its old buildings nothing is left. Its front quadrangle (about 1620) is contemporaneous with those of Wadham and University. Wyatt was here, unfortunately, in 1788, and left his mark upon the library.

The QUEEN'S College of mediæval times has totally disappeared, its oldest buildings at the east of the back quadrangle dating only from the time of Charles II. It was founded by Robert Eglesfield, chaplain of Queen Philippa. The front quadrangle (by Hawksmoor, Wren's pupil) is a fine piece of Italian design of about 1730. The College retains many charming and characteristic customs which have been lost elsewhere, such as its Boar's Head and Trumpet.

NEW College is almost the exact antithesis of Queen's in the matter of its buildings. The magnificent pile erected by William of Wykeham just before 1400 remains intact, though Sir Gilbert Scott spoilt the proportions of the old Hall by raising its roof, and the seventeenth century did the same for the front quadrangle by adding a third storey. The new buildings in Holywell Street are an unintelligible outrage.

If William of Wykeham had not been a statesman, he

would have probably achieved fame as an architect, if that in turn had not been eclipsed by his munificence as a founder, which is so conspicuous both at Winchester and in Oxford. His school is the type of the English public schools. His College was called "New" because it differed from the established precedent of Merton, not only in its religious tone and its magnificence, but in the connection it established between Winchester School and the Oxford foundation, and in the provision that was made for definite instruction within the College walls, the beginning of the modern tutorial system.

LINCOLN College was founded in 1429 by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, "to defend the mysteries of the sacred page." Its most famous scholar was John Wesley, a somewhat ironical result of Fleming's "little college of theologians." The tower and the rooms over it belong to the original buildings. The Rector's House dates from 1464. The rest is later.

ALL SOULS' College retains its front quadrangle as its founder, Archbishop Chichele, left it in 1442. It was meant to be a chantry as well as a college, to benefit the souls not only of the founder, but of all who fell in the wars for the crown of France. The Edwardian visitors of 1549 wrecked the interior of the chapel, and the fragments of the reredos were only recovered in 1870. The library, built in 1716-56, is the finest Italian room in Oxford. Owing to seventeenth century "restorations" and nineteenth century "Gothic revivals," the College has lost what little else of beauty it possessed, but Sir Christopher Wren's sundial in the back quadrangle is still kept. All Souls' is now a society of fellows who represent the most brilliant scholarship of the University in various lines, and its halls and lecture rooms daily provide more instruction than is the case in any other college. It has no visible undergraduates.

MAGDALEN College—to my mind the most beautiful piece of architecture in Oxford—was founded by William

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of Waynflete in 1457, on the site of the old Hospital of St. John the Baptist, of which a part of the thirteenth century wall still remains in the Chaplains' Quadrangle. The chapel is as it was finished in 1483, though the interior has suffered terrible mutilations. Its tower was completed in 1507, and, after Giotto's, has no peer in Europe. Wyatt wrecked the Hall with a plaster ceiling. The cloisters remain as beautiful as ever. The new buildings are a model of what such additions should be. By Henry VI. William of Waynflete was made headmaster of Eton, and the lilies on the Magdalen arms commemorate this fact. He carried to a further point the innovations of Wykeham at New College, and provided still further tuition within their own walls for his pupils, adding to their number (for the first time) "gentleman commoners." Grocyn and John Colet were members in the first ten years of the College history. Addison has commemorated his stay there in graceful verses. Gibbon, on the contrary, reviled his surroundings; but Magdalen remains to justify the wisdom and the sense of beauty of its founder.

The foundation stone of BRASENOSE was laid on June 1st, 1509, as recorded on the stone in No. 1 staircase. It was one of the old halls, whose members migrated to Stamford in 1334, and was made a college by Sir Richard Sutton, a layman. John Foxe and Richard Burton, Reginald Heber, and Walter Pater were members of this College. The front quadrangle remains as it was built. The chapel is a clever, but not very pleasing, mixture of Italian and Gothic. The modern buildings are by Jackson. They just miss being fine.

CORPUS CHRISTI, one of the most interesting of the foundations in Oxford, owes its birth to Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, in 1520. The front quadrangle is his work, and so is the chapel, though its many mutilations have resulted in a "strictly domestic" building, hardly in keeping with the rest. Reginald Pole and Nicholas Udall

were among its earliest members, Jewel and Hooker are among its most distinguished. The College plate is particularly fine. Its charming sundial was erected in 1581 by a fellow.

CHRISTCHURCH, the most imposing of all the buildings, justly represents the memory of the mightiest of Oxford's sons—Cardinal Wolsey. The first part of his buildings to be completed was the kitchen. The oldest work in the College is the refectory of St. Frideswyde's, at the south of the Cathedral. Its dining hall is the finest in Oxford. From these details it might appear that Christchurch was primarily founded for "high living"; but "high thinking" was not forgotten, too, and in his judicious blend of the two, the great Cardinal showed his fine appreciation of the Oxford spirit. The graceful fan-tracery in the staircase to the Hall was made by "Smith of London" in 1640, and is a striking lesson against being too sure of dates and masterpieces. Wren built Tom Tower in 1682. There is no excuse for the new buildings which look out upon the Broad Walk. Of the Cathedral, incorporated in the College buildings, this is no place to speak. It exhibits a great variety of styles, and has some fine stained glass. It is impossible even to indicate the history of which Christchurch has been the centre. The series of great deans who have held the reins of government have contributed as much to the good of the whole University as to the benefit of their own College.

TRINITY was founded (on the site of the old Durham College of the thirteenth century) by Sir Thomas Pope, one of Henry VIII.'s most trusted officials. Part of the original buildings still survive on the west side of the front quadrangle. Wren designed the garden quadrangle, one of the first Italian buildings in Oxford, in 1665. The new buildings (1883 and 1887) by Mr. Jackson are graceful and harmonious, and thoroughly worthy of their admirable position. During the times of the Civil War, Trinity had Crashaw, Calvert, Lord Baltimore, Ireton,

and Ludlow among its members. William Pitt and Lord North were also here. Richard Burton and W. G. Palgrave are among its later sons.

Of the original buildings of St. Bernard's College (now ST. JOHN'S), founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437, only a portion of the first quadrangle remains—its front and west side. By the munificence of Archbishop Laud, Inigo Jones was able, in 1634, to complete the second quadrangle by one of the most interesting and charming pieces of architecture in Oxford. When Henry VIII. swept away the Cistercian College of St. Bernard, Sir Thomas White, a Merchant Taylor, and twice Lord Mayor of London, founded St. John's in the reign of Queen Mary. He carried his work to completion soon after 1557. His endowment of the Manor of Walton (practically now North Oxford) makes his College one of the richest in Oxford.

JESUS College is the first Post-Reformation College in Oxford. It was founded by Hugh Price in 1571, with the help of Queen Elizabeth, whose portrait by Zucchero in the hall is the finest which exists. The College is especially attached to Wales. Its oldest part is the front on the Turl. The chapel is in the Gothic style of 1636.

WADHAM College enjoys, in common with Balliol, the privilege of having been brought to completion by the founder's widow; Dorothy Wadham carried out the scheme of her husband Nicholas in 1613. The buildings are as she left them, the most remarkable and harmonious instance of the late Gothic of the time, retaining many traces of the Somersetshire origin of its builders. Its most famous early son was Admiral Blake. Later on, the Royal Society owed its birth to Wilkins of Wadham. Sydenham, "the founder of modern medicine," and "the wicked Earl of Rochester," were also Wadham men. In the best modern architect, and the finest modern athlete, the College has left its mark upon our own generation. The view of the chapel and buildings from the Fellows' Garden is one of the most beautiful in Oxford.

PEMBROKE College existed as Broadgates Hall for centuries before it became an actual College. Of these old buildings only the refectory is left. Dr. Clayton, the last Principal of the Hall, was changed by King James in 1624 into the first Master of Pembroke, and the King assumed the inexpensive honours of a foundation whose safety was already assured. The front quadrangle was built during the seventeenth century. Dr. Johnson matriculated here in 1728, and his bulky personality has succeeded in obscuring the fame of most of the other residents of Pembroke. Its latest contribution to the world of letters is the last editor of Boswell.

WORCESTER College, like Pembroke, was founded on the site of a far older building known as Gloucester Hall, whose traditions reach back almost as far as the days of Walter de Merton. Selden, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Sir Kenelm Digby are among the most illustrious pupils of the first foundation, which is still represented in the quaint old buildings on the left-hand of the entrance. The Hall's last Principal, Dr. Benjamin Woodroffe, raised it to the rank of a College by securing the benefaction of £10,000, which Sir Thomas Cooke, of Worcestershire, had proposed to leave to Oxford in 1698. Before the middle of the next century, Worcester had acquired its lovely gardens, which were laid out by Richard Greswell, Bursar. Thomas de Quincey lived on No. 10 staircase.

KEBLE College was opened in 1870 in memory of John Keble, but the memorial suggesting the first plans had been presented twenty-five years before. The buildings are by Mr. Butterfield, and were employed by him to illustrate certain colour schemes in architecture which are not generally admired. The skyline of the chapel is the best conception in the whole plan. The effects of novelty were seen in an arrangement of rooms and staircases whose originality is its only recommendation; and in the government being placed in the hands of the Council of original subscribers, who nominate both the warden and

his tutors. For these and many other reasons (which may be reflected in the seating of the chapel, the fixed annual payment instead of battels, the common meals in Hall, the restriction to the Church of England) Keble can hardly be called a College in the strict sense of the old term. No doubt it fulfils the wishes of its founders. The outside world does not know enough of it as yet to estimate its value fairly.

HERTFORD College is one more example of the raising of old halls into colleges. In this case, two of the primitive foundations—Hart Hall and Magdalen Hall—were combined into one. Dr. Newton, Principal of Hart Hall, raised it into a College in 1740, but the effort only lasted fifty years after his death, for lack of sufficient funds, and Magdalen Hall was given the buildings that were left. At last, these varying traditions of mediævalism, Puritanism, and eighteenth century reform were gathered up and properly endowed by Mr. Baring, the great banker, in the nineteenth century. The oldest part of the present buildings is the library on New College Street. In 1889, Mr. Jackson succeeded in joining new buildings to the extremely unpromising materials on the spot. Lord Clarendon, Sir Henry Vane, and Hobbes were members of the old Magdalen Hall. The new Hertford College has yet to make its mark.

MANSFIELD College is under the headship of Dr. Fairbairn, for the benefit of Nonconformists, and rejoices in some admirably designed and situated buildings. It is the latest addition to the possibilities of teaching in the University.

It will be obvious that but for the researches of those gentlemen whom I named in my first paragraph, this brief sketch of the rise of the colleges in Oxford could never have been written. I desire to express to them my very sincere sense of the obligation involved.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.

DORCHESTER ABBEY.

ST. BERIN, as the traditions of the neighbourhood and most old English writers call him, or Birinus, as his name is latinised in most copies of Bede and by most modern historians, was sent to Britain in 634 by Pope Honorius to evangelise "the inmost parts beyond the English where no teacher had gone before." Landing on the coast of the West Saxons, and resolving to make them his first care, he worked so successfully that he soon numbered their King, Cynegils, among his converts, the godfather at his baptism being St. Oswald, the Northumbrian King, who had come to Dorchester to take Cyneburga, the daughter of Cynegils, in marriage. The two kings, says Bede, gave the city to the bishop to establish there his episcopal see. For Dorchester was at this time in the middle of the West Saxon kingdom which now stretched across to the Severn, and it was also close to the border of the Mercian English to whom St. Berin had originally been sent. Therefore Oswald joined on the gift, whether as Bretwalda or as holding some over-lordship in Mercia in consequence of his recent victories.

Dorchester lies in the angle between the Thames and the tributary stream of the Thame. It had been a place of importance in earlier times, and the outline of a Roman camp is still traceable in the street and the byways. The dyke immediately south of it formed a channel through which the water could be turned from river to river, cutting off an artificial island; and over the south bank of the Thames rises the entrenched height of Sinodun; the hill-fortress and the fortified island together forming a

stronghold of great value to the invaded Briton. There is good reason to believe that it was the scene of the first encounter of Aulus Plautius and Vespasian, and that the village of Dorchester had its origin in their camp. Here, as Bede tells us, St. Berin built and dedicated churches. There can be no reason to doubt that the present abbey-church occupies the site of his primitive cathedral, standing in a central position above the bank of the Thame river, which forms the eastern boundary of the camp. Here St. Berin took his place, with his wide mission-field before him, reaching southward and westward over the West Saxons among whom he had landed, and northward over the Mercian English among whom it may be that he hoped to find some fruits of his labours. Here, too, he died, December 3rd, 649; and here the seat of the West Saxon bishopric remained until in 705 Headda, the fifth bishop, removed it to the capital at Winchester. In 777 this district was absorbed in the growing realm of Offa, and a century later Dorchester became an episcopal city the second time, as the seat of one of the Mercian bishoprics. This continued until in 1085 Remigius, the first Norman bishop, transferred the see to Lincoln.

Bishop Eadnoth, the third of the name, who held the see of Dorchester for about fifteen years and died in 1049, built the noble cruciform cathedral which forms a large part of the present abbey-church. The nave wall and what is left of the transept walls, up to the sills of the windows, are believed to be Eadnoth's work, though its distinctive features can only be seen in the outer masonry in the nave wall and in the south wall of what was the south transept, in the western springings of the two transept arches, and possibly also, as some think, in the fine leaden bowl of the font, which is ornamented in high relief with rich mouldings and with eleven figures of saints seated in arched niches.

Fifty-five years after the removal of the bishopric, Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, founded here an abbey of

Augustinian canons; and they, in the latter part of the twelfth century, proceeded to reconstruct the church upon a larger plan. They raised the wall of the nave and inserted the round-headed windows, which (heightened at a later date) have lately been revealed, and inserted also the lofty arch between the nave and the crossing; they extended the choir eastward to the point where the present choir aisles terminate and where portions of the Norman work are still to be discerned; and they constructed the rich doorway, which still survives, to lead from the south transept to their cloister.

After another century had passed, the canons set about a complete remodelling of the choir in the beautiful geometrical style which had then been developed. First they added the narrow north aisle, with its graceful windows; its three lofty arches enriched with elaborate mouldings and resting on pillars of clustered shafts; its western end merging into an equally beautiful extension of the transept of which the northern half has since been destroyed. Soon afterwards they proceeded to erect a south aisle with a corresponding arcade. Contemporary with it, of about the year 1320, is the very beautiful canopy of a shrine, the portions of which were recently discovered in the masonry which closed the doorway of the north transept. It doubtless belonged to the spurious shrine of St. Berin. The saint's body had been translated by Bishop Headda to Winchester; but in later ages the canons declared that another body had been translated, and that they still possessed St. Berin. Probably all the glory of the new south aisle centred around this shrine. Instead of treating the south transept upon the same plan as the north, opening it out eastward into a narrow choir aisle and a small chapel, they incorporated this transept bodily into the new aisle so that it was a transept no longer, and they terminated it in two large and dignified eastern chapels. Very probably the inner one was designed to contain the shrine, which thus stood between the high

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altar and that of the southern chapel. The side-shafts and the springs of the ribs for the vaulting of these chapels showed the splendid plan of the designer; and the double vault which now forms so striking a feature of the church was successfully completed by Sir Gilbert Scott; but there was proof that it had never previously been carried out, since no foundation existed for the central pier, and in digging for it the workmen came upon burnt corn and other relics of a pre-Christian sacrifice.

West of the magnificent arcades of the choir, at what was formerly the crossing of the church, there is a strangely puzzling feature. The Norman wall on each side was pierced originally by a small arch opening into the transept, which has given place to a wide and lofty arch with semi-circular head, of the plainest character, the Norman string-course being cut through in forming it. These two arches, says a recent authority,[1] "have been called at different times and by different writers, Saxon, Norman, Cromwellian, Georgian"; and he adds, "paradoxical as it may appear, I would regard them as the work of the thirteenth century architect, and Decorated." It is obvious that they were only intended as a temporary arrangement, to be filled in with a moulded arch.

The bold design of the architect, making the dignity of the choir depend solely upon the loftiness and grace of its arcades, without the usual adjuncts of triforium and clerestory, had given it a distinctive character of its own. This is made still more remarkable by its unique eastward extension in the next period. Working upon the plan of two large windows with a circle at the head, the designer has expanded this into a single window filling the whole width of the east end and carried up into the gable, with no break except the central buttress which rises to the base of the circle, and having the entire height of its lights filled with flowing tracery, which is further

[1] Rev. T. Barns in Parker's *History of Dorchester*, 1882, p. xlvi.

adorned with various sculptured groups. The window on the north side is equally remarkable, with a figure of Jesse recumbent on the sill, and a tree rising from his side up the central mullion and terminating in foliage over a defaced figure of the Saviour; tracery in the form of five curved and sculptured transoms spreading across the side mullions; a sculptured figure in each division of mullions and jambs, and a stained-glass figure in each compartment of the window (though several of these are lost), representing altogether forty-six persons in the ancestry of Christ. The plainer window on the south has a procession of sculptured figures on its transom; and below it are the sedilia and piscina, having canopies of extreme richness, under which are small triangular lights, now containing some panels of Norman glass to represent the history of "S. Berinus."

At the same later-Decorated period a south aisle for the use of the parish was added to the nave, resembling that of the choir, but simpler in detail. On the dividing wall, which was allowed to remain, the original fresco of the Crucifixion over the altar has been renovated. There are clear evidences that the rood-loft was erected above this, against the wall. There is also a small crypt below this parish altar. A notable characteristic of all this later work is the conservatism with which its builders dealt with the work of their predecessors. As in the choir they left untouched the beautiful double piscina beside their new work, and used again the older jamb-mouldings in the great east window, so in the nave aisle they took the fine ornamental buttress from the angle of the choir aisle, and an equally fine window of the older work, and replaced both at the west end of their new aisle. By this last addition, with no dividing transept, they gave to the church externally a unique character of its own corresponding with that which distinguishes it within; and they gave it also the aspect of impressive grandeur which results from

the great length of its lofty south front, extended to upwards of two hundred feet, divided by buttresses into eight wide bays, each with its tall three-light window, but otherwise unbroken save by a low open porch beneath the westernmost window. Then the massive western tower, clumsily reconstructed in the time of Charles II. and rising but little above the roofs, only serves to lengthen the stern simplicity of the outline. "That such a pile is beautiful," wrote Professor Freeman,[1] "few will argue; but it is strange and awful and solemn in the highest degree."

The monuments are numerous and interesting. The most striking of them is the effigy of an unknown knight, cross-legged, in chain mail of about 1275, now moved to the south aisle; possibly the benefactor through whose munificence the earlier Decorated extension was commenced. One of the least striking, but of special interest, is a little mutilated brass of 1513 for Richard Beweforeste, apparently laid in his life-time for himself and his first wife, if he be the same that the contemporary Leland describes as "a great riche man" who, after the suppression of the abbey in 1534, "bought the est part of the Chirch for 140 Poundes and gave it to augment the Paroch Chirch."

Nothing remains of the monastic buildings but a portion west of the church, probably the guest-house, which was adapted to the purposes of a grammar school founded by John Feteplace, a descendant of Edmund Ashfied to whom the abbey had been granted by Henry VIII. North of this, beyond the Vicarage, are the ancient buildings of the abbey farm.

Sixty years ago the roofs had been lowered, the upper circle of the east window cut away, the clustered piers disfigured with incongruous memorial tablets, the western portion of the church occupied by the parish fire engine.

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[1] Parker's *Dorchester*, 37.

Now a series of restorations, for the most part careful and conservative (in which the name of the late vicar, William Macfarlane, must always be remembered), has given back to the church at least the chief part of its ancient dignity.

J. E. FIELD, M.A.

CAVERSHAM BRIDGE.

IN bygone times, the most noticeable features in Caversham scenery were the mansion, the warren, and the bridge. The old moated manor-house, the possession of many historic families, has long since disappeared, though still there is a mansion in the park. The warren has within recent years been destroyed, and the bridge dates only from 1869.

The first bridge over the Thames at this place appears to have been built in the thirteenth century. It was erected by one of the Marshals, Earls of Pembroke, and by the Abbey of Reading. The longer portion of the bridge, 250 feet out of 400 feet, was built by the Earl probably because his ownership of the bed of the river extended so far. When the lord of the manor built the bridge, as in this instance, he possessed proprietary rights; but frequently, as in the case of Maidenhead bridge, the builders were a confraternity. On the bridge was a chapel dedicated to St. Anne. To the covering of this chapel King Henry III. was a contributor. In the year 1239 or in 1240 he commanded Engelard de Cygony to let William, Chaplain of the Chapel of Caversham, have an oak out of Windsor Forest, with which to make shingles for the roofing of his chapel. In this place, Masses were sung for safe transit over the bridge. This practice seems to us suggestive of insecurity, of thankfulness for escaping an evident danger. However, what with singing Masses and selling Indulgences, the chaplain earned his maintenance.

The advowson of the chapel, which was situated on the Oxfordshire portion of the bridge, belonged to the Lord

of Caversham. In 1258, Matilda de Lacy, Countess of Lincoln, and widow of Walter Marshal, held the manor in dower, and presented a secular priest to the Chapel of St. Anne. The chapel is called *free*, by which is meant that it was free from episcopal control. It is again mentioned in the year 1314. John Abel, escheator on this side Trent, was ordered to deliver to Matilda, late the wife of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, as part of her dower, the advowson of the chapel on the great bridge of Caversham, the yearly value of which was 20s. This income was a miserable pittance, quite insufficient for the priest's requirements; for which reason, possibly, it was that Edward le Despencer, the lord of Caversham, bestowed the advowson on the monks of Notley. By doing so, he violated the Statute of Mortmain. But in 1376, after his decease, a pardon was granted to the abbot of Notley for acquiring the advowson without the king's licence.

From the foundation of their monastery in 1162, the monks of Notley possessed the rectory of Caversham. One of them, called the "warden," resided in the place, and probably performed all the religious duties of the church, as well as of the chapel of St. Mary, which had been added by them as a north aisle to the church. On acquiring St. Anne's chapel, so admirably situated for their purpose, they opened an exhibition of curiosities. *When* they began to exhibit is not recorded; but at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries their chapel was greatly frequented. Dr. London, whose letters are printed in Wright's *Suppression of the Monasteries*, writes of the "three cootes cappe and here" belonging to the image of the Virgin, and "of the trynkettes about the same as schrowdes, candels, images of wexe, crowches and brochys." This image, which was probably life-size, was plated with silver, and when duly dressed, crowned and bejewelled, was adored by the faithful. Besides this idol, there were several relics or curiosities, as "the blessyd knyfe that

kylled seynt Edward, the dagger that kyllyd King Henry, schethe & all, and a peece of the halter Judas hanged himself withall." But the relic most revered was an "aungell with oon wing that browt to Caversham the spere hedde that percyd our Saviour his syde upon the crosse." This wonder London calls "the principall relik of idolytrie within this realme." So precious was it that the warden sent it to Notley before London arrived at Caversham, but it was brought back. The visitor mentions that while he was at the chapel "ther com in nott so few as a dosyn with imagies of wexe."

Some doubt there is whether this exhibition took place at St. Anne's chapel or at St. Mary's. Many benefactions were made to St. Mary's. But St. Anne's chapel answers better to London's description, and its situation gave it the utmost publicity. The impositions practised were very gainful. The canon who acted as showman had a capital residence in Caversham, and was no expense to the brethren at Notley. His house was called *Portaryens.* At Caversham, says London, "ys a propre lodginge wher the chanon lay, with a fayer garden & an orchard mete to be bestowyd upon som frynde of your lordeschips in thes parties ffor the chanon hadde no thing to do ther butt to kepe the chapell & receyve the offringes."

Leland describes the appearance of the bridge when he saw it in or about the year 1540. "There is," he says, "a main bridge of timber over the Thames, where I marked that it rested most upon foundations of timber and in some places of stone. Towards the north end of the bridge standeth a fair old chapel of stone, on the right hand, piled in the foundation for the rage of the stream of Thames."

During the civil war in the seventeenth century, Caversham or Causham, as it was then usually called, suffered considerably. The church was damaged, and the bridge at times in part destroyed. But the damage done to the bridge could hardly have been more than the temporary

displacement of planks in order to prevent the passage of troops. In 1643, while Reading was held for the King by Sir Arthur Aston, a skirmish took place at Caversham. On the 15th of April in that year, the Earl of Essex marched from Windsor and laid siege to Reading. He passed south of the town and began operations against it on the south-west and west, intercepting the communication of the garrison with Caversham. On the 18th, the Royalists were succoured. General Ruthven passed from Henley, or thereabouts, to Sonning, and despatched by boat six or seven hundred musketeers, with several loads of ammunition, into the town. This relief the Parliamentarians could not prevent, as for their own security they had broken down the bridge. Shortly after, Lord Gray, of Wark, was stationed on the east side of the town, some troops of horse, with a regiment of foot, being placed near the river to prevent supplies from reaching the garrison. After making this arrangement, the Parliamentarians repaired the bridge at Caversham. On the morning of the 25th the garrison hung out a white flag and desired terms of surrender. But while the articles were under consideration, the King made an attempt to relieve the garrison. He left Oxford on the 24th, slept at Wallingford, and at daybreak the next morning marched to Caversham. His forces were in two divisions, and consisted, it is said, of forty-five troops of horse, nine regiments of foot, besides dragoons and artillery. The two divisions appear to have followed slightly different routes, but to have united at Caversham. The Parliamentarians, a week or fortnight before, had demolished a fortification at Mapledurham, and plundered Sir Charles Blount's house. They had also driven the King's party out of Caversham, having first destroyed the church tower, on which the Royalists had placed a gun. It does not seem, however, that the King's forces received any check until they neared the bridge. There a sharp skirmish ensued. The Royalists, notwithstanding a storm of wind and hail that

beat in their faces, succeeded in their first attack, but were afterwards repulsed. Sir Simon Luke, who held a command under Essex, in his oft-quoted diary, says: "They fell upon a loose regiment that lay there to keepe the bridge and gave them a furious assault both with their ordnance and men, one bullet being taken up by our men which weighed twenty-four pounds at the least. This was answered with our muskets; and we made the hill soe hott for them that they were forced to retreat, leaving behind them seven bodyes of as personable men as ever were seene and moste of their armey, besides others which fell in three or four miles compasse as they retreated." The defeat of the King's troops could not have been severe, as Prince Rupert remained in or near Caversham till Reading surrendered. The King does not appear to have taken part in the skirmish, but to have stayed at the Park till he retreated to Nettlebed.

When brick was substituted for wood in the structure of the bridge is not recorded. But as the old bridge had an ancient appearance, the change may have been made on the restoration of order in the seventeenth century. There were nine arches in the Oxfordshire portion, six of them being considerably smaller than the other three. The roadway was so narrow that two vehicles could not pass. For the foot passenger's safety, little angles were made at intervals into which he could step. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the Caversham part of the bridge having become dangerous, the Borough of Reading indicted the County of Oxford. The legal proceedings ascertained the fact that the Earl of Cadogan, the owner of the Caversham estate, was bound to repair the bridge *ratione tenuræ* of his lands and hereditaments in Caversham.

One other circumstance relating to the bridge remains to be mentioned. In the early years of Edward I.'s reign, and probably at other times, assizes were held there. The reason why the bridge was fixed on for this business was doubtless because it was convenient to the judges. It

could not have been convenient to the people of the county in general. In the same way they utilised the bridge at Cromarsh, and frequently held assizes for Berkshire at the Grandpont, outside Oxford. Of course, no surprise need be felt at the holding of the court in the open air. It was the custom in bygone times, and even now the few Hundred Courts that survive are held *sub dio*.

M. T. PEARMAN, M.A., F.S.A.

GODSTOW AND FAIR ROSAMUND.

AT the extreme north-west of the boundary of the city of Oxford, at nearly three miles from its centre, yet barely half-a-mile from Binsey Church, which figures in the early legend of its foundation, stands, almost detached from any village, and embosomed among some magnificent elms, all that remains to us of Godstow Abbey or Nunnery. But for the name of Rosamund, *l'amante* of Henry II., and the incident of St. Hugh's visit, to be narrated farther on, it would have crumbled away and sunk into forgetfulness, neglected as Binsey, Rewley, Osney, the Mynchery, and Sandford have done. Still, its uneventful history would have lived on among antiquaries, because the Bodleian has, among its Rawlinson MSS., its cartulary, rendered into English of so marked a character that it is surprising that no Dialect Society of our advanced age has deemed it worthy of publication. It is a goodly, plainly-written volume, the work of a "pore broder and welwyller to the goode abbas of Godstowe, dame Alice Henley (she began her rule 1464), and to alle hyr covent," who commences with an account of the first founding of the place, but what "the cronicle" was from which he obtained his facts we know not. A Chronicle of Godstowe, or one attributed to it, was indeed published by Hearne, but it is unsatisfactory and of doubtful authority. The Cartulary naturally confines itself to law matters, gifts, bonds, compositions, leases, and such things, and thus we have but little available information about the place till we come to the

dry facts, the grievous incidents of its dissolution by Henry VIII.

A square enclosure, a wall projecting from it westward, and a small ruinous chapel, are the miserable remnants left of the nunnery that existed here rather than exists on this pleasant slope on the west bank of the Thames. Myths, legends, and historic doubts have obscured its history, the neglect of ages has fallen on the buildings, its property has, with its usual curse, gone into secular hands, and even its name has suffered from the philologist, not a fact having been found to warrant the assertion that it was, in Saxon times, the "stowe" or place of a heathen god. Thamisia, too, the older form of Thames, set the antiquaries of Elizabeth's age on the imaginary track of an unknown Isis river, and Binsey, or Bunsey, from which nunnery the foundress of Godstow came, was regarded as connected with *bous*, an ox. The low-lying, unhealthy appearance of the spot may well have been absent in early days, before the cupidity of the millers at Oxford Castle and Osney induced them to raise the level of their upper water; this seems a fair deduction from several items in the city documents. The west and south sides of the nunnery had, in its very early days, a conduit, called the Sanctuary Brook, carried along them, whose inner margin was cased with good walling: this, however, is now almost concealed by rank vegetation. This straight stream parts from a meandering one that runs farther to the west, at a small island or what is nearly such, and here may well be located the Sluice-house mentioned in the Cartulary: it passes through three acutely-pointed arches—at the Road, at the south-west, and at the south-east of the enclosure; the last is now hidden from view. These are worth noticing as being the only evidence of thirteenth century masonry in any part of the ruins; one carved stone of the original building, late Norman, is in private possession, and the Oxford Architectural Society has lately made over to the city some pieces with refined dog-tooth ornament upon

Godstow Nunnery.

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them, probably from the church tower. The little chapel at the south-east angle is quite late Perpendicular, especially the east window, on which some of Bishop Fox's many benefactions—the founder of Corpus—may well have been expended. Ruinous as the chapel now is, it still bears witness to a peculiar arrangement: the eastern half was open to the roof, as it is now to the sky, its only covering, while the west end was divided into two floors, an upper for the abbess, nuns, and novices, a lower one for the lay brothers and perhaps visitors—a division of sexes on an unusual plan. Of the domestic buildings within the area, a solitary diagonal buttress at the north-west remains; a sketch, however, by Anthony Wood, made in 1666, shows that along the west side was a range of three buildings with a cloister of twelve arches in front of them. Unluckily, we cannot decide, because of the false heads put to the arches and windows, whether it was a re-erection of Elizabeth's time or whether they were the original buildings. The position of these, as also of the Tower and Guesten Hall, was verified by exploration about 1850, and, more recently, tile pavement, similar to that of the west range, has been uncovered on the south and by the same workman. An early drawing shows decided ruins of some strong building almost central within the enclosure, perhaps too far away from the chapel to be the chapter-house. Wood's sketch, a duplicate of which has been pasted inside the corner of the Cartulary, shows a large church on the north side of and exterior to the enclosure, projecting some distance toward the river. In the chancel of this, in front of the altar-rails, Fair Rosamund was buried; the spot would be close to that where a flourishing sycamore spreads its branches. A second tree at Godstow deserves a word or two: near the north door of the little chapel was, within the last year or so, a nut tree, which tradition incorrectly says bore fruit invariably without kernels; but this, to some extent, applies to several of the species. If anyone sees a beauty

in the following lines by Shelley, "for a tablet at Godstowe Nunnery":—

> Rest thee beneath this hazel; its green boughs
> Afford a grateful shade, and to the eye
> Fair is its fruit. Stranger, the seemly fruit
> Is worthless, all is hollowness within,
> For on the grave of Rosamund it grows!
> Young, lovely and beloved, she fell seduced,
> And here retired to wear her wretched age
> In earnest prayer and bitter penitence"—

it is certainly not the beauty of truth. The lady's body may have once lain in the chapter-house, as ordered, or in the small chapel, certainly not in the abbess' garden, though the gullible ignorance of the last century contentedly fell in with the popular view of the matter. To one's wishes that the anger of heaven may not fall upon those who here desecrate two places once dedicated to holy worship, let there be added others for pardon to all those who have propagated such audacious untruths upon nearly every object remaining. As two-and-a-half centuries is a fair limit of age for nut trees, this one can scarcely have been planted on a spot where any interment of poor Rosamund's oft-disturbed body ever took place. The excavations made, 1885, in widening the artificial cutting of the river seemed to prove the truth of Wood's sketch as to the church's great extent eastward, by the bits of glass and lead-work for glass that were abundantly dug up at a point roughly under his east window.

The Cartulary gives the subjoined account of the origin of the nunnery, but put into English more readily understood by general readers; a few explanatory brackets have been introduced:—"The Chronicle of the house and monastery of Godstow makes mention in what way that house was first founded by revelation, in this wise. In Winchester was a lady born of the worthiest blood of this realm. Mistress Edyfe was she called [Edyve and Edith in other accounts]. Her father and mother had no

more children, but her only, and because of that she was more beloved and cherished; she was fair and comely, and was well with the King Almighty, and was married to a knight, Sir William Launceluc. By the grace of God they had three children together that were very fair, and became eminent, one son and two daughters; the son was Abbot of Abendon. Now, about the lady I will tell you in what manner and in what way she lived in God's service. After the decease of her husband it often came to her by a vision or dream that she should go near to the city that was called Oxenford, and there abide a time until she saw a token from the King Almighty, how and in what way she should build a place to God's service. To Bynsey the lady came [it had been the abode of St. Frideswyde in the eighth century; the event spoken of is about 1130], as had been told her in a vision while she was at her prayers. There she dwelt and lived a very holy life. She heard a voice in the night which told her what she ought to do: 'Edyve, Edyve, rise up and without delay go to the spot where the light of heaven descends from the sky on the earth [Binsey, the church or older part, and Godstow are barely half-a-mile distant; either a flash of lightning or a streak of sunshine through a rift in the clouds may be understood], and there arrange nuns for the service of God, twenty-four of the most gentle women that you can find.' And thus it was that this abbey was founded. Now, in truth hath this lady Edyve gone off to the King Henry and shown him what God in a vision had sent to her. When the king had heard all that she wished to say, they between them order and command in what way they could bring this good deed to an end, and are very busy in God's service how they may, in the best manner, build a church to the worship of God, of our Lady, and of St. John the Baptist. By and bye this lady, Dame Edyve, becomes abbess in her church and twenty-four ladies were with her. As to her two daughters, the elder, Dame [or Lady] Emma was her name, is prioress

of the House and Lady Havis [Havisia, Avisa, or Avice are other spellings], the second, was under-prioress so long as she lived [abbess here is a higher dignity than prioress]. They surrendered themselves to God that was born of his mother Mary. May He who deigns to die for us sinners grant to us, if so it pleases, that we may come to His joy. Amen."

His next extract is regarding the dedication of the church: "The Bishop of Lincoln, Alexander, dedicated and hallowed the Church of Godstowe in the year of our Lord 1138, when Edive was Abbess, that noble mother, who by her own labour, cost, and alms built the said church." Then we are told of the noble endowments by the King, Queen, Archbishop, Bishops, and Nobles, as well as by the citizens and burgesses; how Edwin, son of Godgoose, gave them the church of St. Giles without Oxenford, a building the earliest walls of which seem to have been of his erection, and how the King granted them a fair of three days during the feast of St. John the Baptist. This is followed by a clause too characteristic to be omitted: "All these gifts abovesaid, the Lord Bishop and the Pope's legate at that time in England, Albericus, by the Pope's authority, has hallowed and annexed to the said Church of Godestowe; and all these gifts King Stephen by the privilege of his royal power, has strengthened and confirmed; all the said gifts the said Bishop of Canterbury, with all the whole company of Bishops then present, confirmed by their holy power and authority. So that they all with one consent, one will, and one voice decreed the sentence of cursing on all those who afterwards take away, make less, hurt or depreciate any of the said gifts or any other in time to come hereafter for the augmentation [of the nunnery], profit, or endowment, without giving satisfaction or undergoing due penance. Furthermore, the legate, by the Pope's power, gave great pardon to all benefactors, visitors, or those who added to the comforting things of the place." The "fair" close is

still well known to many of the people, but the position of the beautiful and almost over-large church consecrated in so imposing a manner, is well-nigh forgotten. Among the assembled bishops were two who were apprehended that Eastertide at Oxford Castle and thrust into prison; at least, so says Roger Wendover.

How the convent became a noted house for education of illustrious females; how here an estate, there a vicarage, was granted by good churchmen; how many a broad acre (they gave them stranger titles), many a tenement, was bestowed when pious "mynchons" took up their abode for good in that spot of holy peace, of religious, studious life; how the lady abbess' pigs did damage to the city meadow; how the Oxford city authorities at the courts of Frank-pledge were often complaining of some dole at the gates the nunnery had ceased to give, or of a road to the meadow which became by the yearly floods narrowed, impassable, and bottomless, which the unlucky ladies were fined for neglect in repairing; how the nunnery, by purchase and by gifts, became quite a factor in the domestic or aular history of Oxford, need not, on this occasion, be considered.

Cloistered life at "Godestowe" can be fairly well understood from existing documents, and if the rules seem unnecessarily strict, it is wisdom to score that severity to the lax morality of the age and the liability of Godstow to visits from students at Oxford, where Irishmen and "Galoises" sowed their wild oats in wide profusion; we will hope, with Wood and Hearne, that fair liberty was allowed to the "desmoiselles" receiving instruction there, and express our regrets that they said so much upon a point of which, by modern lights, they seem to be rather ignorant. To this place came Rosamund Clifford, a lady of a noble family, somewhere between 1150 and 1160; and here, as tradition says, Henry II., in one of his journeys from Beaumont to Woodstock, first saw and then admired the young lady. We are told by the ballad-makers that she was a credit to his taste; that her—

"— locks of curléd hair
Outshine the golden ore;
Her skin with whiteness may compare
With the fine lilly flower;
Her breasts are lovely to behold,
Like to the driven snow."

Another rhymster, one "T. D.," in "A Mournfull Dittie," is equally carried away.

"Her crisped locks like threds of gold
Appeared to each man's sight,
Her comely eyes like orient pearles
Did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her chrisstall cheekes
Did such a colour drive
As though the lilly and (the) rose
For maistership did strive."

These descriptions, dating no earlier than the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, have no real value, of course, unless it lies in the fact that they may contain some tradition nowhere else chronicled. Blue eyes have been attributed to her, and she may have had the exquisitely-tapered fingers read of in ballads, especially if the half-mummied one dug out of the north-east angle of the chapel, about 1850, was really hers.

The authorised facts in her life are very few. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that about 1174 or 1175 the King (Henry II.), having imprisoned his wife, Eleanor, who had caused him so much annoyance, openly proclaimed Rosamund Clifford as his mistress. As Eleanor is known to have been divorced from a previous husband, and was married, as far as we know, without any permission from Holy Church, this act of Henry would be regarded by strict churchmen, and by good Christians, too, as a mere change in the manner of his sin. The date of her death is known to have been about 1176, so that three or four years at the utmost of blissful enjoyment with his blonde beauty was all that he could have had. The maze at Woodstock is not yet mentioned; it is merely a palace

or bower. Her death was a peaceful one at Godstow, and on her tomb was inscribed simply: "Tumba Rosamundi." Through respect for her memory, many benefactions were conferred on the nunnery by her relatives, as charters still existing prove.

Later accretions, perhaps including a few facts handed down by tradition, are these:—Higden, a chronicler about eighty years later than Gerald, first mentions the maze at Woodstock, and writers after him tell us of its winding passages and numerous doors. Rosamund is said to have been born at Clifford Castle or Hay, in Brecknockshire, somewhere between 1132 and 1154; the latter date is scarcely credible. Geoffrey is said by Walter Mape to have been the son, not of Rosamund, but of Hackenai (Acquigny in France), but tradition is decidedly in favour of William Longsword being Rosamund's child, though the statement is nowhere distinctly made. Eleanor, though fast in a prison she richly deserved, appeared on the field and found Rosamund in her bower by a clue of thread, but how the thread was obtained is a point on which our authorities show much divergence of opinion. In this version, Eleanor is made so to deal with her that she died not long after—it does not necessarily follow at Woodstock.

The legendary material is much more abundant. There was a wholesale importation of incidents from the life of a Lombardian Queen Rosamond, and the authors developed a great capacity in swallowing untruths. The King, in their version, first learnt of the beauty of Rosamund by overhearing a conversation between her brother and a friend; then, to add interest to the narrative, her own brother was despatched as bearer of the infamous proposal. Carte and others maintain that the dates of her life, as far as we have them, being considered, we may safely grant that Rosamund was known to the King from her girlhood, and accompanied him on the Continent before she was twenty. Other indulgent writers

are of opinion that she was married to him very early in a quiet manner, and that Henry took care that all documents regarding the marriage should be done away with. It is certainly peculiar that no outburst of indignation against the King's evil life, from some churchman, has, as yet, been discovered. More information, of a kind, is supplied us regarding the maze: it is an underground structure with tortuous passages; to modern students of twelfth and thirteenth century architecture, the subterraneous building and its brick arches are simple nonsense, but they would be loath to deny that a pattern of floor-tiles worked so as to represent a maze, may have been the origin of the name. The spot, close by the Rosamund spring in the Park, if Wood and Hearne have not been misled, is too damp for underground passages. There is one thing to be said about the Bowers—that there were several such chambers in royal castles, as Warton tells us, at Waltham Bishops, Fremantle, Martcleston, and Winchester, and none of these have the accompanying maze or meandering path to render them difficult of access. Somehow or other, the tale runs, Eleanor entered the chamber of her fair adversary; a short and not very instructive dialogue took place; then she offered a cup of poison to Rosamund, who drank it up with some *sang froid*, and died at once. Then we are told that they carried her body with much honour to Godstow, where she had been educated, and put up crosses at each spot where the body rested on the journey. There certainly was a Rosamund Cross, of which more hereafter, but our authors seem to have patched in here a bit from the history of an Eleanor, the beloved Queen of Edward I. They bury Rosamund in the right spot, but tell us, without regard to the insult it would be to the Clifford family, who kept up their connection with the spot, that the inscription placed on the tomb was the too well-known one, "Hic jacet in tumba," etc. "This tomb doth here enclose the world's most beauteous rose—rose

passing sweet erewhile, now nought but odour vile," as Speed renders it. The words, it has been pointed out, would be far more suitable to the infamous Queen of Lombardy than to our Rosamund. One of the crosses referred to—it was most probably the only one—was that on Godstow Bridge, or, as we should expect it to be described, at the east end of Toll-bridge, where the Wolvercote road breaks off northward. This bore till the time of Queen Elizabeth, or even later, a couplet that has puzzled many:—

> Qui meat hac oret; signum salutis adoret:
> Utque tibi detur venia, Rosamunda, precetur.

The upper line of this never presented a difficulty, but the lower one, probably from age or bad stone, grew illegible, and hence three or four careless versions have been propagated. The whole may be rendered: "Let him who wanders here pray; let him adore the sign of salvation, and let a prayer be said that favour may be granted, Rosamund, to you." Hearne, who seems to have lost his head over this fair lady, or at least lost his antiquarian acumen, had certainly a very poor copy of the inscription, or he would never have said: "The sense must be: 'Let Rosamund pray for pardon to be granted.'" Even now, the scansion of the second line is so bad in one part that the correct version may still not be hit upon; bad metre would not have been placed on so noted a memorial.

After all these doubts and guesses, it is very satisfactory to come upon a fact plainly told and generally credited. We learn on the authority of Hoveden that "Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln, when on his visitation to the various nunneries in his diocese, came to the abbey of the nuns of Godstowe which is between Oxford and Wudestoc, and when he had entered the church to pray, he saw a tomb in the midst of the choir, before the altar, veiled with silk banners and surrounded with lights. When he asked whose tomb it was, he was answered: 'It is the tomb of Rosamund, who was once the beloved of Henry, the King

of England, the son of Maude the Empress, and he has done much good to the church because of her.' Then said the Bishop: 'Take her hence, for she was a mistress, and bury her outside the church with the others, lest the Christian religion become despised, and through her example, other women may be deterred, and keep themselves from adultery.' And so they did." Taking the literal meaning of the order, the nuns would have buried her in the common graveyard, east of the church and the enclosure, but Higden says it was in the chapter-house, and thinks it means with other nuns, and that it was usual to bury such in chapter-houses. Neither suggestion seems worth much attention. Her tomb has been described to us by "old" Mr. Allen, of Gloster Hall, who died in 1632, as having been taken up and "broken in pieces by the Roundheads. It had upon it interchangeable weavings, drawn out and decked with roses, red and green, and the picture of the cup out of which she drank the poison given her by the Queen, carved in stone." This description has often been quoted as incontestible evidence of the mode of her death, but great allowance must be made because it is quoted at second-hand and because the antiquarians of his school were rather apt to give way to an exuberance of fancy, nor must it be forgotten that a cup is the old-fashioned emblem for a priest, and four such were always resident in the nunnery. If the word "roses" is equivalent to marble bosses or jewels, the earlier part of the description becomes more intelligible. It has been surmised that Rosamund's body was, out of respect, again buried in the church. As the parliamentary soldiers made havoc of the tombs here, so probably had the vagabonds and idlers at the time of the Dissolution, for Leland, who went mad, in 1550, writes: "Rosamund's tumbe at Godstowe Nunnery was taken up a late; it is a stone with the inscription 'Tumba Rosamundæ.' Her bones were closyd in Lede and, within that, the Bones were closyd in Letter. When it was openid there was a very swete Smell came owt of

it." The "navvies" of 1780 cut a new watercourse for the water through the churchyard, and the tradition existed till 1890 that they had taken out nine coffins of stone. About the middle of the last century, special permission was granted by the owner to make a careful and respectful examination into the question of the accuracy of an inscription that had been painted on the eastern half of the north wall of the little chapel, and seemed to point to Rosamund's last of three or four resting-places. Two stone coffins were found there and the remains of two females, an old and young lady, the latter having undergone a kind of embalming process. The bodies were reverently replaced in one of the cists, but the other was obtained by Alderman Fletcher, a noted benefactor to many churches and institutions. He kept it some years, and now lies buried in it at the west end of Tarnton Church, for which he had done so much in his lifetime.

Again, in 1885, the earlier watercourse was doubled in width and almost in depth, disclosing six of these stone cists laid close to the towing path, three turned north and south, that their ends might not encroach upon the old cutting, and ten more of stone in the neighbourhood of the east end of the church, and a substratum of six of wood under the first cutting and about seven feet under the level of the turf. These last were probably some of the earliest deposited there before the bed of the stream had risen. The material from the cutting was spread in a layer of about three feet over the meadow, and the old stews or fish-ponds, lying about forty yards south of the enclosure, were filled up about four feet, so that they are now scarcely discernible.

Lastly, the trench which once conducted the sanctuary stream from the neighbourhood of the chapel into the cutting was filled, and seventeen of the nineteen cists were re-buried south-east of the chancel.

In the autumn of 1895 or 1896, the nut tree had so far perished that it was useless to let it remain, so it was cut

down and burnt. A nut or two are still treasured in several cottages around, and the belief that they were always, in all seasons, entirely barren is firmly implanted among all. The writer, about 1854, has a distinct remembrance of plucking six, two of which had kernels, in order to compare them with a tree having a similar bad habit, and there are people who have maintained that the tree was always as productive as similar ones of the cob-nut variety. A quaint piece from some rather modern authority furnishes us with an exalted view of this renowned lady, and with it we will conclude a by no means exhaustive summary of her life and the fables about her: "Upon her coming to Godstow (the author was apparently unaware that she spent the last two or three years of her life on the spot), as she went thither frequently, the nuns, who admired her conversation, as indeed all did that happened at any time to be with her, used to expostulate with her. . . . As they were once arguing with her, and talking of heaven and hell, and the danger she was in, . . . she replied that . . . still she should be saved. 'How shall we know that?' said some of them. 'Why,' said she, 'if that tree,' pointing to one that had then green leaves thereon, be turned into stone, after my death, then shall I have life among the saints of heaven.' The same answer also she returned at several other times when the same kind of discourse was started. And 'tis said that, within a few years after, this thing came to pass, and the stone was commonly showed to passengers at Godstow, even till the house was dissolved."

HERBERT HURST.

A VISIT TO CHALGROVE FIELD AND EDGEHILL.

THERE is no period of English history which has such a fascination for the majority of people as that of the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century, and the reason is not far to seek, for the fighting took place in our own native land; and there is scarcely a village or hamlet in the kingdom but what has some memorial of this civil conflict.

It is, indeed, surprising to find how traditions and legends of these stirring days have been handed down from father to son, generation after generation, from those who had fought under the standard of the King, or drawn the sword in the cause of Parliament. Many such incidents we have ourselves heard, which tend to prove that tradition is even more reliable than history itself, for in the course of investigating local circumstances connected with this particular period innumerable proofs have been afforded of the correctness of the legends we used to listen to with breathless attention on many a winter's night long years ago, from the lips of one whose great-great-grandsire fought at Edgehill, both Newbury fights, Old Basing, and finally at Naseby, as an officer of the Parliament. But the father was a staunch old Royalist yeoman, who followed the fortunes of the King with several of his sons and relatives, and would never forget the disloyalty of his first-born, whom he describes in his will as "my rebellious son," and accordingly cut him off with the sum of "one shilling sterling," although he had only adopted the cause he believed to be best serving the interests of the country.

There are few things more interesting to the antiquary and historical student than to visit an old battle-field—the very circumstances impress indelibly on your mind the history connected with the place. It awakens a more lively interest about the deeds done there than the mere perusal of them in books, and kindles a new curiosity about all the persons and the events which once passed over it; and when you have personally traced out the scene the actual knowledge which you have gained of the place fixes the facts for ever in your memory.

Of all the battle-fields in the country, few perhaps more interest the imagination than that of Chalgrove Field, where the patriot John Hampden received his mortal wound in the fierce skirmish—we are scarcely justified in calling it a "battle"—which took place between the Royalist and Parliamentarian troops on the 18th June, 1643. It was to this historic spot that we made a pilgrimage in the month of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Starting from Pangbourne, we first climbed the long hill above the village of Whitchurch, and after having accomplished this toilsome march in the very teeth of a bitter "Nor'-easter," which was bending the weather-beaten firs and tearing in wild gusts round the corners, we reached the high level table-land above the Thames Valley. Having scaled this height, we naturally turned about to admire the glorious expanse which we fondly imagined was spread out before us, but lo! and behold,

> "We viewed the mist,
> But missed the view,"

for the whole valley and hills beyond were magnificently enveloped in clinging curtains of dismal haze or fog; but when the sunshine lights up the hills the panorama is said to be, and we can believe it, one of great extent and diversified beauty.

Pressing forward through a cheerless, dismal country, after some miles of steady plodding, we passed the village

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of Woodcote, some five hundred and sixty feet above sea level, which occupies the higher ground of the Chilterns, from whence it is said the Crystal Palace is distinctly seen on a clear day, which it certainly was not on the day of our visit. We therefore did not linger here, and reached a still more desolate country, where one sees nothing but hill beyond hill, valley running out of valley, with no house, farm buildings, or sign of man, not even the tinkling of the sheep-bell, or the chirping of a solitary bird. It was a silence which might be felt. A turn and a dip brought us at length to the village of Ipsden, close to the Chiltern Hills, with its scattered cottages grouped around the ancient village church, and standing somewhat aside from the road, we catch a glimpse of the manor-house, the seat of the Reade family, and the birthplace of Charles Reade, the author. In the church, which belonged to the great abbey of Bec, in Normandy, there are several monuments to the Reades, and a stained-glass window dedicated to the memory of Malcolm and Winwood Reade.

Passing along the Upper Icen-eld Street, or the old street of the Iceni, one of the four great Roman ways, but of British origin, a little further on we crossed the Grimsdyke, or *Grimes dic* of the Anglo-Saxon charters, which is very perfect between Mongewell and Nuffield. We passed on the left Cold Harbour Farm, now absurdly called "Col d'Arbres," whereas its name implies one of the many Cold Harbours or places of shelter, or what we should call posting stations, invariably found on the line of Roman roads.

Just before reaching the old turnpike road from London to Oxford through Benson, viâ Nettlebed, still nightly traversed by the Parcels Post coach, we passed Gould's Grove, occupied of late years by a gentleman whose name has acquired almost European reputation as a successful breeder of sheep, his prize-roll in this direction being most distinguished. There are, however, very few sheep now to be seen in the neighbourhood; in fact, in covering a

distance of some fifteen miles, we only saw one or two small flocks, and this, too, in a renowned sheep-rearing district. Well may the poor farmer exclaim in the words of the pastoral poet of old—

> The time is come I never thought to see;
> Strange revolution for my farm and me! . . .
> Farewell my pastures, . . . my paternal stock,
> My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock, . . .
> No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew,
> No more my song shall please the rural crew!
>
> *Dryden's Virgil.*—

and which so truly represents the sad state of the agricultural interest at the present day.

We then proceeded through country lanes, retaining, we should think, much of the character they possessed in prehistoric times, to the pleasant and extremely interesting village of Ewelme, at the foot of the Chilterns. But we were well acquainted with the charming old almshouses, and the fine old church, which was preserved from mutilation when the Parliamentary troops were in the neighbourhood, by Colonel Francis Martyn, who forbade any person to enter the sacred building except for service—so we did not make a long halt here. As we walked up the village street, we passed the manor-house, the site of the royal palace of Ewelme, which we called to remembrance as the scene of three national events—(1) Margaret of Anjou was detained here as a prisoner for several years; (2) Henry VIII. spent his honeymoon here with Jane Seymour; (3) it was the house occupied by Prince Rupert during his sojourn in this part of the country. Our way lay by the famous watercress beds, which succeeded each other at different levels, and were of such high repute that "Ewelme watercress" was a familiar London cry not many years ago.

After walking up a very long, straight road, which has the appearance of an ancient British trackway, and passing only one sign of human habitation, appropriately named

"Lonesome Farm," we at last sighted the village church of Chalgrove, but we found that we still had some little distance to walk before we reached the battle-field. The approach to Chalgrove Field is not very striking, particularly on a bleak day in February, but it is impossible to view the spot "where Hampden bled" without feeling the deepest interest, or without reflecting how much all parties owe to the patriotism of such a man as John Hampden, whose conduct must, in fact, have been as irreproachable as his character, since amid the turmoil of factions, and the malevolence of political animosities, his bitterest enemies were never able to fix a stain upon either.

The moment you set foot on the scene of action you recognise every position of the contending armies, and the objects that surrounded them. There is the lane down which Rupert's infantry marched to guard the line of retreat at Chiselhampton Bridge; there is the spot where, under a black banner, edged with yellow, and bearing the arms of the Palatine, might have been seen the Prince's impetuous cavalry, clothed in their black uniform—black, a fitting colour for that thunderstorm of war which broke with resistless fury on the ranks of the enemy. On the other side is the road by which the Parliamentary troops emerged on that then open plain, with their steeple-crowned hats and basket-hilted swords. Here were drawn up Hampden's Buckinghamshire men in green, and a few paces off is the spot where their leader received that fatal shot which led to disaster and defeat. But we are anticipating, and must first narrate the circumstances which led to the encounter between the rival forces on Chalgrove Field. Essex having advanced to Reading, fixed his head-quarters at Thame, and his troops were quartered in the neighbouring villages. Meanwhile, Colonel Hurry, a Scotch mercenary, bred in the German wars, and who had done good service for the Parliament at Edgehill and under Waller, had thrown up his commission of colonel of horse in their army, and offered to Prince Rupert to lead an

expedition against an exposed quarter of the enemy—his late employers. The Prince also heard from Hurry that a sum of £21,000 was on its way to Thame from London, and knowing Hurry to be a capable officer, and aware of his thorough acquaintance with the movements and condition of the army he had recently left, Rupert accepted his proposals, put himself at the head of a powerful body of horse, and, late in the evening, marched out of Oxford under the guidance of the renegade. At Postcombe, the expedition came unexpectedly upon a regiment of dragoons, and killed or took them prisoners to a man. At Chinnor, a regiment of newly-levied men were surprised, while soundly sleeping in the hamlet, and some fifty poor fellows were shot down or knocked on the head as they attempted to escape, and one hundred and twenty surrendered themselves as prisoners. Rupert, however, missed his prize, as the drivers were warned by a countryman, and turned their teams into the beech woods, which then, as now, clothed the sides of the Chiltern Hills. The cavalier party then marched back upon Oxford, intending to fall in with a body of infantry, which Rupert had ordered to meet them by the pass at Chiselhampton Bridge, the point where he would have to re-cross the river. Hampden that night lay at Watlington, where the alarm of Rupert's appearance quickly roused him. Immediately he despatched the only trooper that attended him to Essex, to recommend his moving a sufficient force upon the pass at Chiselhampton, and at the same moment a body of the Parliament's horse coming up he volunteered to put himself at their head, and by attacking the Prince's rear-guard to impede his retreat, and give Essex time to draw out his troops towards the river. By this time Hampden being joined by Colonel Dalbier, and several other officers, they amounted to a body of horse not greatly inferior to Rupert's. The Prince, meanwhile, hastened on through Tetsworth, his rear continually threatened by the pursuing party. On Chalgrove Field,

from whence, as we have said, a lane leads down to the Bridge at Chiselhampton, he fell in with his infantry. This spot, made famous that day in English history, was then an unenclosed plain, of several hundred acres, but is now divided into many fields with hedgerows. Here, among the green corn which covered it, Rupert drew up his forces in order of battle; directing the party who guarded the prisoners and booty to move on to Chiselhampton Bridge. The Parliamentarians now came fiercely on, in three bodies. The first which reached the ground was led by Colonel Gunter; it consisted of several troops of horse and dragoons, and bore down on Rupert's right wing. Rupert charged; and the long rapiers of his life-guards did terrible execution. Gunter's party, though at once reinforced by the troop of Colonel Neale and General Percy, gave way and fled, leaving their commander dead on the field. At this juncture, Hampden at once put himself at the head of the attack; but in the first charge he received his death-wound. Overwhelmed by numbers, their best officers killed or taken, their great leader and the hope of their cause retiring in a dying condition from the field, and the day absolutely lost, the forces of the Parliament gave way, and fled towards Essex's now unavailing squadrons. Rupert, though not able to pursue, made good his retreat across the river; and about noon entered Oxford, with near two hundred prisoners, seven cornets of horse, and four ensigns of foot, bringing back most of the men who had marched out with him—some officers had been taken prisoners, but none killed.

In great pain and nearly exhausted, Hampden reached Thame. The surgeons who dressed his wounds encouraged his grieving fellow-comrades with hopes of recovery; but from the first his own impression was that the wound was mortal. It was too true a one, and after six days of extreme suffering Hampden breathed his last.

Mr. Firth, in the *Academy* of November 29th, 1889, has conclusively shown that Clough's narrative of Hampden's

last days found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1815, is a nineteenth-century forgery. "The belief that we possess the words of Hampden's last prayer," says Mr. Rawson Gardiner, "must therefore be abandoned." But we obtain some exceptionally interesting particulars of Hampden's last days in a letter written by his most intimate friend and neighbour, Colonel Arthur Goodwin, to his daughter, Lady Wharton:—

> "Deere Jenny,—I am now heere at Hampden in doeing the last duty for the deceased owner of it, of whome every honest man hath a share in the losse, and therefore will likewise in the sorrowe: In the losse of such a friend to my owne particular, I hae no cause of discontent, butt rather to bless God he hath not according to my deserts bereft me of you, and all the comforts deerest to me: All his thoughts and endeavours of his life was zealously in for this cause of God's, wch he continued in all his sickness, even to his death; for all I can heere the last words he spake was to mee, though he lived six or seven howers after I came away as in a sleepe: truly Jenny (and I know you may be easily persuaded to it) he was a gallant man, an honest man, an able man, and take all, I know not to any man livinge second, God now in mercy hath rewarded him . . . . . I hae with to London for a black suite, I pray let me begg of you a broad black ribbon to bange about my standard . . . . Yr ever, deere Jenny, most affectionate father, Ar Goodwin. Hampden, June 26th, 1643."[1]

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with arms reversed, and muffled drums, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immortality of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The monument in commemoration of the event, erected on Chalgrove Field, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Nugent, was inaugurated on the two hundredth anniversary of the battle, 18th June, 1843, with the following inscription cut on the north side:—

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1 *Carte's MSS. Letters*, Bodleian Library, No. 40.

Here
In this field of Chalgrove,
John Hampden
After an able and strenuous
But unsuccessful resistance
In Parliament
And before the Judges of the land
To the measures of an arbitrary Court,
First took arms,
Assembling the levies of the associated counties
Of Buckingham and Oxford
In 1642;
And here,
Within a few paces of this spot,
He received the wound of which he died
While fighting in defence
Of the free Monarchy
And antient liberties of England,
June 18th, 1643.
In the two hundredth year from that day
This stone was raised
In reverence to his memory.

On the south side are the names of those who raised the subscription by which the monument was erected. On the west side is a medallion portrait of the patriot in marble, and below the following inscription has been added:—

This monument was repaired and completed by
George E. Hampden Cameron, Esq.,
The present owner of the Hampden estates,
Descended from the patriot John Hampden
Through his daughter Mary, wife of Sir John
Hobart, Bart., and by Sir Henry Edward Austen
Of Shalford in the county of Surrey,
Another descendant of John Hampden through
Juliana, daughter of Richard Hampden,
The patriot's second son, 1863.

On the west side are the Hampden arms, with the motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," which was borne on the standard of the regiment of green coats, raised and trained by Hampden, which was considered as one of the best in the service of the Parliament.

There are no entries in the church register of Chalgrove relating to the burial of soldiers who fell in this, one of the most eventful actions in the Civil War, which lends support to the village tradition that the dead were buried on the 19th June, 1643, the day after the desperate encounter, in a deep hollow near Chalgrove, called "Clay-pit," once rich in soft turf and verdant moss, abounding in various curious shells, gorse, and juniper bushes; but now, sad to say, the huge cavity has been filled in and levelled.

Returning from the battle-field, we visited the old church of Chalgrove, which in itself was worth the journey to visit, and is one of the most interesting parish churches in this part of the country. The chancel is of decorated architecture, with two windows on each side, and a larger one at the east end, all with flowing tracery; there are also sedilia and a piscina of a somewhat uncommon type, and on the north side is a very remarkable squint or hagioscope. At the western end of the south side of the chancel is a low side window, at a convenient height from the floor for a person to look out through it. The purpose for which these so-called "leper windows" were intended is still an open question, and requires further elucidation. The church also contains brasses to Reginald Barantyne, 1441, Drugo Barantyne, and his wife, Joan, 1437, and Beatrice, 1446; and Thomas, son of Thomas Barantyne, fourteenth century. There are also several good monuments relating to the families of Winchcombe (descended from "Jack of Newbury"), Lewis, Villiers, Whorwood, Bradshawe, Quatermaine, and others, but it was too dark to copy the inscriptions.

The chief feature of the church, however, consists of the beautiful series of mural paintings in the chancel, which were brought to light in 1858, and preserved by the perseverance of a former vicar, the Rev. Robert Lawrence, and his family. They are divisible into two parts, viz., those relating to the life of our Lord, and those relating to the death and assumption of the Blessed

Virgin, and are certainly some of the most perfect, if not the most perfect, we have remaining in this country of wall paintings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. A full description, with plates of the subjects, by the late J. H. Parker, F.S.A., C.B., and William Burges, will be found in Vol. xxxviii. of *Archæologia.*

Near the church is a very interesting Tudor mansion, known as the Old Rectory, dating from the time of Henry VIII. if not earlier, which, we were informed, formerly belonged to Christ Church, Oxford, the Lay Rectors, by whom it was sold a few years since, after being dismantled of most of its carved oak panelling and other ornaments. The picturesque old house is now abandoned to the bats and owls, and it is entirely owing to the inherent vitality of its oak beams and joists that the whole of a marvellously curious fabric does not come down with the run. The other parts of the rambling structure have so ghastly and forlorn an air that we should be sorry to be in it on a dark November evening. But its capabilities are great, and by the aid of a cultured taste and an unlimited purse it might easily be made to blossom forth with much stately beauty.

We will now make a pilgrimage to that spot so memorable in English annals where the first battle was fought between the contending forces of King and Parliament. It is just over the border in Warwickshire, but is closely connected with our Oxfordshire history.

It was on a beautiful morning that we arrived at Banbury —a town famous for its "zeal, cakes, and ale," which was held for the King and stood two sieges: one of thirteen weeks' duration, 1644, under Colonel Fiennes, of Broughton, when the brave garrison was relieved, having eaten all their horses but two; the other in 1646, after which the Castle was pulled down by order of Parliament, and no trace remains save a bit of the wall and part of the moat.

There is nothing to attract the stranger in Banbury

beyond the hideously ugly church, in a sham Italian style in that execrable period of ecclesiastical architecture, the latter part of the eighteenth century. The older church, which was one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the whole kingdom, with a central battlemented tower, terminating in eight pinnacles, was ruthlessly pulled down, in order, it is said, to find profitable employment for certain local builders. Its partial re-erection without a spire, and the character the town had for uncleanness gave rise to the rhyme here:—

"Dirty Banbury's proud people
Built a Church without a steeple."

This reproach has been long wiped out, for the town is now noticeable for its clean and bright appearance.

Wishing to see both positions of the opposing armies which fought at Edgehill, we first made for Kineton, alighting at Fenny Compton station, and walked over the hills by the remarkable beacon tower of Burton Dassett. It is one of the three old beacons which in time past cast their lurid glare from cresset and tower over the undulating face of Warwickshire. The tower, which is built of stone, is very rude in construction, and was erected in the fourteenth century for the Belknaps, lords of Basset, who held their lands under the condition of providing a beacon on this oolite ridge, which forms a spur of the Edge hills. A spectator on this hill could have discovered the march of the troops of Royalist and Roundhead prior to that fatal Sunday in October, when King and Parliament first met in hostile array in the fair plain beneath. It was from Burton Dassett Hill that a Parliamentary soldier fired the beacon which flared the news to the country-side, and from thence to London, that the men of the Parliament had met those of the King, and had not been beaten. The light was seen at Ivinghoe, in Buckinghamshire, and on the beacon there being fired it was seen at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and the news thus reached London.

A. BETTS
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Descending from the highlands of Burton, which, with those of Warmington and Arlescote were occupied by the pickets of Prince Rupert on the morning of the memorable battle, we walked to Kineton, and thence over the very centre of the battlefield to Radway. The latter is a very picturesque village at the foot of the "Round House" at Ratley, which is the landmark for the whole country hereabouts, and during the summer is visited by thousands of people from Birmingham, Leamington, and the surrounding district. The view from the top of this "Round House," which is built on the spot where the King stood in the early morning of the battle, is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, and embraces no less than eleven counties, besides the more remote hills in two of the Welsh counties, which can be discerned on a clear day. Warwick Castle and Coventry spires are among the distinct objects, and still more distinctly, in a wider circumference, are to be seen Stow Hill in Gloucestershire; Bredon, Broadway, and Malvern in Worcestershire; the Wrekin in Shropshire; the Bardon Hills in Leicestershire; and Shuckburgh Hills on the borders of Northamptonshire. On the other side, into Oxfordshire, the views are not so extensive, because Edgehill is truly an edge, that is, it is a step where the country takes an abrupt rise, and when you gain the summit you find yourself, not so much on a hill, as on the level of a higher country.

Below, on the campaign, at a distance of three miles, lies the little town of Kineton, the headquarters of the Parliamentary army, and midway between it and Radway is the spot where the battle took place. To the left of the "Round House," at a distance of a mile, nearly opposite Tysoe Church, there was formerly cut in the side of the hill the figure of a horse, which from the colour of the soil was called the red horse, and the low grounds adjacent are still termed the Red Horse Vale.

The night before the battle, the King was at Edgcote,

and the outlying pickets overlooking the Vale of Red Horse, saw the camp fires of the Earl of Essex, who had left Worcester on the 14th of October, and had marched along bad roads and miry lanes in a line nearly parallel with the King, but in profound ignorance of his whereabouts. Hampden and Lord Brooke were about a day's march in the rear of Essex, for they had crossed the Avon at Stratford on the 18th. It was early in the morning of the 23rd of October when Prince Rupert, dashing on, as usual, with his gallant cuirassiers, found himself on the top of Edgehill. His quick eye caught at once the object of his search—the army of the Earl of Essex; its dark masses drawn up along the vale below, in compact order of battle. "The King's army," says an eye witness, "made a very fine appearance; and, indeed, they were a body of gallant men as ever appeared in the field, and as well furnished on all points. The horse exceedingly well accoutred, being most of them gentlemen and volunteers; some whole regiments serving without pay. Their horses were very good, and fit for service as could be desired. The whole army not above 18,000 men, and the enemy not above 1,000 over or under, though we were told they were not above 12,000; but they had been reinforced with 4,000 men from Northampton."

Standing at the "Round House," nothing could be more obvious than the situation of these rival English armies. The right of the King's forces, which had marched by way of Edgcote, Cropredy, and Warmington to Edgehill, rested on Bullet Hill, beneath the old British camp at Nadbury, above Arlescote, and the left at Sunrising, where the road comes up from Stratford. The Parliamentary army were in the bottom between Edgehill and Kineton.

Anything more suicidal than the King forsaking the advantage of the hills and marching down to the Parliamentarians in the plain below it is impossible to conceive, for it was plainly taking an advantage out of his own

hands, and putting it in the hands of the enemy. But it was a case of hasty and divided counsels, and the King in this movement acted against his own measures; for he had himself laid the design of getting the start of Essex and marching to London. There was no unity of purpose, and Charles allowed his own judgment to be overruled by a majority of voices, an error again shewn in two of the greatest battles of the time, that of Newbury and the final rout at Naseby. Advantages let go in war are never recovered.

The conflict did not last long. Prince Rupert, "hot and forward," and impatient to come to close terms with his opponents, charged with headlong fury, and pushed the left wing of the Parliament army so effectually, that in a moment all was terror and confusion. Partly from the furious charge made upon them by the Prince, and the desertion of a whole troop of their horse to the King, the Parliamentary cavalry immediately fled, and were pursued for two miles into Kineton. The right wing of the Parliament had no better success. The King's reserve, impatient to take some share in the action, followed the chase which their left wing precipitately led them. Their opponents perceived the advantage, and the moral effect of the fight was that of a Parliamentary victory.

The dead were buried in two spots which are yet conspicuous; one of these being planted with fir trees is said to have been a pit at the time of the battle into which four hundred bodies were thrown. The farm to which it belongs is still called "Battle Farm," and the two places of the burials "The Grave Fields." They lie about halfway between Radway and Kineton, and indicate the site of the hottest part of the fight.

Many incidents in the battle were related to us. One of these was that a Roundhead gunner, seeing a Cavalier officer on a white horse ascending the hill, he fired at him with his field piece, struck him on the thigh, and mortally wounded him. He died, and was buried in the churchyard

at Radway. Here twenty-eight years afterwards, his mother, Lady Bridget Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, who rests in Kingsclere Church, erected a monument to his memory, and we viewed the mutilated remains of the reclining figure of the gallant captain of foot—Henry Kingsmill—under the tower of Radway new church. We were also shown the traditional spot where fell Colonel Charles Essex, of Lambourn Place, reputed the most able officer under the Earl of Essex; and it is a singular circumstance that his father served as a private soldier in the ranks of his son's regiment. Another anecdote told us was that of the parish clerk of Tysoe, who ran from church with the congregation to see the fight, among them being the village tailor, who received a mortal wound as the reward of his curiosity.

WALTER MONEY, F.S.A.

Death of John Hampden.—It is now generally believed that the patriot was mortally wounded by the bursting of a pistol which had been twice loaded by a careless servant. The body was exhumed by Lord Nugent in 1828, and its condition supports this theory.

EWELME.

"THE Head of the Springs," as the name of Ewelme is interpreted, lies on a slope which descends westward from the chalk range of the Chilterns. North of it, a spring rises in "Hewill Furlong," which implies, like Ewell in Surrey, a single well. On the south side is the plural Ewelme, five distinct wells supplying the brook which makes the village famous for its watercress. The early history of the place is scanty. It must have formed part of the royal manor of Bensington, probably till the later Saxon period. Domesday Book records that one Robert held "Lawelme" of Gislebert de Gand, the estate being valued at six pounds; and it was previously held by Ulf. Hugh also held of Walter Gifard another estate in "Lavelme," valued at a hundred shillings. But Ewelme becomes exceedingly rich in its subsequent history.

In the thirteenth century the manor was owned by Sir Adam le Despencer, from whose son, Almaric, it passed in 1295 to a clergyman, Sir John Bacun, and his heirs. An Essex gentleman, Sir Edmund Bacon, probably brother to Sir John, had a grant of free warren here in 1310. He was ancestor in the fifth generation to the famous Alice de la Pole, Duchess of Suffolk, around whose name the interest of Ewelme chiefly centres. Sir Edmund's only child, Margery, married a wealthy knight of Norfolk, Sir William de Kerdeston; and their daughter, Matilda Alice, inherited Ewelme from her grandfather at his death in 1336. She became the wife of Sir John Burghersh; and both of them died in 1349, very probably from the pestilence which in that year

devastated so many homes and was especially fatal in the neighbouring town of Wallingford. Their son, in 1391, left his possessions to two co-heiresses, of whom the younger, Matilda, married Thomas Chaucer; and they became the parents of the Duchess Alice.

There is a mystery about Thomas Chaucer. Brought up as the son of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, he is commonly supposed to have been his son in fact. Certainly he was the son of Philippa, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, who became the wife of Geoffrey Chaucer, and was sister to Catherine Roet who was married first to Sir Otes Swinford and eventually to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. On the brass effigy of Thomas Chaucer at Ewelme his feet rest on the unicorn, the badge of the Chaucers, as the two-tailed lion of Burghersh lies at the feet of his wife's effigy. The unicorn appears again on the arch above the tomb; but nothing more of the Chaucers is to be seen. The shields beside the effigies show only the three wheels of Roet, the arms of his mother, with the lion of Burghersh for his wife; and the sides of the tomb are lavishly adorned with shields of the Plantagenets, as if he were of royal parentage; and, moreover, his daughter's monument describes her as a princess: *Orate pro anima serenissimæ principissæ Aliciæ Ducissæ Suffolciæ.*

It is significant that John of Gaunt granted to Thomas Chaucer a sum of ten pounds a year for his life and always retained him as a member of his household in time of peace and as an esquire in his service in war. It is stated also that his mother, Philippa, was a great favourite with the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, and was by them recommended as a wife to Geoffrey Chaucer, who held office in the court and had been sent as Ambassador to France. Perhaps the same influence induced the King to bestow upon the young Thomas the hand of the wealthy heiress of Ewelme. Immediately after the death of John of Gaunt, in 1399, Richard II. confirmed the grant

of money that Thomas Chaucer had received from him, and also added twenty marks yearly "in recompense for certain offices which he lately held for the term of his life by the grant of the King's most beloved uncle." Henry IV., on his accession, advanced him to several important dignities, making him constable of Wallingford Castle, steward of the Honours of Wallingford and of St. Walery in North Oxfordshire, and steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, and afterwards Chief Butler to the King.

Alice was the only child of Thomas and Matilda Chaucer, born in 1404. She was affianced first to Sir John Phelip, who died while she was still a child, and she married Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. Left a widow in 1428, she became, two or three years later, the wife of William, Earl of Suffolk. His grandfather, Michael, the first Earl, was the son of William de la Pole, a merchant of Hull, who had aided the finances of Edward III. and had been knighted. Michael, the second Earl, died at Harfleur, and was succeeded by his son, Michael, who fell at Agincourt in 1415, leaving his honours to his brother, William, a youth of nineteen, who, in the year of Salisbury's death, commanded the King's forces at the siege of Orleans. He was closely allied to some of the noblest families in England, his mother being daughter of the Earl of Stafford and first-cousin to the famous Earl of Warwick.

Chaucer died in 1434, and afterwards the dignities which he had held were bestowed upon his son-in-law, who subsequently became also Lord Chamberlain, and then Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports, and finally, in 1448, was created Duke of Suffolk. But two years later, partly through the jealousy of others in high place and partly through his own imprudence, he died a violent death at sea while crossing to France from Ipswich. His son John, a boy of seven, succeeded to the dukedom, and his other honours and possessions passed

to his widow Alice. She, from whatever motive, soon allied herself to the House of York, with which she was closely connected through her former husband; and when the House of Lancaster was overthrown, the widowed Queen, Margaret of Anjou, who had been her patroness in her youth, became a captive under her custody in Wallingford Castle, though it would seem that she was treated with consideration.

The young Duke John married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of the Duke of York and sister of Edward IV.; and their son John was created Earl of Lincoln in his childhood. Yet at the deposition of their nephew, Edward V., they took a prominent part in the coronation of Richard III., who for a time favoured them so greatly as to declare Lincoln his successor. After the accession of Henry VII., the family was again in favour. Lincoln's ambition led him to join in Lovell's rebellion, and he fell at the battle of Stoke in 1485; but the Duke, surviving till 1491, still kept his position with the King. Lincoln's possessions being forfeited on account of his treason, his brother Edmund succeeded to an impoverished estate, and his dukedom was reduced to an earldom. Henry VIII. visited him at Ewelme in 1495, but three years later he was indicted for homicide and fled the country to his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, who had aided his brother's rebellious designs; whereupon he also was accounted a conspirator. The King took possession of his estates, imprisoned him in the Tower, and finally executed him. His brother Richard had been with him on the Continent, and now served the King of France in his wars against England, claiming the title of Duke of Suffolk. He was killed at the battle of Pavia in 1525, and with him came to an end the illustrious house which for a century and a half had played a foremost part in the affairs of England.

When Ewelme passed to the De la Poles at Chaucer's death it became their favourite residence, and in 1437

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they obtained license from the King to found an almshouse here for two chaplains and thirteen poor men. Few villages can show a group of buildings so dignified and at the same time so picturesque as these which form the memorial of the first Duke and Duchess of Suffolk: first, the schoolroom, with lofty red brick walls and the stonework of its windows adorned with shields and sculptured angels; beside it, the embattled gateway leading to the almshouse; and next, through an entrance of ornamental brick-work, the peaceful little quadrangle with half-timber walls and protecting cloister around it and richly-carved barge-boards over its dormer windows; thence a steep flight of steps leads up to the western entrance of the church. It is not like an Oxfordshire church, but of the East Anglian type, modelled upon that which Michael, the first Earl, had built at his home at Wingfield. Within the church, over the lofty and elaborate font-cover, a fine crowned head ends the labels of the arches, probably representing Edward III., who first raised the De la Poles to prominence. Of the older building nothing remains but the tower-arch and a memorial slab promising "cent jours de pardoun" to all who should pray for the soul's repose of one whose name is lost, and another slab in the north aisle, apparently despoiled of brasses, said to cover the grave of Earl Michael, the Duke's brother, whose corpse was boiled that it might be brought home from the field of Agincourt; though none can explain why he should be buried at Ewelme before the family had any connection with Oxfordshire. His father lay at Wingfield, and thither also the body of the murdered Duke was taken in 1450. Ewelme Church was re-built before the Duchess Alice died in 1475, and the chief of its objects of interest is her sumptuous monument. This has a beautiful recumbent effigy; on her head the ducal coronet, on her arm the garter-ribbon, at her feet the lion of her ancestry; while angelic figures support the cushion of her head and surmount the canopy above her and hold

the numerous shields of the families with which she owned connection. A second effigy below represents her shrouded and emaciated in death. Near the tomb is that of her parents, and throughout the church are numerous brasses, some of them for rectors of the church and masters of the almshouse during the tenure of the De la Poles; others illustrating the later history of the village when that tenure was ended. One is for Thomas Broke, serjeant-at-arms to Henry VIII., who appointed him bailiff of the forfeited lordship. Another is for a child of Broke's successor, the unfortunate Henry Norrys, whom the King executed in a fit of jealousy.

The Dukedom of Suffolk was revived for Charles Brandon, the King's brother-in-law, and the Ewelme estate was granted to him; but he parted with it by exchange to the King, who visited the place after his marriage with Katherine Howard. Queen Elizabeth also is said to have visited Lord Essex here, while his uncle, Sir William Knollys, was Keeper of the Park, and occupied Ewelme Lodge. James I., on his accession, revived the Earldom of Suffolk for a scion of the ducal house of Norfolk, to whose younger son he afterwards gave the stewardship of Ewelme Manor, creating him also Earl of Berkshire and Viscount Andover; and his connection with the village is commemorated by some quaint monuments to his infant grand-children and their mother. The series of historic memorials is completed by that of Francis Martyn, a colonel in Cromwell's army, who is said to have saved the church from Puritan mutilation.

J. E. FIELD, M.A.

LORD FALKLAND.

BORN at Burford, probably at the Priory, in 1610, buried at Great Tew in 1644, and living at one or other of those places for the greater part of his life, this "incomparable young man," as Clarendon styles his friend, was one of the most distinguished ornaments of "Old Oxfordshire." Berkshire, indeed, has put in a claim for Lord Falkland by its recent erection of a fine monument to his memory on the spot where he fell at the first battle of Newbury; and the claim is emphasized by the fact that there is no monument to be found in either of the fine churches where he reverently worshipped, if we except an heraldic tablet placed at Great Tew in 1885. But it was his Oxfordshire life which influenced his romantic career, and from that point of view we are now to regard him.

The connection of Lord Falkland with Oxfordshire was solely due to his having been practically adopted from childhood by his grandfather, Judge Tanfield, who took him to live with himself and his wife on the Oxford estates above mentioned, and made him his heir. Both his grandparents died while Lucius Cary was still young; and so it came to pass that not only his childhood, but his maturer years from the age of nineteen were spent in the county. The interval was passed in Ireland, whither his father, having been appointed Lord Lieutenant, proceeded in 1622, accompanied by his wife and family. When old enough, Lucius was sent to Trinity College, Dublin. One year of his residence there he had the good

fortune to pass under the provostship of Ussher, afterwards Archbishop, and his profound disapproval of the Laudian policy is thought to have taken shape under the provost's auspices. It is still more probable that his extensive and thorough research into ancient church history was due to the example and advice of the accomplished divine who left his mark on so many branches of religious and useful learning. From Trinity College he emerged an excellent scholar, especially in Latin and French. The high position held by his father gave great advantages to one who was able to profit by it. At his court this precocious youth was brought into contact with questions of politics, religion, society, and war which otherwise would only have become familiar in later life. From his clever mother he no doubt inherited the lively wit and strength of will for which he was distinguished, and amongst the gifted Irish he had opportunities of exercising those qualities. This was the education of a gentleman and a statesman.

That Lucius turned his talents so early in the direction of theology was largely due to the controversy in which he found himself engaged with his mother, who became an eager Romanist, and carried with her several of her children. But controversial theology was in the air. Violent government by Court ecclesiastics, outraged Puritanism, and insinuating Romanism, were each vigorously contending for the mastery. The determined search for truth, which was part of the chivalrous nature of our hero, impelled him to take sides, and not to do so without thoroughly understanding all sides alike. It was that same chivalrous nature which gave the military colour to his brief career. Two years before he came of age, resenting apparently the ill-treatment of his father more than of himself, he challenged Sir Francis Willoughby; and a duel was only prevented by the interposition of the authorities. When he married the admirable daughter of Sir Richard Morrison, to the bitter disappointment of

his father, who objected to her want of dower, he not only offered to make over his Oxfordshire estates in order to appease him, but to prove that he was in earnest, took his wife to Holland and applied for a command in the Dutch army. As this failed, and as his father refused to be propitiated, he entered upon his estates in 1629. In 1639 he served as a volunteer in Charles' unfortunate campaign against the Scots. Let us briefly notice the ten years which elapsed before the demands of the public service broke up his enchanting life in Oxfordshire.

We have before us, then, a youth of singularly high training placed, at the age of nineteen, in a position from which he could develop his plan of life with every possible advantage. Oxford was just then exceptionally well stocked with able men, and a ride of little more than a dozen miles placed its literary treasures at his disposal. His bosom friend, Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, has, in a fine passage too well known to quote here, described the happy intercourse which now began between the University and the country seats of the brilliant scholar. In 1633 he became Viscount Falkland by the death of his father, and it was at this time, when he spent some months with his widowed mother, that he had to deal definitely and finally with the Roman controversy. Amongst his Oxford friends we may in this connection single out Dr. Hammond, one of the greatest ornaments the Church of England has ever possessed. This is more than a surmise, for Falkland's *Treatise on Papal Infallibility*, which was the result of the domestic controversy, was learnedly and effectively defended by Hammond three years after the decease of his friend.

It is said that his sanguine mother had hopes of her son's conversion to her views, but considered that his leaning to Socinianism stood in the way. Her opinion, together with his own views on episcopacy and his intimacy with Chillingworth, have suggested in quite recent times that he ought to be classed with the "Rationalists."

This is one of those confusions that lurk in epithets. He was nothing of the kind. That term owes its origin to a later date, and has always signified an exclusive prevalence of the reasoning faculties over the faith by which we receive Divine revelation. It is not easy to defend Chillingworth from the charge, though in his fluctuations between Rome and Socinianism it was probably true for only a short period of his unsteady career; but a contemporary reports that he had heard the arguments between him and Falkland on this subject, wherein "he was by his lordship often confounded." Perhaps that impetuous controversialist owed as much to Falkland as he did to Laud, who helped to save him from Rome.

The position held by Falkland, both in religion and politics, was the *via media* of the English churchman and constitutionalist. His question was—What is Divine? What is the Constitution? The severe and continuous course of study in which he delighted had fructified under the genial influences of his Oxford friends, and enabled him to obtain a firm hold of this position, from which nothing could move him. His fine library took the place of the country amusements which were the rule amongst persons of his rank. What were books made for? To be used and enjoyed by as many as could gain instruction from them; to be discussed and reviewed by the free and unconstrained intercourse of competent scholars; to be the sources of practical measures and guides to possible improvements. For these purposes the commodious house at Tew—no longer standing—the hospitality which extended to unlimited bed and board, the good breeding which made the guests feel as if they were in their own house—and it really was their own for the time being—supplied the best possible conditions. Such an education has, perhaps, never been paralleled in history. Here it was that he learnt how to distinguish religion from superstition, the primitive foundations of the Reformation from the mediæval accretions of Rome

and the modern assumptions of Puritanism, to use reason without abusing it, to reconcile philosophy with revelation.

It is to this wide cultivation that we may attribute Lord Falkland's course with regard to the Episcopate. He sat as Member for Newport in the Isle of Wight—his peerage being an Irish one—in the Short Parliament of 1640. He was again elected to a seat in the Long Parliament which succeeded it; and he was one of its most active members on the side of reform; he did nothing by halves. While he was leading his brilliant life at Tew, Charles had been governing without Parliaments, and Falkland's loyalty to the Crown had been grievously strained by the numerous tyrannical acts of the Court, especially by the ever-growing development of ecclesiastical influence in the Government. He hated illegal proceedings, and he recognised their root in the principle of divine right inherent in Kings and Bishops. His speeches are still extant.[1] When Parliaments were once more summoned, and he had found a place in them, he saw that he must sacrifice his lettered ease and without hesitation do his duty.

He now devoted himself to the recovery of the Constitution. The legitimate place of Parliament must be restored, the usurped powers of the Crown abolished, the Bishops relegated to the place proper for an order which had indeed an apostolical, but not a divine, origin. In short, he condemned with all his soul the corruption which had infected the system of Church and State; he defended the system itself. He loved the temperate English freedom which he had inherited, and he saw no reason why all impediments to its free action should not be removed. He did his utmost to remove them; but when Strafford had passed away, and the Bishops were suffering for the errors into which they had been drawn, he felt that it was time to stop. He was no revolutionist. The King,

1 See on these subjects the article on "Lord Falkland and his Modern Critics" by the present writer in the *Church Quarterly Review*, July, 1877.

he believed, might be brought to understand his true position if he received wise and moderate treatment.

What did this mean? To oppose "Divine Right" was not Rationalism; to aim at a return to the old English Constitution was not weakness. Perhaps if Lord Falkland had not been so much engrossed in his own pursuits at Tew, he would have seen that matters had gone too far to admit of moderate measures; that the King was hopelessly committed to the Stuart policy; and, what was worse, that he could not be trusted. Possibly, had not Pym and Cromwell been the uncompromising men they were, Falkland's idea would in some degree have been realized. But it was not to be. Finding that he was powerless to preserve peace, he rallied to the King, who was already sinking under his self-imposed burdens. There was no inconsistency in this conduct, no feeble turning from side to side. He was much too just, too able, to be an unthinking partisan. His policy, to say the least, was that which the country adopted when the tyranny of the major-generals turned out to be as intolerable as that of Charles. His dearest friends, Hyde and Sheldon, then resettled the weary realm; Falkland, had he lived, would perhaps have made a third with them on the same lines. It is quite true that he was not composed of the stern stuff fitted for revolutions. We do not love his memory the less for that. He had the courage of his opinions, and he died for them.

Moral and personal courage do not always go together. In this case they conspicuously did. Hence the romance which has always lighted up his story. Lord Falkland feared no man: he disdained to shelter his head behind the shield of his office as Secretary of State for War. In vain did his friends remonstrate. The King's cause demanded sacrifice. He was in the thick of the fight at the siege of Gloucester, and served at Newbury as a volunteer under Sir John Byron. Charging in the front rank of Byron's Horse, he observed that his comrades

shrank from entering the field which their commander had ordered them to occupy. No doubt he saw the danger as well as they did, but resolving to set them a good example, leaped his horse at the gap in the hedge, and was instantly killed. Some have called this suicide, but the same may be said of many a noble action performed from a sense of unquestioning duty. Nor is that view suggested by his sighing for peace. At this very time he was cheerful and hopeful. He had just written to his wife that the King's affairs were never in a more hopeful condition. No; his end was in strict keeping with his whole life.

Oxfordshire may well be proud of a true English worthy, an independent layman who saw his way in church affairs better than the Bishops; a Parliament man who did not "love his dinner better than his Church"; a nobleman who combined a passionate love of literature with military adventure to an extent never, perhaps, equalled, and who set a steady example of self-sacrifice which has already inspired many and will inspire more.

MONTAGU BURROWS, M.A., R.N.,
Chichele Professor of Modern History, Oxford.

BURFORD.

"O fair is Moreton in the Marsh,
And Stow on the wide wold,
Yet fairer far is Burford town
With its stone roofs grey and old;
And whether the sky be hot and high,
Or the rain fall thin and chill,
The grey old town on the lonely down
Is where I would be still.

O broad and smooth the Avon flows
By Stratford's many piers;
And Shakespeare lies by Avon's side
These thrice a hundred years;
But I would be where Windrush sweet
Laves Burford's lovely hill—
The grey old town on the lonely down
Is where I would be still."

—*Sylvanus Urban in the "Cornhill Magazine."*

THERE are not many towns throughout the length and breadth of England which are like Burford. I assert this both with respect to their appearance and their history. The town, almost facing due north and south, stands upon one of the long slopes so characteristic of the country which runs on the extreme east of the Cotswolds. The old people of Burford say to-day that the town is an hour behind the sun, by which they mean that in the height of summer, an hour after noon, the houses cast no shadow.

A right pleasing place is Burford when the sun is pouring its beams upon the fantastic creations of the builders of long ago, but I venture to say, when the moon is full there is no place in the whole of England which surpasses it

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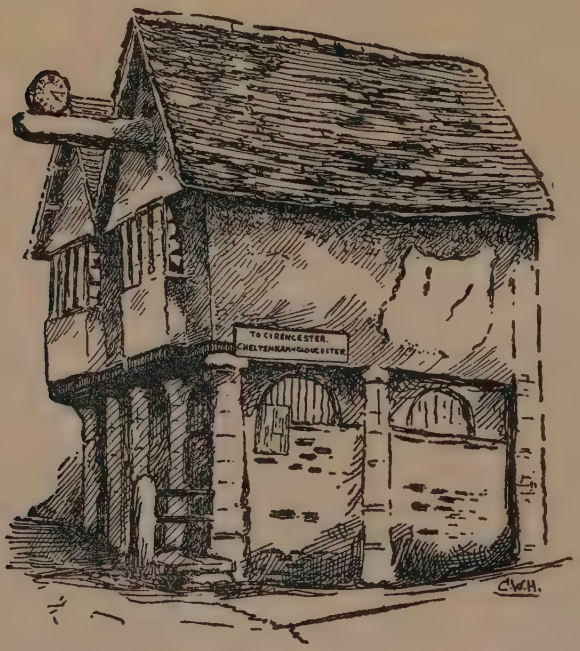
in picturesqueness. Then, grinning monsters and crockety overhanging gables stand out in bold relief, and those who have imaginations at all find it an easy task to conjure up the remarkable events which have taken place within its boundaries. For it has happened in some remarkable way that events which throw a strong side-light upon the main points in our history have taken place here in days which have long passed away. Burford is far from the great world and all its doings now, yet there was a time when its name was well known from one end of the land to the other; when Burford cloth, Burford wool, Burford stone, Burford malt, Burford saddles, were renowned throughout the whole land. Now, we have nothing to commend us except that we can yet give the visitor, particularly if he be a jaded town dweller, some idea of how the world wagged a century ago, when things did not go along at such a rate as they do now; something of that old beauty of quiet living which so many of us seem to esteem so little in these modern days.

Burford was not an important place in the days of the Romans. Akeman Street, the great road to Bath, passed a mile or two away, and though some stately noble may have erected his villa here to be out of the way of life and bustle, yet there is no reason to think the town was of any particular account in those distant days.

Undoubtedly, it was the invaders from Germany who bestowed the ancient name Burgford upon the place; Burford, *i.e.*, the camp with a ford—an exact description of the place as it must have been.

As the town stood upon the borders of Wessex and Mercia, it was frequently the scene, as may be supposed, of that unfortunate strife which went on till our English ancestors had settled matters, so far as their territory was concerned. Here, at Burford, did the fierce Kings of Wessex and Mercia meet in deadly combat, in a fight so terrible that it has been recorded as one of the most sanguinary contests of that dreadful age. The site of the

battle (720) is still known, and has been known all through the centuries which have passed, as Battle Edge, and as the spot for many years has been given up to the cultivation of allotments, many evidences of the strife have been, from time to time, discovered—bundles of arrows all matted together, rusty swords, and other



THE TOLSEY, BURFORD.

emblems. Old writers record that in commemoration of the fight the inhabitants of Burford used to carry a dragon up and down the streets of Burford on Midsummer Eve—the night upon which the great battle was fought. I think it probable, however, that this procession was a relic of the great heathen rejoicing, so usual at the time of the summer solstice, to which was added, perhaps, in memory of this battle the great dragon of Wessex.

Very little difference did the Norman Conquest make to Burford in all likelihood. Without question, many of the Norman Kings visited the neighbourhood on account of the proximity of Wychwood Forest, and we will hope that the inhabitants escaped that cruel persecution which was so common in the days of the victorious Frenchmen. But at this very time (in 1087) a great privilege was conferred upon the town. It was the first place throughout the whole of England to receive the privilege of a Merchant Guild, and this circumstance is quite sufficient to denote the importance it possessed in days of long ago.

Later on, Burford was in the possession of the great Earl of Warwick, the King maker, and there are some relics of the terrible Earl to be seen in the town to this day. Henry Bishop, a charitable townsman, wished to erect almshouses in Burford. To this end, he applied for permission to do so from Warwick, as lord of the manor. This was gracefully given on condition that the Earl and his wife were declared to be the founders of the new institution. Down in the muniment chest which formerly belonged to the extinct Burford Corporation, years ago, I came across a paper yellow with age, the writing on which was almost unreadable on account of the marks of centuries. It was the original document giving the required permission to Henry Bishop to erect his almhouse; and there at the bottom was the signature of the great Earl—R. Warrewyck. *It is the only signature known save one at Belvoir.*

The porch of the magnificent church was also erected probably by Warwick. On the exterior are angels bearing shields, the arms on which the Earl was entitled to bear, and upon one of the corbels of the nave his cognisance—the bear and ragged staff—may yet be seen.

All through the centuries from early Norman days till the dissolution, a small Priory stood near the town, and no doubt its inmates performed the useful work which was, in the main, associated with such efforts before decay and worse set in. Not a vestige of this ancient religious house

seemed to be left, till an outhouse was pulled down in the Churchyard within the last few years. Here were found stones beautifully carved, still rich with the gilt and gold which it is pardonable to think were placed upon them by those who had been inmates of the Priory. It has been proved most conclusively that these stones were taken from the Priory to the Churchyard in the year 1826.

After the dissolution, the Priory and its lands passed into various hands, till they came into the possession of Edmund Harman, Henry VIII.'s barber surgeon, and one of the men to whom King Henry granted the original charter concerning the Barber Surgeons' Company. Those interested may see his portrait in the Hall of the Company to this day. Many stories are yet told concerning this former owner of the Priory. One to the effect that Harman came into possession of the lands because he was successful in restoring the king to health at a time when the other medical attendants were not available. Whether this be so or no, Harman did not retain possession long, and the Priory was owned in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. He married a Burford lady, Elizabeth Cobbe, and whatever good they may have done in some directions they certainly conferred the greatest disservice on the inhabitants by taking away the valuable privileges which in early days had been given to the town. Not only this, but Sir Lawrence also debased himself by robbing the Vicar of Burford of a goodly portion of his living! But this is too long a story to tell here.

I am inclined to think that the former beautiful Elizabethan house which stood on the site of the present disused mansion was erected by this judge. A house of some kind was undoubtedly standing at the period, and in it was born that notorious Elizabeth Tanfield, the wife of the first Lord Falkland, and whose conversion to the Church of Rome caused so great a sensation at the Court of Charles I. Here, too, was born the never-to-be-forgotten Lucius Cary,

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second Lord Falkland, who met with an untimely fate at the battle of Newbury. Here, at Burford Priory, before the dreadful civil war began, did those thoughts arise which bore such wonderful fruit in the after time. The Priory stands not far away from the University of Oxford, and we may be sure Falkland gathered here the most famous there to be found. The place must have been associated with a thousand memories. It must have gone to Falkland's heart to be obliged to sell it, but obliged he was in order to satisfy some exacting creditors of his father. It passed into the possession of a notable man, though one of a very different stamp, William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament and trusted colleague of Oliver Cromwell during the whole of the Civil War. Here, too, when the Restoration came, did Lenthall settle himself, and, free from troublesome matters connected with either Protector or Parliament, took his rest and engaged himself in his favourite hobby of collecting wealth. Yet, often, as he looked out of the windows of his pleasant house and over the surrounding valley, must he have heard in imagination those tones which he had first heard when seated in his Chair presiding over the Commons; tones which told him and those with him to make room for "honester men." Death came to him in due course, but you will find no monument to him or his in the Church where he lies buried. He left explicit instructions that such should not be erected, and his descendants, so long as they resided at the Priory, seem to have thought his injunction binding upon each one of them.

I cannot doubt but that Burford was visited from time to time by many of the earliest sovereigns of England, but the first recorded event of this nature took place when the Virgin Queen was presiding with such excellent results over the destinies of this realm. The Corporation Books, yet extant, contain a full account of this function. Space forbids me to say more than that the Queen came from her

hunting seat at Langley, only a very short distance away, in Wychwood Forest.

To Burford, too, came King Jamie when on tour from Scotland to England. He was the guest, we know, of

GATEWAY OF GEORGE INN, BURFORD, WHERE CHARLES I. STAYED.

Mr. Lawrence Tanfield, who was, on the occasion of this visit, knighted.

The story of the next royal visit I would tell in softer, gentler words, for to Burford came on two occasions that unfortunate monarch Charles I., fleeing from the face of his enemies, who were not far behind him in hot pursuit. Yet

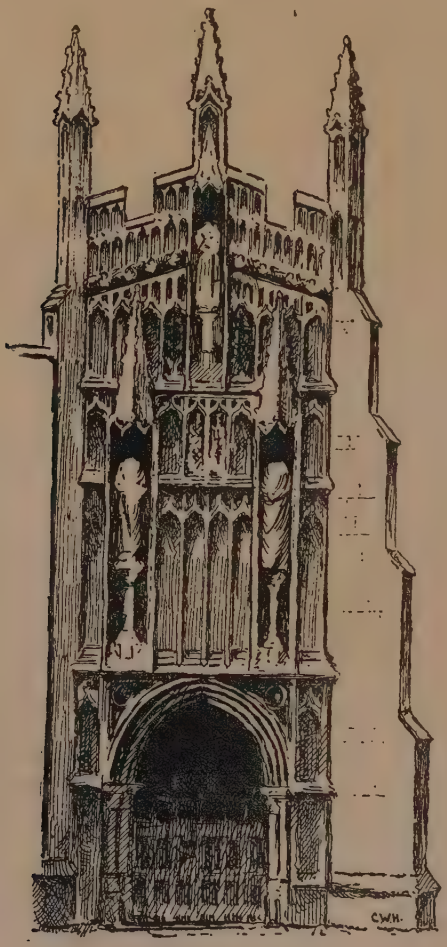
with that piety which was always characteristic of the man, the old records tell us that "he went to Church and heard the sermon after he had dined." On both occasions the king stayed at the "George," an inn no longer used, but the very house where Marchmont Needham, that erratic genius of the Civil War, was born.

Here, in all his usual gaiety, too, came Charles, the second of that name. It was not his first visit to the place, because he had passed through the town with his father when the men, who sought the lives of both, were not far away. But his first visit, as a king, was in an endeavour to distract his Court from matters of the greatest and highest concern. He seems to have been aware that the Parliament assembled at Oxford in 1681 would discuss the question of excluding the Duke of York from the throne, and in order to withdraw public attention from the subject as much as possible he established those races at Burford which became notorious for many years throughout the length and breadth of the land.

To Burford, too, came Dutch William, bent neither on war nor on pleasure, but on business—that of ingratiating himself into the affections of his subjects before an important General Election. But those who would know more of this and of the saddles then given to him must look into the pages of Macaulay's *History of England*.

The Church of Burford is one of the largest and most beautiful of ecclesiastical structures to be found in England. The earliest part was probably erected about 1080, and since then various portions have been added, probably by the rich merchants who formerly resided in and near the town. So it happens that it would be quite possible to write a volume on Gothic Architecture, and for illustrations it would not be necessary to take other than those Burford Church affords. Many objects of a deeply interesting nature does the edifice contain. I have space to refer to but one or two of them. The eight chapels which modern

discovery has found once stood within its walls, the glorious tomb of Sir Lawrence and Lady Tanfield, the



BURFORD CHURCH.

monument erected by Harman in his lifetime, must be mentioned only by name. Epitaphs which are not doggerel are

rare, and this moves me to give in full one which may be seen upon a tomb in the sacred edifice:—

"Lo! hudled up together, Lye
Gray Age, Grene Youth, White Infancy.
If Death doth Nature's Laws Dispence
And Reconciles all Difference,
Tis Fit, one Flesh one House should have,
One Tombe, one Epitaph, one Grave;
And they that Liv'd and Loved Either,
Should Dye and Lye and Sleep togeither.
Go Reader, whether Go or Stay,
Thou must not hence be long away."

THE FONT, BURFORD.

Another is on the tomb of Richard Reynolds:—

"I go to slepe before you
And we shall wake togeather."

Much more could I tell the reader about Burford, but I

have no space; yet before we leave the place let us go to the top of the hill and look down the broad and handsome High Street. Surely there are few towns so fair! The houses, many of them spacious and handsome, are built of stone (the best in the world, plentiful in the neighbourhood) which has weathered the storms of centuries. Down to the winding Windrush with its beautiful willows do the houses go, and over them, as a background, are large trees, great grass fields, and fields of corn. Stretching far away to the east are such remains as still exist of the Royal Forest of Wychwood. Burford, from the earliest times, has been connected with this forest. Its inhabitants for centuries possessed the right to hunt within its boundaries on Whitsunday. Another custom, though an illegal one, was for a certain class of Burford people to hunt and catch the deer on all favourable occasions. Hence the saying that "a Burford labourer ate as much venison in a week as a London Alderman did in a year." Again, old Thomas Fuller, the great Church historian, says:—"To take a Burford bait—this is a bait, it seems, not to stay the stomach, but to lose the wit therby, as resolved at last into Drunkenness. If the fayre town of Burford in this County be so much guilty of this foul sin, it is high time to damne the words of the Proverbe and thigher to detest the practice thereof. Otherwise, Burford people may have a hook therein to choak such souls as swallow it, without their sincere and seasonable repentance."

From many more authors could I quote in works which have reference to this forgotten town, but again the exigencies of space forbid, and I must leave the reader gazing down Burford High Street and beyond—a beautiful view indeed, one inexpressibly dear to the writer.

WILLIAM J. MONK.

THE LEVELLERS AT BURFORD.

VERY few political changes have been attended with so much disappointment as that which ushered in the establishment of the Commonwealth. All sorts of ridiculous ideas had been entertained by people of all classes and conditions as the dreadful struggle proceeded between King Charles and his Parliament. Principally, it was thought that the founding of a Republic was to herald the approach of a new and better state of things, in which the maintenance of law and order would not be conspicuously strong. There can be no doubt that the new doctrine of independency and the prayer meetings had fostered this feeling in some measure, but even without this explanation, it is not strange that this sentiment should have existed. Two centuries and a half have passed since the Civil War was brought to a close; but, even now, do not the followers of both the great political parties delude themselves with every change of government as to the particular advantages which will accrue to themselves when the party to which they belong gets into power? Cromwell did unquestionably encourage the false notions of those, who believed that the establishment of a Commonwealth would alter many things which he must have known could not be safely changed, and his example in this respect seems to have been extensively copied by most prominent politicians of all colours ever since. Early in 1649, discontent began in the army, and spread with very considerable speed. The grounds for unrest were declared with some clearness, though it is possible that with many it was not so much a desire for reform as a certain feeling which

was engendered by men who were dissatisfied either with their own position or with the small extent of their personal liberty. John Lilburne was the man who was, more than any other, responsible for the outburst of the mutiny. Lilburne was of good family, of most fearless temper, and of remarkable eloquence. He held the idea also (and he was not the only man at the period) that he was the special favourite of Providence. He was eminently fitted for the task of arousing the soldiers, for though at the time a civilian, he had been previously a soldier, and had had extensive connections with the army. He was, therefore, well acquainted with the men with whom he had to deal.

The first manifest indication of discontent was the publishing of an insulting pamphlet entitled "England's New Chains Discovered," and as at the time of this production numerous meetings of the soldiers, at which rebellious language was used, took place, general orders were issued forbidding military assemblies for the purpose of discussing grievances, and directing that no petition should be forwarded to the Government in the future. Five troopers at once sent a letter to Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, in which they complained of the injustice of the proceeding, and for this they were subjected to the most degrading punishment. An account of this transaction was written, no doubt by Lilburne, under the curious title of "The Hunting of the Foxes from Newmarket and Triploe Heath to Whitehall, by Five small Beagles." Almost simultaneously there appeared the second part of "England's New Chains," which was even a more scurrilous production than the first part. Lilburne and others, who had shown a rebellious tendency, were consequently arrested and taken before the Council. Here Lilburne shewed no fear, and though he had to face Bradshaw, Cromwell, and others, he uttered his opinions with amazing intrepidity. The consequence was that he and his comrades were sent to the Tower.

Meanwhile the spirit of discontent was spreading with wonderful rapidity, and it became evident that the authorities would soon be compelled to take action of some kind or other. That Cromwell recognised the gravity of the affair is evident from a remark he made to the Council. "I tell you, sir," he said, "you have no other way to deal with these men but to break them to pieces, or they will break us." Rose-water surgery was never a remedy with Cromwell in any matter; much less was it likely to be the case when destruction almost threatened the very existence of the Republic.

It was at this period that matters in Ireland demanded military intervention, and in order to mitigate the spirit of discontent it was decided to send some of the affected regiments to that country with the hope that the prospect of active service would subdue the rebellious feeling which had manifested itself. It had, however, an exactly contrary effect, for the affected soldiers regarded it as a signal to mutiny. These mutineers were known as "Levellers" among their contemporaries, but it may well be doubted if they deserved such an appellation; indeed, they seem to have been somewhat confused with an entirely different set of insurgents under the leadership of Winstanley and Everard, who were known as *Diggers*, and who taught the Socialistic doctrine that "God gave all things in common, and that every man has a right to the fruits of the earth." The leaders, at any rate, of those who were known as Levellers taught nothing like this. They demanded—(1) the suppression of the Council of State and the extinction of all High Courts of Justice; (2) they insisted on a new Parliament; (3) the establishment of a council of agitators, by which two officers and two private soldiers were to be chosen out of each regiment of the army, who should meet and deliberate on affairs of general interest.

The mutiny broke out at Banbury on the 6th of May, 1649. Here, a Captain Thompson issued a manifesto

called "England's Standard Advanced," marched up and down Oxfordshire with about two hundred horse, and declared his intention of proceeding to Salisbury, where the main body of the insurgents were quartered. He was, however, defeated by Colonel Reynolds, and the mutineers were dispersed. Soon after, five-sixths of the regiments stationed at Salisbury broke out into open mutiny, and a fortunate matter it was that John Lilburne was shut up in the Tower; for if he could only have appeared, there can be no doubt that his dangerous eloquence would have been sufficient to have added very considerably to the number of the insurgents. The mutineers decided to join others of Harrison's regiment who were of the same way of thinking as themselves and who were quartered in Warwickshire.

Meanwhile, Cromwell and Fairfax had not been idle, for they had advanced to intercept the mutineers by way of Andover. It was from this place that Major Francis White was dispatched to the mutineers with a message promising them forgiveness for their past misdeeds if they returned to obedience. The disaffected men had by this time marched as far as Newbridge, at which place they were desirous of crossing the Thames. They were foiled in this by a detachment under Colonel Reynolds, and so they turned off towards Faringdon, and eventually crossed the river, partly by fording, partly by swimming, and so reached Burford. For some reason or other they appear at this point to have become convinced, in some measure, of the hopelessness of the insurrection, for soon after their arrival in Burford they were induced to memorialize the General, and in this they were encouraged by Major White, who told them their views were so reasonable that he had no doubt they would be granted. Not many hours after the mutineers had arrived in Burford, they were astonished to discover that the force under Cromwell and Fairfax, which had, with marvellous rapidity, marched fifty miles that day, was encamped just outside the town.

After the declaration of Major White, they were, however, in no fear, and the fact that the Parliamentary forces appeared in no hurry to make an attack, that they had even turned their horses out to grass, lulled them into regarding this as a sort of truce; so they retired to rest on the night of the 16th of May with no anxious thoughts of the consequences of their imprudent action. Cornet Dean and other leaders were, however, sitting up with Major White, and putting the finishing touches to the memorial which had been already drawn up. As the clocks were striking midnight, however, they were startled by the news that Cromwell was at the town's end with two thousand dragoons, and soon shots were fired by mutineers from behind windows and walls. Major White sallied out in his slippers to see the General, and prevent further bloodshed, but he was stopped by a trooper who threatened to pistol him if he proceeded further. There was no conflict, however, deserving of the name, and the mutineers were soon imprisoned in the magnificent and spacious church at Burford. There is now a touching relic of these poor fellows in the sacred edifice. In rough and uneven characters on the lining of lead to the font there is the following inscription:—

"ANTHONY SEDLEY PRISNER 1649,"

executed, no doubt, by some poor fellow who beguiled the tedium of his imprisonment in the early May morning by carving his name with his dagger, which it is reasonable to suppose, having regard to the little opposition shown, he had been allowed to retain.

The next morning in Burford Church and its picturesque graveyard there occurred one of the most impressive and dramatic scenes of the Civil War. A rigorous Court Martial sat, and Cornets Dean and Thompson and two others were condemned to die. The other mutineers were then placed on the leads of the church, so that they might see the execution of their comrades. We have no

certain information with respect to the exact spot where the shooting took place, but on the west side of the church there yet stands an old wall on which are many irregular holes. Experts have decided that these were caused by slugs, and there is every reason to believe that it was against this wall that the condemned men stood to receive their fate; for the churchyard is bounded on the south by the Grammar School and Almshouse, on the east and north there is the river, and the *Perfect Diurnal* distinctly says the condemned mutineers "stood against a wall." It is not at all likely that shots would be fired in the direction of the town, and in the absence of certain information I may be excused for concluding that it was at the spot indicated that the poor mutineers met their doom.

Cornet Thompson was the first to suffer. He confessed that the judgment was righteous. Then Corporals Cheworth and Perkins were shot, and they said little or nothing. Cornet Dean next came forward, but his record had been so good that Cromwell acquainted him that Fairfax had decided to spare his life. Weeping bitterly, the poor Cornet declared that he was much more ashamed to live than afraid to die.

And now Cromwell went into the church, and the decimated mutineers were called down from the leads into the interior of the edifice. Here, presumably from the pulpit, Cromwell rebuked and admonished them. The details of this harangue have not come down to us, but there will not be wanting those who will be able to imagine its rugged eloquence. Certainly, it was not without effect, for we learn "the mutineers wept, they retired to Devizes for a time, were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland."

The following entry is in Burford Church Register of Burials:—

"1649. Three soldiers shot to death in Burford Churchyard buried May 17th."

The following is from the Churchwardens' Account Book:—

"Pd. to Daniel Muncke for cleansinge the Church when the Levellers were taken . . . . . 3. 4."

And then Fairfax and Cromwell, their bloody but necessary task completed, ride away to Oxford, where they receive the hospitality of the Warden of All Souls' and within a day or two the honorary degree of Doctors of Laws.

WILLIAM J. MONK.

THE MANOR OF BENSINGTON.[1]

CUTHWULF, the brother of Ceawlin, was extending the dominion of the West Saxons which had been founded half a century before by his grandfather, Cerdic. In 571, Cuthwulf fought the Britons at Bedford, and the result of his victory was the capture of four towns, namely, Lygeanbirg (probably Limbury near Luton, or else Leighton Buzzard), Aylesbury, Bensington, and Eynsham. This implies the subjection of a large three-cornered district between the Chiltern Hills and the Upper Thames. The two first-named towns lie at the end of that district in the north-east, and the last-named is at its north-western extremity. Bensington lies at its southern point, where the river meets the hills; and thus it was at once the outpost of the newly-conquered district in this direction and the key to the strong position which the Britons still held in the southern end of the Chilterns, where a large curve of the river encloses them on three sides. The village stands on a gravel ridge traversing a marshy district to the river bank; and there is abundant proof that it is a site of early occupation, both in the primitive relics which are discovered still and in the earthworks which existed half a century ago. Its name of Bensington, commonly shortened into Benson for some centuries past, is obviously derived from a family of Bensingas, or sons of Bensa, whom Cuthwulf's conquest doubtless settled here.

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[1] The writer is very largely indebted to the *History of the Manor of Bensington* by the Rev. M. T. Pearman, M.A. (1896).

The manor of Bensington was held from the first by the King; and in Domesday the town gave its name to the Hundred, which was afterwards called the Hundred of Ewelme. The way in which this and the adjacent Hundred of Dorchester are intermingled illustrates the history; for the lands with which, in 635, King Cynegils endowed the newly-formed bishopric must have belonged to Benson Manor. Subsequently, the King's lands and the Bishop's lands became separate Hundreds, each containing within its limits some detached portions of the other. The parish of South Stoke is in the Dorchester Hundred, though separated by some miles from the main body of it, with the entire breadth of Benson manor intervening. Another detached portion is the hamlet of Fifield, forming part of the parish of Benson, perhaps given to the Bishop that he might have a place of his own close to the royal vill of the King. Cynewulf, King of Wessex, was here in 777, when Offa fought with him about Bensington, and took the town, adding the neighbouring district to the Mercian kingdom; and Benson Church is dedicated to St. Helen, as was Offa's wont. In the next century, Æthelbald of Mercia granted a charter, which was attested here by Forthere, Bishop of Sherborne, and others; and in 880, Æthelred, Duke of Mercia, bestowed certain lands upon the Church of Radnor, and with them six slaves, probably Britons, from the royal vill in Bensington.

Until comparatively recent times this manor extended all across south Oxfordshire. On the west it was divided by the Thames from Berkshire; on the east, also, it met the Thames, which again divided it from Berkshire at Henley; and its limit ran with that of Buckinghamshire beside the parish of Bix. But its recorded history begins after the Bishop's lands were separated; and we must define its limits northward and southward from that period. The tributary river Thame divided it from the Bishop's lands about Dorchester, along the north-west; and these

lands also extended eastward across the stream at Chiselhampton and Stadhampton. From this point the boundary seems to have passed south-eastward to meet the Buckinghamshire border at the edge of Stonor Park. On the south it must have touched the lands of the bishopric again at Southstoke, bounded by the ancient trackway that runs up to the hills at Littlestoke Ferry; since we find that more than a century after the Norman Conquest it included at least the eastern parts of the parish of Checkendon, as well as Henley.

One portion and another of this extensive manor was granted away from time to time to various persons by the King who possessed it. It appears from the Hundred Rolls of Edward I. that the north-western portion of the district which has been defined, namely, the parish of Newington with Brookhampton and Berrick Prior, had originally belonged to the King's demesne; and the first instance of dismemberment of the manor that is distinctly known to history appears in the fact that these lands, together with Britwell Prior, were possessed by Queen Emma, the wife of Ethelred and mother of Edward the Confessor, who granted them in 997 to the monastery of Christ Church at Canterbury.

A gift of land contiguous to this was bestowed in 996 by King Ethelred upon his three brothers, Eadric, Eadwig, and Ealdred, with permission to bequeath it to whom they would. The boundaries, carefully defined, are marked by no place-names which have survived; but such details as the wells and trackways, a chalk-pit, a "beorg," a "wyrth," and a "ham," enable us to identify it with a district of some seven or eight square miles, lying for the most part in the parishes of Berrick-Salome, Brightwell-Baldwin, and Swyncombe; the arable portion extending eastward from the edge of the marsh, and the woodland portion lying on the front of the Chilterns between the Lower and the Upper Icknield Ways.

Some portions of the manor which were adjacent to

these, as Chalgrove and Ewelme, as well as other parts westward and southward, were doubtless alienated at an early period. It would be interesting if we could identify the "two hides in Bensintone" held by Sawold in the Confessor's time and by Teodric the Goldsmith at the time of the Domesday Survey. Brightwell Park, a northern portion of Brightwell-Baldwin which was not included in Ethelred's grant, is said to represent a grant made by William the Conqueror to his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; but the authority for this is unknown. We come to historical fact in the Conqueror's grants of Crowmarsh-Giffard to his companion Walter Giffard, and of Crowmarsh-Battle to the abbey which he founded at Battle, near Hastings, as a memorial of his victory.

In the Domesday Survey, Bensington, as the King's land, heads the record of Oxfordshire. It was assessed as twelve hides, less one virgate; the hide in this district being somewhat less than a hundred acres. But as a hide was equivalent to a plough-land, or the portion which a single team could plough in the year, the actual acreage was considerably larger than this. In King Edward's time there had been fifty plough-lands, and the number was now thirty-two, presumably reduced by the disturbances of the Conquest. Eight of these were in the demesne-land, reserved for the King's own use. Twenty-four were held by sixty-six tenants. Of the tenants, five were serfs, or slaves, probably Britons; thirty-two were villeins, or Saxon free-men, who held property on terms which made them practically bondmen to their Norman lord; and twenty-nine were "bordars," or Saxon cottagers, in a position scarcely above serfdom, labouring on the lord's demesne and supplying his "board" from their own holdings. The "church-set," or offering of corn due at Martinmas to the church, was valued at eleven shillings. Two mills, and the meadows, pastures, fisheries, and woods, brought a rental of upwards of twenty pounds, and the harvest brought thirty pounds. The total yearly returns

amounted to eighty-five pounds, no doubt including the payments and fines which were due on court-days; for, as the Survey states, "the soc of the four and a half hundreds belongs to this manor"; in other words, the King held the jurisdiction over the Chiltern Hundreds of Oxfordshire not as being King of England, but as being lord of the manor of Bensington. These were the hundreds of Binfield, Langtree, Lewknor, and Pyrton, and the half-hundred—apparently so called because the tenants of this manor were exempted from attendance at the hundred court—of Bensington. They are not to be confounded with the Chiltern Hundreds of Buckinghamshire, the stewardship of which survives to play its part in modern politics.

Absolute gifts of large portions of the manor ceased to be made after the Conquest. But Benson Church, with its possessions, was bestowed upon Dorchester Abbey by the Empress Matilda, and the gift was confirmed by her son and grandsons, the Kings Henry, Richard, and John. Henley appears as a distinct manor in King John's reign, and Nettlebed in that of Edward I.; but these continued to be dependencies of the royal manor. Warborough remains in it to the present day.

The Hundred Rolls of Edward I. supply lists of the persons who held tenements in the manor with the special privileges and obligations of "tenants in ancient demesne"—required to perform certain annual duties in the tillage of the lord's lands, but exempted at the same time from various tolls and customs and from services which would have taken them from their homes to the lord's disadvantage; while the lowest class, known as *customary* tenants, holding by base tenure according to the custom of the manor and merely at the will of the lord, were precluded from giving a daughter in marriage without his license, lest his rights should in any way be endamaged.

Henry III. had given the manor, as an appendage of the Honour of Wallingford, to his illustrious brother

Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall; and they reverted to King Edward I. when Earl Edmund, the son of Richard, died without issue. But they were commonly regarded from this time as belonging to the earldom, and were held with it by the notorious Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., and by the unfortunate young prince John of Eltham, and again by Edward the Black Prince for whom the earldom was made a duchy. After this period, a stewardship of the Honour and the Manor was commonly granted to some leading noble; as to William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, by Henry VI., and to the famous Lord Lovel, "the dog," by Richard III. The last important steward was Sir Francis Knollys, the trusted minister of Queen Elizabeth.

But by this time a large number of the free tenancies had passed into the absolute possession of the holders, their privileges and their obligations having alike fallen into desuetude; and thus the portions of the manor which were a source of revenue to the Crown had become greatly diminished. The record of an interesting Survey in the fourth year of James I. gives the last account that we possess of the manor before it ceased to be part of the royal inheritance.

King Charles sold it in 1628 to some land speculators of London, and for nearly a century it passed from one family to another, until in 1726 it became the property of an ancestor of its present lord, Sir Francis Stapleton. In "the now utterly insignificant Bensington," as the late Professor Freeman calls it, there is little trace of what in Offa's days "seems to have been the chief military post of the frontier" of Wessex and Mercia. But some traditions of its old history are still surviving, and a copyhold tenement is still to be found here and there held in "Borough English"—that is, descending from a father not to his eldest, but to his youngest son.

J. E. FIELD, M.A.

HISTORIC HOUSES.

DITCHLEY.

By Viscount Dillon, President of the Society of Antiquaries.

THE present Ditchley House was built in 1722 by George Henry, second Earl of Litchfield, who employed Smith, of Warwick, as builder, and Gibbs as architect. This house was to replace one which stood some two hundred yards to the west, and which was entirely destroyed, much of the materials, both stone and wood, being worked into the present house. Of the old house there are descriptions by Evelyn, who visited it in 1664, and speaks of it as "a low, ancient timber house with a pretty bowling grene." Later on, Thomas Hearne in his diary, under the date 1718, gives a long account of his visit to the house and of some of its contents.

The earliest mention we have of the house is in 1580, when Sir Henry Lee, K.G., purchased it from one, Gibbons. It appears that the knight, having performed good service at the successful siege of Edinburgh in 1574, was rewarded by his Queen with, among other honours, the reversion of the office of Ranger of Woodstock Park. When he entered on his duties, it compelled his presence for some time in this neighbourhood, and though he had four houses in Buckinghamshire, he looked about for one nearer his work. His friend, John Chamberlain, drew his attention to the Ditchley property, which, though very poor land,

was comparatively cheap. Sir Henry then bought it with one or two charges on it, and no doubt soon began to improve the farmer's house. In 1592, further improvements were made (and Hearne mentions seeing that date on the leaden water pipes), for Queen Elizabeth honoured the old knight with a two-days' visit in September, when masques and other entertainments were provided by the host. The bed occupied by the Queen was to be seen as late as Hearne's visit, but like many other objects of interest and much old armour, it has disappeared. In the next reign the house was visited by James I. and his family on more than one occasion, and six red deer heads or horns now in the billiard room, with doggrel inscriptions noting the course of each chase on brass tablets, remind us of two of these visits in 1608 and 1610. In Charles' reign, it is probable that Ditchley was again honoured with a royal visit, for we are told that the King and Queen went to see some waterworks close by at Enstone.

The Civil War did not affect Ditchley at all, thanks to the diplomacy of the Countess of Rochester, the mother of the poet and, by her earlier marriage, of the youthful owner of the place. Later on, probably through the same lady's influence, her grandson, Sir Edward Lee, was created Earl of Litchfield, and soon after married to the Lady Charlotte Fitzroy, daughter of the King by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. Here, again, came the King on many visits on the quiet, to see his favourite daughter, who had a chair made for her father to sleep in after dinner while she tickled his head. This Hearne also saw, but, like the bed, it is not. Up to the time of the Earl's son the house was thought good enough, and though we have no picture of it, yet from Hearne's account it was a large one, and well furnished with pictures. But in the new house these pictures found more stately rooms in which to display the art of Lely and Kneller, and the Pope's head seen by Evelyn, probably the Holbein portrait of Archbishop Warham, also found a new resting-place. Since that date

there have not been any material changes in the house, which is as Gibbs designed it, save that the roof is flat and not tilted.

When Lord Litchfield employed Gibbs as architect for the house, other details were not neglected, and the handsome marble chimney-pieces came from the workshop of Sir William Cheere, a pupil of Shumacker. Kent painted the ceiling and other pictures in the hall, and Carpenter supplied the two large leaden figures of "Fame" and "Loyalty" on the roof. One of the rooms was entirely hung with Genoese cut velvet, displaying in red and yellow a European rendering of the goddess Siva. Tapestry, also, from the looms of Auverx adorns what was intended as a music room. The pictures by Lely and Kneller represent many of the family and their relations, the family portraits being continued by canvases by Michael Dahl and Wootton. Among the numerous full-lengths from the old house are a portrait of Queen Elizabeth standing on a map of England, with Oxford between her feet; other full-lengths of Essex, Hatton, and Sir Henry Lee, of whom there is also a three-quarter length with his dog, "Bevis." As yet, no contemporary notice has been found of the incident which Sir Walter Scott in his anachronistic tale of Woodstock has made so popular, and it is difficult to say whether the picture suggested the story or a real occurrence the picture. To some persons, the most interesting picture in the house is one of Sir Henry Lee, signed and dated "Antonio Mor pingebat, 1568." For many generations this portrait passed as Sir Francis Drake, owing to the occurrence of armillary spheres on his sleeves, but the fact that Drake was then nine years old and the close resemblance to the older portraits of Sir Henry Lee have at last given a correct attribution. Three portraits of Dillons by Hoppner are the only pictures of that period, and Reynolds and Romney and Gainsborough are unrepresented in the house.

The present Ditchley property is almost coterminous

with the estate bought in 1580, but land adjoining, though in Enstone parish, came into the Lee family by a marriage with the heiress of Pope, Earl of Downe. Again, on the extinction of the Ditchley Lees, the whole property passed by will of the third Earl of Litchfield to his eldest sister's son, later twelfth Viscount Dillon. This third Earl, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford and fourth in descent from Charles I., married a lady fourth in descent from Oliver Cromwell—an instance of the unenduring nature of feuds in England; but there were no children to prolong this strange union. Early in the nineteenth century, Lord Dillon parted with the Buckinghamshire estate of the Lees in the pleasant Vale of Aylesbury.

GREY'S COURT.

BY THE HON. B. STAPLEDON.

GREY'S COURT takes its name from John de Grey, created Baron Grey in 1297. This John was of a younger branch of Walter de Grey, the powerful Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England, who purchased the manor and estate in the reign of Henry III. The manor continued in this family till Joan, the only daughter and heiress of Robert de Grey, carried it in marriage to Sir John D'Eincourt. The daughter of this Sir John marrying William, Lord Lovell, the estate came into possession of the Lovells, and with them it continued until the reign of Henry VII. The manor of Grey reverted to the Crown on the attainder of Lord Lovell, and was granted to Jasper, Duke of Bedford. In the following reign it was granted to the family of Knollys, and subsequently came to the Paul family, of Braywick, and the heiress brought it to Sir William Stapleton, who was created a baronet by Charles II. in 1679. This branch of the Stapleton family is descended from the great

Yorkshire family of the same name. Sir William's successor was his second son, Sir Thomas, who married Mary, daughter of Henry Fane, Esq., of Wormesley, and niece to the then Earl of Westmoreland.

The next baronet, Sir Thomas, was called to the Upper House in 1758 by the title of Lord le Despencer, a barony inherited from his great-grandmother, Lady Catherine Paul. His lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., of Antigua, and left an only daughter. This lady became Baroness le Despencer in her own right, and the wife of Viscount Falmouth. Two of the sons of Lord le Despencer died without issue, and the baronetcy devolved on the third son, the Hon. and Rev. Sir Francis Jervis Stapleton, of Grey's Court. He married Margaret, daughter of Lieutenant-General Airey and grand-daughter of Baroness Talbot, of Malahide. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Francis George, whose death occurred recently.

The noble family of Grey built an extensive baronial residence at Rotherfield Greys, now known as Grey's Court, some parts of which still remain attached to the present edifice. A license to crenellate the old castle or fortified mansion was granted by King Edward III. to John Grey in 1348. The outline was apparently a somewhat irregular parallelogram, nearly coinciding with the cardinal points of the compass. Towers more or less perfect remain at the north-east, south-east, and south-west angles, and probably there was another at the north-west angle. Another tower, the most complete, remains attached to the east curtain wall. The south curtain wall is destroyed. The east curtain wall partly remains, and also the west curtain wal, utilized for modern buildings. The towers and walls are of flint, with stone quoins. A rude bird's-eye view of the buildings in MS. is preserved in the house, done in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, after the fortifications were destroyed. In the south of the area and close to the line of the south curtain wall

is a building in which is a well, two hundred and eight feet deep, chiefly in chalk. The water is drawn up by two large buckets raised and lowered by a hollow perpendicular wheel of nineteen feet internal diameter, turned by a donkey inside it, as at Carisbrook and Pateham. A small house attached to the south-east tower, constructed of brick about 1650, is called "The Bachelors' Hall," and over the door is inscribed: "Melius nil cœlibe vita."

The present house, still retaining the name of Grey's Court, built within the area of the fortifications, has its principal front facing nearly east. It has three gables, and retains several windows of three lights with mullioned transoms of the sixteenth century. The upper divisions of the lights are arched under a horizontal head. These old windows appear to have been lengthened by having the sills lowered. Most of the house is of brick, with stone dressings; but the east and north fronts have been stuccoed. Its general aspect is Elizabethan, intermingled with more ancient and some modern architecture. It contains some fine portraits of the Fanes and Westmorelands; also many curiosities, one being a remarkable chest ornamented with scenes and figures. A number of the windows have armorial bearings in them.

COKETHORPE PARK was built by Sir Simon Harcourt, who was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1702, and was afterwards ennobled by Queen Anne by the style and title of Lord Harcourt of Stanton Harcourt, and appointed Lord Chancellor. The Queen presented her Chancellor with the handsome carved oak wainscot for his dining room, and here Her Majesty dined when the house was completed. When Nuneham was built, the Harcourts sold Cokethorpe in 1765 to Maximilian Western, whose second daughter married Walter Strickland, Esq., brother of the Yorkshire baronet. Here is the celebrated painting of Sir Thomas More and his family by Holbein, and a portrait of Angelica Kauffmann, painted by herself.

STANTON HARCOURT was the original home of the Harcourt family, in whose possession it remained for more than six centuries. Having been deserted for the superior beauties of Nuneham Courtenay, it has been suffered to fall into decay. The manor was obtained by the marriage

POPE'S TOWER, STANTON HARCOURT.

of Richard de Harcourt with Millicent de Camville, who received it from her kinswoman, the Queen of Henry I. The house was built in the time of Edward IV. There was a quadrangle with a gatehouse constructed in the sixteenth century, which still remains. One of the corner towers, known as Pope's Tower, has the ground floor

fitted up as a chapel. The upper chamber is called Pope's Study. Here he finished his translation of the fifth book of Homer's *Iliad*, as an inscription upon a pane of glass now preserved at Nuneham testifies. A square tower is known as the kitchen, which was of a primitive and archaic type, compared by Pope to Vulcan's forge. The present seat of the family is

NUNEHAM COURTENAY. At the Conquest it belonged to Richard de Courcy, and subsequently to the De Redvers, Earls of Devon. In the thirteenth century it passed by marriage to the Courtenays. The Pollards, Audleys, Robert White, Bishop of Lichfield, were successive owners. Calvert Wright, the son of the Bishop, sold it to John Robinson, merchant, who was knighted by Charles II. in 1660 and made Governor of the Tower. His daughter married David, Earl of Wemyss, who sold it in 1710 to Simon, first Lord Harcourt, Chancellor of England. The Earldom of Harcourt became extinct in 1830, and the last Earl left the estate to Edward Vernon-Harcourt, Archbishop of York, in whose family it continues. The present mansion was built by the first Earl, after a design by Ledbeater. "Capability Brown" laid out the grounds and plantations, and directed the enlargement of the house. In the Park is preserved the old Carfax conduit brought from Oxford in 1787. It bears the inscription: "This building called Carfax, erected for a conduit at Oxford by Otho Nicholson, in the year of our Lord 1590, and taken down in 1787 to enlarge the High Street, was presented by the University to George Simon, Earl Harcourt, who caused it to be placed here." The house contains some historic paintings, amongst which are Van Dyke's portrait of the Queen of Charles I., Murillo's "Beggar Boys," Kneller's "Portrait of Pope," and three paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In the parish of Beckley, owned by King Alfred, where Richard, King of the Romans, built a palace, stands

STUDLEY PRIORY, the remains of a Benedictine nunnery, built in 1184 by Bernard de St. Walery. When most of the religious houses were dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1536, this one was spared, Joan Williams, the last abbess, having powerful kinsmen; but four years later the poor nuns were compelled to leave their holy home, and the house was sold to the Croke family for £1,187. Considerable remains of the nunnery are left; the house was re-modelled by George Croke, and converted into a picturesque Elizabethan mansion, of which Oxfordshire has so many fine examples.

WATER EATON MANOR HOUSE is situated four-and-a-half miles north of Oxford, on the west bank of the Cherwell, and is a very perfect example of the Elizabethan style. The house and chapel were built by Walter Frere at the end of the sixteenth century, and inhabited during the Civil War by Lord Lovelace. The house faces east, with a courtyard in front, outbuildings on the north and south corners, and the chapel on the north. The gate-posts have lost their gates, and open on to a field. Once the road passed here, and in Speed's *Road Book*, 1676, the house is mentioned in the route to Cambridge as Louse Hall, probably a corruption of Lovelace. The village is also mentioned. It has now quite gone, though old inhabitants of the neighbourhood can remember it and the stocks also. Only one house remains, which is said to have been the inn. The house has nearly every room panelled. There are no old fireplaces. Over the porch is a priest's hiding-hole, said to have been used by Charles I., and it is quite possible that he was here during one of his visits to Oxford. The chapel contains some fine woodwork, the screen and pulpit (with sounding-board) being carved (Jacobean). It is curious to note that there is a representation of the sun over the centre of the screen. The pews are very massive, with poppy heads. At the southern end of the house is an unfinished bay

Water Eaton Manor House.

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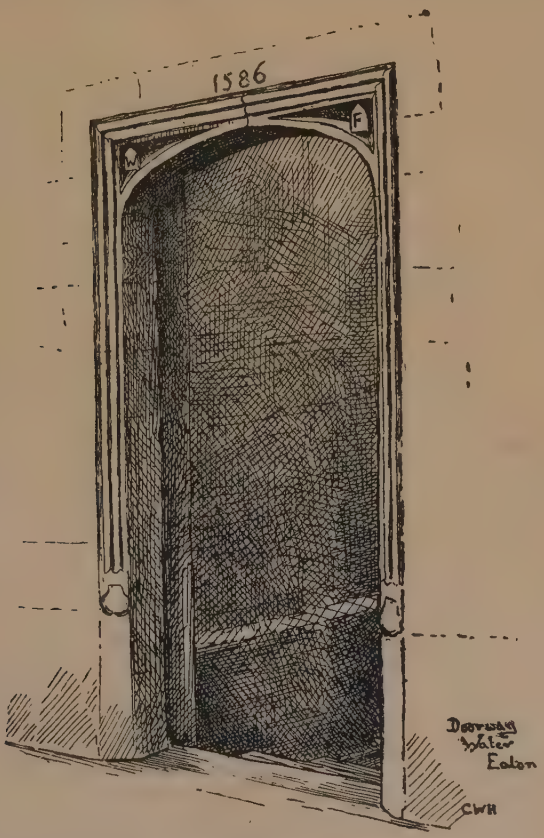
window, probably intended to be a withdrawing room. The hall retains its dais. There was once a bridge over the Cherwell, opposite the house, stones of which remain in the river. It is said to have been blown up by the



DOORWAY, WATER EATON.

Royalists to prevent the Roundheads crossing. An avenue of elm trees approaches the house from the back. I think the house was intended to have an inner courtyard. The dove-cote is of the same date; it is very plain, but of

splendid masonry. The only story connected with the house is the following:—On Sunday, September 1st, 1644, a party of the Parliament troops from Banbury, after having disturbed the congregation at Wolvercot Church, cut across the fields to Lord Lovelace's house at Water Eaton, in expectation of surprising his lordship and taking him prisoner. On their arrival thither, finding the nobleman absent, they seized his lady, forced her into her carriage, and compelled the coachman to drive to Middelton Stoney, and they turned her forth from her carriage, which they took for booty, leaving the noble lady to foot it home, without regard to her birth and quality, unless they did it because she was a daughter of the Earl of Cleveland, who at Cropredy so bruised Waller's army to make him forsake king-catching.[1]—*C. W. M. Hughes.*

WYFOLD COURT, the residence of Sir R. T. Hermon-Hodge, Bart., M.P., is a fine example of a modern baronial hall, and stands upon the site of an old house. The property is held by the curious tenure of presenting a rose to the King if he happens to pass on May-day.

The Bishop of Oxford has a goodly palace at CUDDESDON, built by Bishop Fell in 1680. An earlier house existed here, but it was destroyed during the great Civil War. This palace was built by Bishop Bancroft, at the persuasion of Laud, the King contributing a liberal grant of timber taken from Shotover Forest in 1634. The Bishop spent no less than £3,500 on his new palace, then a very large sum. He procured from the King an annual rent-charge of £100, secured on the forests of Shotover and Stowood. Here Archbishop Laud came to stay with the Bishop in 1635. Sir Thomas Gardiner burnt his own house on the south of the church during the rebellion, lest it should become a garrison for the Parliamentary forces,

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[1] *Cf.* Dunkin's *Bullingdon and Ploughley Hundred*, 1823.

and Colonel Legge, governor of the garrison at Oxford, followed his example and destroyed the palace for stategic reasons in 1644. The present palace has a chapel built by Bishop Wilberforce, and contains an interesting series of portraits of the distinguished men who have held the See of Oxford. Cuddesdon in ancient times belonged to the Abbey of Abingdon, King Edwy having granted the Vill of Cuthenesdun to Earl Elfer, who conveyed it to the Abbey: and at the Dissolution a portion passed to the newly-created See of Oxford, while the greater part was sold to the Gardiner family.

THAME PARK was built in the fifteenth century upon the site of a small Cistercian abbey, founded in 1138, the ruins of which remain. Time has altered the appearance of the house, and subsequent additions have been made. Bishop King, the first Bishop of Oxford, caused his special room to be richly panelled. The Prebendal House in the same town was built about the same time. Attention has already been called to the beautiful little Early English chapel built by Groseteste, now converted to secular and domestic uses.

PYRTON MANOR, the residence of E. S. Hamersley, Esq., is a fine Elizabethan house. Here lived Mistress Bess Symeon, the bride of John Hampden, the patriot. It is little altered since the day when "honest John" came to woo Squire Symeon's daughter, and the bridal pair walked along the garden path to the village church, and the roses and lilies lifted their scented heads to wish them joy as they passed. When wounded sorely at Chalgrove Field, Hampden bethought himself of this haven of rest, and tried to get there, but the Royalist troopers barred the way, and he was forced to press on to Thame.

SHIRBOURNE CASTLE has an important history, and the present is not the earliest fortified dwelling that existed

here. It was built in 1377 by Sir Warine de Lisle, who obtained leave to crenellate his mansion from Edward III., and possesses the characteristic features of an Edwardian castle. The earlier fortress was built by Robert D'Oiley, of Wallingford Castle, and played an important part in the civil war between Stephen and the Empress Maud. It was held for the former, and then handed over to his rival as a ransom for her prisoner, William Martel. Here Warine de Lisle conspired with the barons against the powerful Despencers, and was beheaded at York. His grandson built the present castle. Leland states: "Shirburne, within a mile of Wathelrington church, where is a strong pile or castlet, longed to Quatremain, since to Fowler, and by exchange now to Chamberlain of Oxfordshire." Mistress Chamberlain, in the civil war times, bravely held her castle for the King, but was obliged to surrender to General Fairfax in 1646. The castle and manor were bought by Thomas Parker, first Earl of Macclesfield, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The castle is in the form of a parallelogram, and is encompassed by a broad and deep moat. The approaches are over three drawbridges, and the chief entrance is guarded by a portcullis. At each angle there is a circular tower. Shirbourne has some remarkable treasures—paintings by Vandyke, Holbein, and other great artists; a portrait of Katherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII., with a lock of her hair; important libraries of books and MSS., and a fine armoury.

ROUSHAM PARK, the home of the Dormer family, is a fine Jacobean mansion, built by Sir R. Dormer. An earlier house existed here, and the Dormer family is one of the oldest in the country. The present representative is Captain C. W. Cottrell-Dormer, his ancestor, Sir Clement Cottrell, having inherited the property from General Dormer in 1750. The Cottrells and Dormers have played a distinguished part in our national annals. Westminster

Abbey contains a memorial of Clement Cottrell, who fought gallantly under the Earl of Sandwich in the memorable fight with De Ruyter, off Southwold Bay, when the "Royal James" was burnt by one of the fire-ships sent against her by the Dutch. His father, Sir Charles Cottrell, attained to high honour in the time of the "merry monarch." For his services during the Rebellion he was made Master of Ceremonies and presented with a splendid chain. Sir Julius Cæsar, an ancestor of the Dormers, held the house in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who honoured him with a visit, and doubtless shot the customary stag. The house is rich in historic and family portraits by Vandyke, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cornelius Jansen, and others, and also in books and MSS. It would require a volume to describe all the attractions of Rousham. About the middle of the seventeenth century, William Dormer, High Sheriff of Oxford, and known as "Dormer the Splendid," built a great mansion at Ascott, which was burnt down in 1662 just before its completion. The wide gate-posts remain, and also the gardens and some of the brickwork—sole records of this stately house. It is interesting to note that his descendant, Captain Cottrell-Dormer, is now High Sheriff of the county.

BARTON ABBEY, the seat of A. W. Hall, Esq., is an old mansion which was a cell of the monks of Oseney Abbey. Some old frescoes in the dormitories, described by the rustics as "Catholic pictures," once adorned the walls. They were painted on the lath and plaster partitions, and represented saints attired in long robes, blue and green being the predominant colours. The present house is said to have been built by John Dormer, a merchant of the staple, about 1524. Over a door leading to the stables was inscribed: "Thinke and Thanke, Ann' 1570." In 1679, Ralf Sheldon, Esq., made considerable alterations. The old house possessed long attics or dormitories, ninety-two feet long, a refectory with a huge fire-place, mullioned

windows and oak panelling. It has been on several occasions restored and reconstructed, rebuilding being necessitated by the dilapidation of parts of the old house which became ruinous; and recently it has been admirably restored, the old work carefully retained, and the new work constructed in accordance with the old designs and in the ancient character. The staircase, composed of solid oak beams and the old attics, are curious and interesting parts of this singularly beautiful house, while the distant prospects of the old fourteenth century church, the lake and grounds, are extremely picturesque.

FRITWELL MANOR-HOUSE is a fine Jacobean building with panelled rooms. It has been the home of tragedy. Sir Samuel Danvers bought Fritwell from Colonel Sandys about 1648, and occasionally resided there. In 1678, there was a fatal duel here between Pope Danvers, Sir Samuel's son, and a Mr. Jackman. A quarrel arose between them during a drinking bout at an ale-house, and there was a fight, followed by a duel on the following morning, when Mr. Jackman fell down dead. Danvers was convicted of wilful murder, but eventually got off. In 1712, the Longuevilles lived here. There were two brothers who loved the same lady, and the younger imprisoned the elder in an attic, described as a large kennel, and there kept him for fourteen years, till he died of starvation. A few years later, a third tragedy occurred. Sir Baldwin Wake and his two sons, Baldwin and Charles, were playing cards, when the father, in a quarrel, struck Baldwin, who fell dead. Charles tried to comfort his horror-stricken father, carried the body to the attic, and then fled the country, causing suspicion to rest upon himself. Some years afterwards, the father, when dying, confessed the deed, and Charles, who was a soldier in Egypt, was able to return. Few houses can tell such dramatic stories as Fritwell, and it certainly deserves to be haunted.

WROXTON ABBEY.

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WROXTON ABBEY, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord North, is a noble mansion founded on the site of the ancient Augustinian Abbey, which at the Dissolution was granted to Sir Thomas Pope. He was one of the new men who came into prominence at that period, and grew rich with the spoils of the monasteries. The curse which is supposed to pursue those who thus became possessed of abbey lands does not seem to have fallen upon either him or his family. Perhaps he warded off the hateful spell by devoting a large amount of his wealth to the founding of Trinity College, Oxford, to which he bequeathed his house at Wroxton. It has been held for many generations by the North family, the Earls of Guildford. The hall, with its minstels' gallery, is the most ancient part of the house, the greater part of which was erected in the early part of the seventeenth century, and completed in 1618. Some additions were made by Lord Keeper Guildford in the time of Charles II. Amongst the most distinguished scions of the family was Lord North, Prime Minister of George III. The house has some remarkable and historic paintings by Vandyke, Jansen, and a portrait of Erasmus by Holbein. Here are preserved armour from the field of Edgehill, the Lord Keeper's bag, a safe conduct letter from Charles I., curious tapestry, and a bed-quilt worked by Mary, Queen of Scots. The chapel has a good Early Decorated window of four lights with foliated circles in the head and good mullions.

CORNBURY PARK, the seat of V. J. Watney, Esq., was built by Henry, Lord Danvers, later Earl of Danby, who lived here in princely style, the expenses of his kitchen amounting to £3,000 yearly. He died here in 1643. The earlier house, which Lord Danvers pulled down, saw the death of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, caused by poison said to have been administered by his second wife, Lettice Knollys.[1] Cornbury became the property of Lord Clarendon

1 See page 17.

at the Restoration. Here Evelyn came; he describes the "sweete park" and "designed a handsom chapell that was yet wanting," but he omits to mention the magnificent avenue of beeches, said to be the finest in Europe.

CHASTLETON HALL has many interesting associations. It was built by Walter Jones in 1603, who bought the estate from Robert Catesby, of Gunpowder Plot fame. Catesby wanted the money for the purpose of raising a troop to help Philip of Spain to invade England, and subsequently spent it on gunpowder for blowing up the Houses of Parliament. Walter Jones finished his noble house in 1614. The inventory of his goods is extant, and is published at length in Mrs. Henderson's *Three Centuries of North Oxfordshire.* The story of the adventures of his grandson, Arthur Jones, after the fight of Worcester is full of romance. He escaped from the fatal field and rode to his house, where his wife, Sarah, was anxiously waiting. He had scarcely told her the news and partaken of food and wine, when the sound of approaching horsemen was heard. He fled to the secret chamber. The troopers demanded admittance, ransacked the house, but failed to find their prey. They ordered Mistress Jones to give them supper, and said that they would sleep there. The lady managed to drug the wine, and when they were asleep, she led her husband forth from his hiding-place, who borrowed one of the best horses of the Roundheads, and effected his escape. The troopers were mightily enraged next morning, but beyond uttering the direst threats, they did no mischief to the courageous lady or her house.

On the bank of the silvery Thames there are three historic houses which must be mentioned. MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE, the seat of the Blount family, is a stately Elizabethan mansion added to a small irregular half-timbered building of the fifteenth century. This house was fortified

for the King in the Civil War by Sir Charles Blount, but was taken by assault in April, 1643, when Essex was besieging Reading. Pope often visited the old house, and was intimate with the family, and seems to have been much attached to the young ladies Theresa and Martha Blount, to whom some of his poems are addressed.

A little further down the river stands HARDWICK HOUSE, the residence of C. D. Rose, Esq., M.P., a fine Elizabethan house with beautiful grounds and gardens, the ancient home of the Lybbe family. They were ardent Royalists, and the home was pillaged and plundered by the Parliamentary troops, who carried away £800 in money and plate, as well as the stirrup which Queen Mary used when she rode out and was attended by the first Richard Lybbe. Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept here, and her room is elaborately decorated with panels and heads in bas-relief. The Queen's portrait appears, and she is in such curious company as Joshua, Julius Cæsar, Jeroboam, and Fama. The house has many treasures and some good tapestry.

CAVERSHAM PARK, now owned by the Crawshay family, stands conspicuously opposite the busy town of Reading. The present house was built in 1850, after the destruction of the earlier house by fire. This old house ranked high among the historic mansions of Oxfordshire. Here Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Lord of the Manor of Caversham, in 1435 made his last will and testament. He was father-in-law to "the last of the barons" who was killed at Barnet. Here, in 1601, Queen Elizabeth came to visit her Comptroller, Sir William Knollys, and was "entertained with many devices of singing, dancing, and playing wenches, and such like." He afterwards entertained Anne, Queen of James I., with courtly masquerades and dancing, "the king's violins attending her at supper with the solemnest musick." Charles I. came here both as

a visitor and a prisoner, and was allowed to see his children, "which was the greatest satisfaction the King could receive." He also played bowls in Collins Green, and for a time forgot his troubles. This event was celebrated by the following lines, afterwards affixed to the inn:—

> "Stop, traveller—stop: within this peaceful shade
> His favourite game the Royal Martyr play'd;
> Deprived of honours, fortune, friends and rank,
> Drank from the bowl, and bowl'd for what he drank;
> Sought in a cheerful glass his cares to drown,
> And chang'd a guinea, ere he lost a crown."

The site of the bowling green, now an orchard, can still be seen. The house was owned by the Cravens, who sold it to the Earl of Kildare; and he re-sold it in 1718 to Lord Cadogan, one of the ablest officers who served under the Duke of Marlborough. The third Lord Cadogan sold it to Colonel Marsack, from whose family it passed by purchase to the Crawshays.

There are many other houses in Oxfordshire, not recorded in this chapter, which are worthy of notice. A volume would be required in order to give a full description of all the beautiful seats and noble mansions which abound throughout the county, and we are only able to allude to those which, on account of their historical associations, are especially interesting to the antiquary.

TOWN AND GOWN AT OXFORD.

THOSE who have visited Carfax (the Quartrevoies) in Oxford since the year 1897 must have been struck with the great changes that have taken place there in recent times. It is perhaps not so very strange, especially in London, to have an ancient church demolished and carted away; but in Oxford, we are thankful to be able to say, it is a very rare occurrence. Excuses are made to fit an accomplished fact by those who are half ashamed of the deed, such as that it was only a late Perpendicular church which had been altered, and even re-built, in comparatively late times, and therefore it was no loss. It is true, they say, it was the city church from a very early period; but the east end trespassed on the street and was in the way of the traffic. Certainly it was pulled down to widen Carfax, and the tower alone remains. The last rector of the demolished church, the Rev. C. J. H. Fletcher, has given us its history in a compact form. It is not intended to repeat it here. Our object is to call attention to the tower, which, by a special clause in the Act authorising the demolition, is preserved to us.

In an archæological rather than in an architectural point of view this tower is an interesting monument. We read that before 1340 it was of more stately bulk, and on the authority of Wood the first church attached to it was of great antiquity, "beyond all record." St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, to whom it was dedicated, died in 399. Mr. Park Harrison, architect, and M.A. of Christ Church, states that he found traces of Roman workmanship in the foundations of the tower. Perhaps the earliest document relating

to it is in the chronicles of the Abbey of Abingdon. King Canute, in the year 1034, makes the Church over to the monks of that abbey, with certain endowments. They are to serve it for the benefit of the inhabitants of the city of Oxford. In regard to the tower, we find that in the fourteenth year of the reign of Edward III., that is in 1340, that king ordered it to be partially taken down and made lower, because upon the complaint of the scholars the townsmen would, in times of combat with them, retire there and use it as their castle, and from thence gall and annoy them with arrows and stones.

The history of the Town and Gown Rows begins at a very early time. Before 1100 we read the somewhat mythical record, "That in spite of a deteriorated and even degrading condition of learning, the scholars at Oxford, during the time of the early Norman kings, became so numerous that, besides all the convents, they are said to have occupied two hundred, or according to some three hundred, inns, hostels, or halls." "In 1209, the students, in consequence of some dispute with the townsmen, abandoned the place, and obtained from the Pope an interdict against all persons who should settle in it for the purpose of teaching; and not till the inhabitants had humbled themselves to his Holiness did the students return." "In 1229, the students from Paris settled in Oxford. They had frequent contests with the townsmen, and actively mingled in more than one scene of riot and blood." Thus, before the first year of the reign of Edward III., 1327, we have ample proof that the most violent rows occurred either in conjunction with the townsmen or against them. In that year, says Wood, "I find a most bloody outrage to have been committed by the scholars and townsmen of Oxford, joined with the townsmen of Abingdon, on the monks of the abbey of that place." The burning of the Guildhall and of the gate of the abbey, as well as the partial destruction of St. Nicholas' church, were the results. The seculars sided with the

monks, and killed two of their opponents. A riot, in which three thousand took part, was a formidable affair. The leaders were tried and convicted, the verdicts ending in dire punishment to many and excommunication to others.

The lowering of Carfax tower by command of the king does not seem to have had much effect on the spirit of the times, for in the following year (1341) we read in Wood, "A lawless time was this, in which both parties, Town and Gown, took part, ancient feuds being renewed and modern fomented, not only among the scholars themselves, but between them and laics, which proving a noted disturbance to the University, divers complaints came to the king of them; who receiving a full understanding of their progress sent a commission to quell them. Some were banished, but taking refuge in the woods robbed, beat, and wounded all the scholars and passengers they could meet with." All this malicious and unbecoming excitement, smouldering like a fire for some few years, at length culminated in the celebrated riot that broke out on St. Scholastica's Day, 10th February, 1354.

It began with an incident of the most trifling nature. We have many accounts of the particulars, varying but slightly and mostly abridged. Wood's narrative runs thus: "Walter de Springhewse, Roger de Chesterfield, and other clerks went to the tavern called Swyndlestock (later the Mermaid Tavern at Carfax, and in Wood's day styled Twynstock), and there called for wine. John de Croydon, the vintner, brought them some, but they drinking it as it should seem, and he avouching it to be good, several snappish words passed between them. At length the vintner giving them stubborn and saucy language, they threw the wine and vessel at his head. The vintner, therefore, receding with great passion and aggravating the abuse to those of his family and neighbourhood, several came in, and encouraged him not to put up with the abuse, and withal told him they would faithfully stand by him. Among these were John de Bereford (owner of the said tavern by a lease

from the town), Richard Forester, and Robert Lardiner, who out of propensed malice seeking all occasions of conflict with the scholars, and taking this abuse for a ground to proceed upon, caused the town bell at St. Martin's to be rung, that the commonalty might be summoned together in a body, which being begun they in an instant were in arms, some with bows and arrows, others with divers sorts of weapons. And then they, without any more ado, did in a furious and hostile manner suddenly set upon divers scholars, who at that time had not so much as anything to defend themselves with.

"They shot also at the Chancellor of the University, and would have killed him, though he endeavoured to pacify them and appease the tumult. Further also, though the scholars at the command of the Chancellor did presently withdraw themselves from the fray, yet the townsmen thereupon did more fiercely pursue him and the scholars, and would by no means desist from the conflict. The Chancellor, perceiving what great danger they were in, caused the University bell at St. Mary's to be rung out, whereupon the scholars got bows and arrows and maintained the fight with the townsmen till dark night, at which time the fray ceased, no one scholars or townsmen being killed or mortally wounded or maimed.

"On the next day being Wednesday, albeit the Chancellor of the University caused public proclamation to be made in the morning both at St. Mary's Church, in presence of the scholars there assembled in great numbers, and also at Carfax among the townsmen, that no scholar or townsman should wear or bear any offensive weapon, or assault any man, or otherwise disturb the peace (upon which the scholars did in humble obedience to that proclamation repair to the schools, and demeaned themselves peacefully till after dinner). Yet the very same morning the townsmen came with their bows and arrows, and drove away a Master in Divinity and his auditors who was there determining in Saint Augustine's Schools. The bailiffs of

the town also had given particular warning to every townsman at his respective house in the morning that they should make themselves ready to fight with the scholars against the time when the town bell should ring out, and also given notice to the country round about, and assist the townsmen in their intended conflict with the scholars.

"In dinner time the townsmen subtily and secretly sent about four score men armed with bows and arrows, and other manner of weapons into the parish of St. Giles, in the north suburb, who, after a little waiting, having discovered certain scholars walking after dinner in Beaumont Street (being the same place we now call St. Giles' Fields), issued out of St. Giles' Church, shooting at the said scholars in the space of three furlongs. Some of them they drove into the Augustine Priory (Wadham College now), and others into the town. One scholar they killed without the walls, some they wounded mortally, others grievously, and used the rest badly. All of which being done without any mercy caused an horrible outcry in the town; whereupon the town bell being rung out first, and after that the University bell, divers scholars immediately issued out armed with bows and arrows in their own defence and that of their companions. They first shut and blocked up some of the gates of the town, lest the country people who were then gathered together in innumerable multitudes might suddenly break in upon their rear in an hostile manner to assist the townsmen, who were now ready prepared in battle array and armed with their targets also; they fought with them and defended themselves till after Vespertide.

"Shortly after that time there entered into the town, by the West gate, about two thousand countrymen with a black dismal flag erect and displayed; of which the scholars having notice, and being unable to resist so great and fierce a company, they withdrew themselves into their lodgings. Such scholars as they found in the said Halls or Inns they killed, or maimed, or grievously wounded. Their books

and all their goods which they could find they spoiled, plundered, and carried away. All their victuals—bread, fish, etc.—they trod under foot, and the wine and other drinks they poured out. After this the night came on, and the conflict ceased for that day, and the same evening a public Proclamation was made in Oxford in the King's name 'that no man should injure the scholars and their goods under pain of forfeiture.'

"The next day, being Thursday (after the Chancellor and some principal persons of the University were set out towards Woodstock to the King, who had sent for them thither), no one scholar or scholars so much as appearing out of their houses with any intention to harm the townsmen or offer any injury to them (as they themselves confessed), yet the said townsmen, about sun rising, having rung out their bells, assembled themselves together in a numberless multitude, desiring to heap mischief upon mischief, and to perfect by a more terrible conclusion that wicked enterprise which they had begun. This being done, they with hideous noises and clamour came and invaded the scholars' houses in a wretchless sort, which they forced open with iron bars and other engines, and entering into them, they killed or else in a grievous sort maimed those that resisted or stood upon their defence, particularly the chaplains. Some innocent wretches, after they had killed them, they scornfully cast into outhouses, others they buried in dunghills, and some they let lie above ground. The crowns of some chaplains, viz., all the skin so far as the tonsure went, these diabolical imps flayed off in scorn of their clergy. Divers others they had mortally wounded they haled to prison with their wounds exposed. They plundered and carried away all the goods out of the fourteen Halls or Inns destroyed that day.

"Moreover, to their shame be it written, they pursued some poor innocents that were flying with all speed to the Body of Christ for succour (then being honoured and carried in procession by the Brethren through the town for the

appeasing of this slaughter) and striving to embrace and come as near as they could to the Repository wherein the glorious Body was with great devotion put. These confounded sons of Satan," says Wood, "knocked them down and most cruelly wounded them. Then they went round the town and destroyed the crosses which marked the houses of the Fryers, or were erected for public veneration. This wickedness and outrage continuing the said day from the rising of the sun till noontide and a little after without ceasing. Thereupon, all the scholars (besides those in the colleges) being fled divers ways, Our Mother, the University of Oxford, which had but two days before many sons, was forsaken and left forlorn. A list of her students and others who fell that day may be seen in Gutch's Wood, from which much of the above account is taken."

Since that time for centuries the old spirit of antagonism between the Town and Gown lingered on, and on one evening in the year, November 5th, battles royal have frequently taken place. Twenty years ago the writer remembers many a scene of conflict, when the streets of the city were crowded with townsfolk and rustics, while arm-in-arm undergraduates paraded the thoroughfare "spoiling for a fight," and nervous proctors with their attendant "bull-dogs" were flitting about demanding the "name and college" of the students whom they met, and anxiously bidding them to return to their abodes. Shouts, cheering, and hooting were heard everywhere, while here and there a fight raged, and policemen rushed to separate the combatants. In recent years the undergraduates have been usually "gated" in the evening of November 5th, and can no longer indulge in these conflicts which called forth the spirited sketch of Cuthbert Bede depicting an old Town and Gown row, to which was appended the sarcastic motto:—

Ingenuas dedicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

B. J. STAPLETON.

NOTES ON THE OXFORDSHIRE CHURCHES.

IT is difficult to compress into a short article a descriptive account of the architectural features of the churches of the county of Oxford. It may possibly be true, as has been asserted, that the churches of Oxfordshire are not equal in size and beauty to those of Northamptonshire and the Fenland, but it may safely be stated that there is no county which can claim to possess a series of churches of greater general interest, and with more points of special architectural excellence, than that which is to be the subject of our present notice. With very few exceptions the churches are of mixed styles—that is, they have been commenced usually as small and comparatively unassuming structures at an early epoch, and at successive periods have been enlarged and renewed, so that it is difficult to pick out examples as being specially representative of any one of the several architectural styles which are in vogue in this country.

There are various authorities who can be referred to for an account of the several churches and chapels, which number about 260 in all. In Skelton's *Antiquities of Oxfordshire* we find excellent illustrations of many of the best examples, but there is little attempt to describe the special characteristics of each building. So again we have a short, and in too many instances a most meagre, account of each church in the *Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England—Diocese of Oxford*, published by Mr. John Henry Parker in 1850. A far better account, with numerous excellent illustrations of eighty churches in

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the central part of the county, is to be found in *A Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the neighbourhood of Oxford*, published by Mr. John Henry Parker in 1846. In Beesley's *History of Banbury*, published in 1841, a very fair description of the churches in the northern part of the county is given (pages 108 to 148), and much information on this subject can be gleaned from the Oxford Architectural Society's proceedings and the various Archæological Journals. The cathedral and churches of the city of Oxford are well described and illustrated in the admirable handbook for visitors to Oxford published by Mr. John Henry Parker in 1847, and monographs on other churches, for example, Dorchester, Thame, etc., add much to our knowledge of these particular edifices.

It is no doubt due to the excellence and durability of the building stone found in the county that so many of the churches retain their early features. This is particularly noticeable with regard to the work of the Norman period, when in this county, as elsewhere, so large a proportion of the churches were either reconstructed or newly built. In the majority of the churches some remains of this style are still to be found, and more than 110 still retain one or more of the semi-circular headed doorways with which they were furnished in the twelfth century. There are some few remains of earlier work, generally classified as Saxon, still existing in this county, and though the late Mr. John Henry Parker was exceedingly sceptical as to the existence of any remains of buildings erected before the time of the Norman invasion, it may safely be averred that there are relics of churches which were standing in the early part of the eleventh century. We may, however, concede this, that as the new Norman style adopted by Edward the Confessor in the re-building of his great abbey church at Westminster was not immediately adopted throughout the country, some of the so-called "Saxon" buildings may be as late as the year 1080.

At Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford, within the last few

years, various remains of the ancient foundation of S. Frideswide have been brought to light, and have been carefully described by the late Mr. Park Harrison. Portions of very rude and early masonry with wide jointing have been exposed in the east wall of the north choir aisle, and may with little hesitation be assigned to the pre-Norman period. Another well-known instance is that of the tower of S. Michael's Church, Oxford, with the long and short work at the angles and the deeply-splayed belfry openings, with massive baluster shafts, typical of this debased period in the history of architecture. So again in the towers of North Leigh and Caversfield, we find similar details, and at Bicester, on the north side, at the east end of the nave arcade, is a triangular-headed arch, apparently of this same early date. In the beautiful church at Bampton, the tower arches are of transitional Norman date, and within them, in the walls, are considerable remains of the herring-bone pattern, which is usually associated with work of the Saxon period. At Swalcliffe, an early window splayed both ways was brought to light on either side of the nave during the restoration of the church. In each case the window has been partly cut through by the later arcade, that on the north side being of fairly early Norman character; and this would favour the suggestion that the upper part of the nave walls has survived various alterations made to this part of the church in the early and late portion of the twelfth century. At Goring, the west tower is very ancient and probably earlier than the belfry turret, which has been attached to it, and which is itself of early Norman character. At Swyncombe, portions of the church are of great antiquity, and in the curious church at Langford, and those at Broughton Poggs and Aston Rowant, may be remains of the workmanship of the old Saxon builders. The church at Cromarsh Giffard is stated to be very ancient, but the ornamental details of the doorways, etc., are of pure Norman character. There can be no doubt that in this county, as in others, much of the primitive work of the

Iffley Church. West Front.

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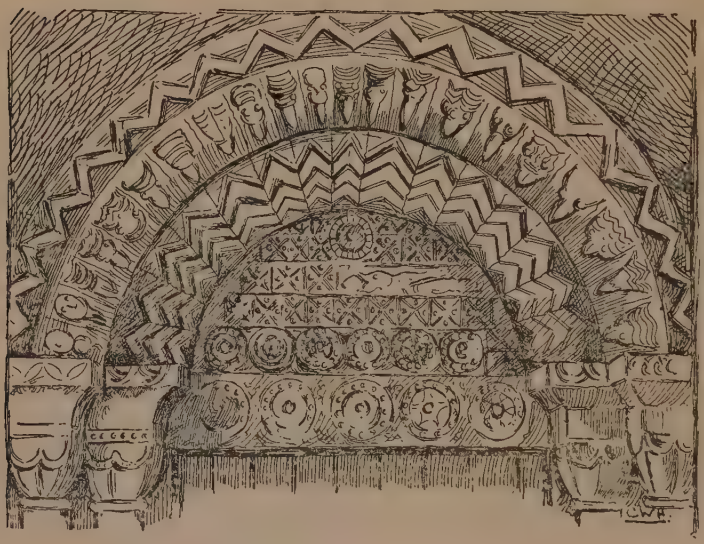
ancient builders has been preserved, though now concealed beneath the whitewash or later surface of the subsequent restorers.

Of the Norman period—1080 to 1200—we have numerous examples of the solemn and impressive style of the architecture of that time; indeed, it may be asserted that there are comparatively few structures where some relics of this style have not been preserved. In Oxfordshire, as has already been stated, most of the churches have been altered and added to from time to time, with the result that we find portions of each of the architectural styles represented, and as a consequence only lesser details of the Norman period have as a rule survived to our time. Of the early Norman period we have remains at Newnham Murren, Sandford S. Mary's (some windows in the chancel), and the doorways at Ambrosden, Cowley, Wilcote, Stanton Harcourt, Cromarsh Giffard, and Handborough. In this last instance there are north and south doorways, the latter with a very rudely incised cross on the tympanum, while on the tympanum of the north doorway is a very curious sculpture of S. Peter seated with the key and with a lion with a hand resting on its back on one side, and the *Agnus Dei* with a scroll on the other, the subject probably representing S. Peter dictating the Gospel to S. Mark, whose name it now bears. Singular tympana of this period are to be found at Kencott, where Sagittarius is shooting an arrow into the mouth of a dragon; at Salford, where Sagittarius and Leo are on guard on either side of a maltese cross within a circle; at Black Bourton and at South Leigh, where a cross alone is represented. The semi-circular apse at Checkendon and the narrow tower arches at Cassington are also of this early date.

Of the later Norman period, the well-known church at Iffley furnishes us with one of the finest examples of the ingenuity of the Norman builders to be found in the kingdom. The two fine tower arches and the three noble doorways are marvels of the sculptors' art of about the year

1160. The west doorway has two rows of the beakhead ornament round the arch and down the jambs, the signification of which is only conjectural, and of which similar examples are to be found throughout the country, notably at Lincoln Cathedral, Tutbury, and many of the Yorkshire churches. In Oxfordshire we find this ornamentation on doorways at Great Barford, Burford, Great Rollright, and S. Ebbe's and S. Peter's in the East, Oxford, also on an



NORMAN PORCH, GREAT ROLLRIGHT CHURCH.

interior arch at Asthall. The tower at Burford has some rich ornamentation. The chancel and crypt of S. Peter's in the East, Oxford, are also good examples of this period, the former, with richly-groined stone roof, exhibiting the only instance of the bold frette or embattled moulding to be found in the county, elaborately sculptured windows, corbel table, and early pinnacles, the latter with its rows of arches with well-carved capitals and low cylindrical columns. The chancel arch at Headington is a fine

specimen of Norman work, and the north arcade of Swalcliffe is a plain example of the same period. There are many excellent Norman doorways, those at the Chapter House, Christchurch Cathedral, and at Woodstock, being of the same type as the west doorway at Iffley. Special mention may be made of the examples at Brize Norton, Newton Purcell, Great Rollright, and Fritwell, all with richly-sculptured tympana; at Idbury, Pyrton, Caversham, and Begbrooke, and at Stoke Lyne, where is a figure within a niche above the arch. At Tetsworth were two very interesting doorways, now forming part of the foundations of the present tasteless structure. A very elaborate little tympanum, with knotted work of early type, but not of early date, is preserved in the tower at Shirburn, and another tympanum, with the fish scale or overlapping scallop ornament, now occupies a situation in the interior of the chancel at Bloxham. The two doorways at Barford S. Michael's are both very fine, and have a diaper of the star ornament on the tympana and lintels. Considerable remains of colour can be detected on the arches and jambs of the doorways at Shilton, Pyrton, and Brize Norton. The chancel arch and doorway of Heythrop Church are ornate specimens of this date. The large sculptured representation of Christ on the Cross, at Langford, and the curious reliquary arch at Brize Norton, belong to this period.

Of the later or transitional Norman, dating from about 1175 till it finally merged into the Early English style, with which for several years it seems to have overlapped, there are numerous and good examples. The most notable, of course, is Christchurch Cathedral, with nave, transepts, and choir of this period, blended, no doubt, with portions of the earlier work of Prior Guymond, though it is difficult to discern any part which is not late in this style. At Cuddesdon, Bisney, Fringford, Enstone, and Broadwell, are semi-circular headed doorways with the characteristics of this transitional period, and at Holton is a pointed arch to the doorway with zig-zag and other distinctive ornaments. At Middleton

Stoney are two very late semi-circular headed doorways, that on the south with a tympanum on which is sculptured the tree of spiritual life and knowledge. The arcade and doorway at Kelmscott are semi-circular, but of this period. The tower arches and south transept doorway at Bampton are of late date, the former pointed and inserted above the earlier herringbone masonry. The south arcade at Swalcliffe, and the north and south doorways at Bucknell, are of very late transitional work, while the north porch at

FONT AT HOOK NORTON.

Witney, semi-circular headed, but with Early English characteristics, and the west doorway at Shipton-under-Wychwood, pointed but still retaining the Norman ornamentation, may be cited as the latest instances which can be included in this period.

Before passing on to the Early English examples, special mention should be made of the numerous interesting Norman fonts. That at Hook Norton is probably the most curious, with sculptures of Adam and Eve, Sagittarius,

Swalcliffe Interior.

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and various animals on the circular tub-shaped bowl. At S. Peter's in the East, Oxford, was a circular font with Adam and Eve and other figures under an arcade of semi-circular arches. It has unfortunately been lost to the church, though still in existence in private possession. The fonts at Albury, Berwick Salome, Lewknor, etc., are also tub shaped, with ornamental designs sculptured on the bowl, while that at Iffley is very large with square bowl on central and side shafts. At Dorchester and Warborough are lead fonts, the former with figures of our Lord and the Apostles under semi-circular headed arches, the latter plainer and of transitional character. One or two, as at Cokethorpe, have an arcade of semi-circular arches, while several, as at Broadwell, are of transitional character, with a cable band round the centre of the bowl. There are numerous other details in the churches, viz., piscinæ, stoups, etc., of Norman date, which there is not space to describe in a superficial article of this kind.

Of the Early English period (1180-1270), the examples throughout the county are fairly numerous, though, as in the case of the Norman work, we find portions of this style mixed up with the various other orders of architecture. The spire of Christchurch Cathedral of this period is a very early instance of this elegant addition to the towers of our churches. At Witney is another spire of this date, and much of the church, including the fine semi-circular headed north doorway and porch was erected about the year 1200. The Chapter House at Oxford, excepting the western portion, is a fine example of Early English work with delicate lancet windows and other richly ornamented details. At Stanton Harcourt the chancel and transepts are wholly of this style, with rows of lancet windows. Tackley Church, and the Prebendal House at Thame, have triple eastern lancets, and the churches of Wiggington, Kidlington, and Bucknell furnish us with interesting specimens of this period of architecture. The chancel of North Stoke is also a small but ornate example, and the south

aisle at Swalcliffe, with a series of triple lancets, dates from about 1250, or late in this style. Great Haseley contains a good deal of Early English work, and its main doorway, as well as those at Great Milton, Charlbury, and Swalcliffe, bear testimony to the genius of the architects and masons of the first half of the thirteenth century.

Of the Decorated period the examples in the county are very numerous and of great excellence. One of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the county was the old Parish Church of Banbury, demolished by Act of Parliament in 1790 to make room for the present theatre-like structure. From a beautiful illustration in Skelton's *Antiquities of Oxfordshire*, reproduced in Beesley's *History of Banbury*, we learn that a considerable portion of the church was erected towards the end of the thirteenth century, and many of the windows had beautiful geometrical tracery of that period. The chapel of Merton College, Oxford, was also built at this time, as was the chancel of Swalcliffe Church. At Bloxham is some very nice work of this period, and the Norman mouldings with zigzag ornamentation have been re-used in the arches round the aisle windows. Several windows were inserted at Christchurch Cathedral, and a considerable amount of restoration seems to have been in progress among the Oxford churches at this time. The chapel at Broughton Castle is an interesting specimen of this style, and special mention may also be made of the fine windows and doorways at Great Haseley, Great Milton, Bampton, and Kidlington, and of the chancel at Piddington. The chapel at Balscote is almost entirely of this date. One special architectural feature of this period, which seems peculiar to the northern part of Oxfordshire and the adjoining counties, is the fringe or foliated canopy to the containing arches of the windows, of which good examples may be seen at Broughton, Bampton, Broadwell, and elsewhere. Another singular characteristic is an exterior cornice with a series of grotesque sculptures of animals, heads, etc., as at Bloxham, Hanwell, and Alkerton.

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Of the later decorated or curvilinear style, beautiful examples are to be found in all parts of the county. The Latin chapel at Christchurch Cathedral, with its elegant columns and arches, profusion of colouring, and flamboyant windows filled with contemporary stained glass, must have been, and indeed still is, a gem of this style. The chancel at Dorchester, with the well-known Jesse window and magnificent sedilia, is perhaps one of the most ornate, while the fine churches at Cropredy, Broughton, and Chinnor, are almost entirely of this period. The chancels of Merton, Chalgrove, Garsington, and Stanton S. John, and the north transept at Witney and north aisle at Ducklington, with their beautiful canopied monuments, are also deserving of special notice. The nave, tower and spire of the well-known church at Adderbury are also of this period. The little desecrated chapel of the hospital of S. Bartholomew, close to Oxford, has some very pretty windows of good flamboyant character. The north aisle of Swalcliffe Church has late Decorated windows, and is said to have been designed by the great architect and bishop, William of Wykeham, before he had invented or introduced the succeeding Perpendicular style. The fine open-work parapet of S. Mary Magdalene's Church, Oxford, date 1327, also merits particular attention, as does the spire of S. Mary's, Oxford, with its clusters of pinnacles and profusion of the ball-flower ornament.

In examples of the Perpendicular style (1380-1540) the county is not so rich. One of the earliest buildings of this period is the chapel of New College, Oxford, designed by William of Wykeham towards the end of the fourteenth century, and the spacious chancel and vestry of Adderbury Church, carried out under the supervision of the same great architect. Very fine work of this style is to be found at Handborough and Chipping Norton, and of somewhat later date at Ewelme. The Wilcote chapel, with its fine effigies at North Leigh, is of the early part of the fifteenth century. Rather later than this, but of one period, is the Church of

Minster Lovel, cruciform and with central tower. There is a fine altar tomb to the founder, Lord Lovel, of the reign of Henry VI., and a good font and some peculiarities in the Church which will well repay inspection. Rycote Chapel, which was founded in 1449 by Richard Quatremain and Sibylla Englefield, his wife, is also wholly of this period. The chapel of Magdalen College, with its beautiful tower, remains as a monument of the skill and generosity of the founder, William of Waynflete, of date *circ.* 1480. At Burford, the noble church was mainly rebuilt by the wealthy "woolmen" in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and presents us with very fine work of the Perpendicular style, the upper part of the tower, and the spire, and the south porch with fan traceried roof, being especially worthy of most careful inspection, while as a late example of this style may be instanced the choir roof of Christchurch Cathedral, with its rich pendants and the fan tracery vault to the staircase leading to the college hall, the work of Cardinal Wolsey about the year 1526. The font at Burford, with representations of the Crucifixion, SS. John the Baptist, Andrew, Margaret, and other saints, is the finest example of this period to be found in the county.

There are many peculiarities and special objects of interest to be found in many of the churches, but in this short memoir these can only briefly be referred to. Of woodwork there are good late thirteenth century screens at Stanton Harcourt, Wardington and Cropredy, and remains of screens of the fifteenth century, mostly with the original colouring, are to be found at Handborough, Great Rollright, Charlton-on-Otmoor, Burford, Swalcliffe, Milcombe, Shutford, Stanton S. John's, and elsewhere. The roof of the Chaucer chapel at Ewelme is fine Perpendicular work, and there are other examples at Alvescott, Mapledurham, Merton, and in all parts of the county. At Brightwell Baldwin is a very fine chest, originally richly painted, the combat between S. George and the Dragon being still visible. The watching-loft at Christchurch

Cathedral and the font cover at Ewelme also merit special notice.

The county is not so rich in its remains of ancient stained glass as many others in England. There are, however, some good examples in the cathedral, where we find in the east chapel of the south transept, of late thirteenth century date, SS. Blaise, Cuthbert, Augustine, Martin dividing his coat with a beggar, and the murder of S. Thomas of Canterbury. In the Latin chapel, dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, are the Annunciation, Virgin and Child, a Bishop, SS. Catherine (twice), Margaret, Frideswide, and another female saint. In the ante chapel of New College, Oxford, most of the original glass remains with figures of the Apostles, Prophets, and numerous saints, some, as SS. Pelagius, Athanasius, etc., being exceedingly uncommon in our English churches. In the ante chapel at All Souls' College is some very interesting glass with numerous saints, including such rare figures as Anastasia, Sativola (Sidwell) and many others. At the Abbey Church of Dorchester are some remains of the original glass in the Jesse window, and in the east window have been collected numerous fragments of various dates, including representations of the Agnus Dei, Annunciation, Virgin and Child, S. Michael and Satan, The Trinity Banner, S. Laurence, a head of S. Edmund, etc., and several armorial shields. At the back of the beautiful decorated piscina and sedilia are four small openings in the shape of spherical triangles, cut through the thickness of the wall, with circular medallions of Norman date, surrounded by glass of the later Decorated period. On the circular medallions are depicted (1) the administration of the Eucharist, (2) a pope giving the benediction, (3) S. Birinus, with name below, "S. Bernius," receiving his commission to preach in England from the Pope, and (4) another mitred figure in attitude of benediction. These are probably the earliest specimens of stained glass in England. In the majority of the churches throughout the county are some remains of the beautiful

glass with which the windows were formerly enriched, for instance at Kidlington are fragments of thirteenth and fourteenth century date, at Stanton Harcourt of the Early English period, and at Beckley of the fourteenth century. At S. Michael's, Oxford, in a window on the south of the chancel, are S. Michael and Satan, the Virgin and Child, S. Nicholas, and Edmund of Pontigny, Archbishop of Canterbury, in thirteenth century glass. In a window in the north aisle are cherubin and the Annunciation, with the lily pot and the figure of our Lord crucified on the lily. This is of fifteenth century date. At S. Peter's in the East, Oxford, numerous fragments, including the Crucifixion and S. Christopher have been collected in the east window, and in a window of the north chapel, the Coronation of the Virgin with SS. Peter and Paul. At South Stoke we find a representation of the Virgin and Child; at Tadmarton, in east window of north aisle, is a head of our Saviour; at Horsepath the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and S. John, and this same subject occurs at Marsh Baldon, Westwell, and in the vestry at Brightwell Baldwin. Christ in Majesty, with kneeling figures in adoration below, is portrayed at Waterpery, and the blessed Trinity on the north of the chancel at Newington. In the east window of Heythrop Church is a portraiture of the Virgin, and at Marsh Baldon we find her being taught to read by her mother, S. Anne. We also find the Annunciation at Brightwell Baldwin and Newington, the Virgin and Child at Charlton-on-Otmoor, the Assumption at Newington, and the Coronation at Long Coombe and Drayton, near Banbury. At Great Milton are two subjects said to represent the death of Lazarus, and his being carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and at Stanton S. John are two persons carrying a shrine, and two more doing homage to it. The temptation and fall of our first parents are to be seen at Horsepath; SS. Peter and Paul, and S. Michael weighing souls, in the north chapel at Brightwell Baldwin; S. James Major and Cherubin and Seraphin at Long Coombe; heads of

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S. Margaret and other saints at Binsey, and of S. James Major at Burford; SS. Dorothy and Christopher at Heythrop; S. Leonard at Drayton, near Dorchester; S. George and the Dragon at Kelmscott; and Archbishops and Bishops at Brightwell Baldwin and Marsh Baldon. At Heythrop are kneeling figures of John and Elinor Archefeld and their family, and similar portraits of the donors in a window at Horley. In the Wilcote chapel at North Leigh are numerous armorial shields and various devices. At Shiplake is some very fine old glass with representations of the Coronation of the Virgin and numerous Saints, brought from the great abbey of S. Omer, in France.

In Mural Paintings, Oxfordshire is especially rich, there being at least one hundred churches where these are still, or till recently have been, existing. Many most interesting series have been found beneath the whitewash during the past few years, and have, as a rule, been preserved, though in a few instances too much restoration has marred the interest of the various subjects. There are several examples where remains of decoration generally in red have been found on the Norman arcades, as in the nave at Kelmscott, and Shilton, and elsewhere, and even on the external portions traces can be discerned, for instance, on the doorways of Pyrton, Brize Norton, and Long Coombe, all fine examples of the twelfth century. In the apse at Swyncombe Church was a painting of Christ in Majesty between two angels, and three consecration crosses, possibly of pre-Norman date. The Norman apse of Checkendon Church has been embellished with a large picture of our Lord and the Apostles of contemporary date. This unfortunately has been much renovated. Some early colouring was also found on the vault of the chancel of Iffley Church, but it has been whitewashed over.

Of later date are numerous most interesting examples, for instance at North Stoke, where, on the south side of the nave are a series of incidents in the Passion of our Lord, and on the north the history of a female saint and

traces of other subjects of the thirteenth century date. In the transept at Kelmscott Church is the history of S. John the Baptist, and another series of subjects not now decipherable, of late thirteenth century. At Headington were also numerous thirteenth century paintings, viz., our Lord in Majesty over the chancel arch, and on the sides of the windows scenes in the life of our Lord and other subjects. At Chalgrove the walls of the chancel have been profusely decorated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and many very interesting subjects still remain. On the north wall of the chancel is the stem of Jesse and the life of Christ, terminating on the east wall with the descent into Hell, the Resurrection and Ascension. On the south wall is the Doom, and the entombment of the Virgin, and on the east wall are other scenes in her history, culminating in the Assumption and Coronation. Within the window splays are figures of SS. Peter, Paul, John the Baptist and John the Evangelist, and other saints now very faint, but alleged to represent SS. Mary Magdalene, Helena, Gabriel and the Virgin, and Lawrence and Bartholomew.

At Cowley numerous paintings were discovered nearly forty years ago, including masonry patterns of date *circ.* 1300, and representations of the Virgin and Child, Presentation in the Temple, Descent from the Cross, the Blessed Trinity, and numerous saints, while at South Newington various saints and subjects have recently been brought to light.

At Islip we find the Nativity and Adoration of the Magi, S. Michael weighing souls, and the Resurrection, of date *circ.* 1360. At Northmoor, in the north transept, above each of two founders' tombs in the north wall, are depicted two angels holding a napkin, no doubt containing the soul of the individual whose effigy had been placed in the arch below. This is also fourteenth century work. At Long Coombe numerous paintings were brought to light in 1893. On the east wall of the nave to the north of the chancel

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arch is a fourteenth century representation of the Crucifixion. This is only partially visible, as a larger painting of the same subject has been delineated over it in the fifteenth century. On the south side of the chancel arch is another picture of the Crucifixion of the later period. There is also a large portraiture of S. Christopher and other subjects, obscured by texts. One of the largest and most perfect representations of the popular saint or morality, S. Christopher, is to be seen at Horley Church, where we find this subject depicted with all the usual adjuncts, and in a wonderful state of preservation. Other examples of this most interesting and gigantic saint have been noted in the county at Bloxham, Broughton, Long Coombe, Burford, Headington, Shiplake (two), and Standlake. At this last mentioned church a great deal of figure painting was found, but all has been whitewashed over. At Ducklington considerable remains were discovered under the whitewash, but only a representation of the Blessed Trinity remains in the south aisle. At Cassington has been some painting with really artistically rendered figures of S. Margaret and other saints, which were chiefly whitewashed over in 1842. At Broughton, in the chancel, is the subject of the five joys of the Virgin, and in the nave the usual subject of the Doom over the chancel arch, and S. Christopher, and S. Michael weighing souls, on the side walls. Numerous early inscriptions prove the former existence of other large subjects not now discernible. At Bloxham is the Doom over the chancel arch, and S. Christopher in the north aisle, and in the Milcombe chapel, our Lord in Glory and the history of a female saint. There is also a screen here with figures of the Evangelists and saints depicted on the panels, the only example in this county. At Cropredy is the Doom over the chancel arch, and there were formerly, over and by the side of the north doorway, the seven acts of mercy and the tree of the seven deadly sins, but these have been whitewashed over. At Barford S. Michael's a considerable amount of decorative painting,

with the name "Maria" many times repeated, has been brought to light. Burford Church has been throughout embellished with colour and gilding at a somewhat late period, and in a small chapel on south of south aisle are several subjects, one exemplifying the history of S. Thomas of Canterbury. At North Leigh, over the chancel arch, is a realistic representation of the Doom, almost exactly similar to that at South Leigh, where are, perhaps, the best known series of paintings in the county. Here, as has been mentioned, we find a large and terrible picture of the Doom over the chancel arch, no doubt placed there to inspire inattentive and careless members of the congregation with awe; and on other parts of the nave walls, S. Michael weighing souls, S. Clement, the Virgin, and the descent of our Lord into Hell. There are also rich scroll patterns with foliage and popinjays among the branches, all being of fifteenth century date. The paintings have been somewhat spoiled by undue restoration. At the chapel of Shorthampton, in the mother parish of Charlbury, a most interesting series of paintings are being now (September, 1903) brought to light. There is some decorative painting and figure of a bishop with name nearly effaced, of the thirteenth century, but the chief remains are of the fifteenth century, when a considerable enlargement of the chapel took place. Of this period we find the Doom over the chancel arch and partly along the south wall, a portion of S. George and the Dragon at the west end, the Virgin with the Infant Saviour on her lap, holding a bird, and other children on the south wall of the squint opening from nave to chancel on south side of chancel arch is probably an illustration of the reputed miracle of our Lord making birds and sparrows moulded in clay to fly, eat, etc., as mentioned in the spurious gospel of Nicodemus, chapter xv. On splay of a south window is a figure of S. Sitha, and on south wall the legend of S. Eligius shoeing a horse by first removing the leg to be operated upon. There is also the portrait of an archbishop, and two or three more subjects

forming a most remarkable series, and one which could hardly have been looked for in this out of the way and insignificant little chapel.

In early monuments and effigies this county is not particularly rich. There are many instances where the recesses for the founders' tombs still remain, but the effigies, if they ever existed, have disappeared. Several cross-legged effigies still remain. One of the most perfect is that at Hampton Poyle, where portions of link mail are still visible represented on some adhesive composition applied to the surface of the stone; this too in spite of the ill-treatment it has received, according to Skelton, by having been at one time thrown out of the church. The effigy of a lady here also shows traces of colouring. At Dorchester are two of these cross-legged knights, and other early benefactors to their respective churches are thus represented at Wiggington, Kidlington, Harpsden, and, with his lady, at Northmoor. At Broughton is the fine effigy traditionally reputed to commemorate a member of the De Broughton family under a very richly-carved canopy of the time of Edward II. Both the canopy and effigy have recently been repainted and regilded. At Adwell is a small heart monument, viz., with the bust of a knight holding a heart in his hands, and probably marking the place where, as in the case of most of these miniature effigies, the heart and not the body of the deceased was deposited. At Brize Norton is the well-known monumental stone of Sir John Daubyngne. He lies as in a coffin, exhibiting the lid ornamented with the helmet, shields, and inscription, and recessed within trefoiled arches the bust and arms of the knight at the top, and at the foot his crossed legs resting on a lion. He died in 1346. At Wardington is a similar style of monument, with coffin lid showing the head and hands of a priest. At Thame is a very richly coloured effigy of an ecclesiastic of thirteenth or fourteen century date, and at Dorchester is the figure of a bishop, said to be intended to commemorate Æschwine, though of fourteenth

century character. Here also is the effigy of Judge John de Stonore, of the time of Edward III. Of this same date is the curious figure of a civilian at Wiggington, with a small figure of a civilian and lady on either side. At Witney, under beautiful arches of the first half of the fourteenth century, in the north transept, are effigies of a knight and his lady, and other military effigies may be seen at Bampton, *circ.* 1360; at Broughton, of the same date; and at Waterpery, *circ.* 1420; and with a lady at North Aston, *circ.* 1416; at Broughton, *circ.* 1470; and at Chipping Norton, *circ.* 1500. There are beautiful effigies of ladies at Hanwell of the thirteenth century; at Cogges and Lewknor, of the fourteenth century; at Stanton Harcourt, *circ.* 1390, and part of one at Bicester. In the Latin chapel at Christchurch Cathedral are three very rich table tombs, all showing remains of colour and gilding, viz.—(1) the monument of a prior, with effigy and very elegant canopy work, assigned to Prior Sutton, and of early fourteenth century date; (2) that of the Lady Montacute, the founder of the chapel, with her effigy and various figures within niches on the sides—she died in 1353; and (3) of Sir George Nowers, of early fifteenth century date, also with his effigy and armorial shields within quatrefoils on the sides of the monument. At North Leigh is the very fine altar tomb, with effigies, of William Wilcote and his lady, of date 1410; and at Ewelme is the splendid monument of Sir Thomas Chaucer (1435) and his daughter Alice, Duchess of Suffolk. At Minster Lovel is the altar tomb of Lord Lovel, the founder of the church in the time of Henry VI., and at S. Aldate's, Oxford, the table tomb, with effigy, of John Noble, 1522. At Stanton Harcourt are a series of monuments of the Harcourt family, commencing with that of Sir Robert de Harcourt, who died in 1471. Of later post-Reformation date may be mentioned the very large table tomb of Sir Francis Knollys, K.G., who died in 1597, and his lady, at Rotherfield Greys; the monument of Sir John Walter and his two wives, *circ.* 1612, at Woolvercot;

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of the Spencers at Yarnton; of the Lord Chief Baron Tanfield and his lady, *circ.* 1626, at Burford; and the series of effigies of the Fettiplaces on the north side of Swinbrook Church, dating soon after the year 1600.

Of other sepulchral memorials may be mentioned, at Drayton, near Banbury, two alabaster slabs with incised figures and inscriptions (1) to Ludovick Grevile and his lady, 1438, and (2) to William Grevile, 1440. There are numerous inscribed slabs and cross coffin lids in the several churches, and a fair number of brasses, though few of these are deserving of special notice. In the *Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England—Diocese and County of Oxford*, sixty-eight churches and chapels are mentioned as still possessing one or more of these memorials in brass, though in many more instances the stones with the matrices only remain. Haines, in the *Manual of Monumental Brasses*, Part II., gives a list of all the brasses still or till recently existing, detailing examples in eighty of the Oxfordshire churches and chapels. In Boutell's various series many excellent illustrations are given. The earliest remaining brass, of which part only has been preserved, appears to be that of Richard de Hakebourn at Merton College, Oxford, dating from about the year 1310. At Chinnor we find an interesting and early series, commencing with the head of a priest within the centre of a beautiful floriated cross of date *circ.* 1320. Next in order is the brass of Dr. John Hotham, Rector in 1361, and Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, then of Reginald Malyns and his two wives, *circ.* 1385, and among several other early examples, that of John Cray, Esquire to Richard II., 1392. The best examples of military effigies are those at Rotherfield Greys to Sir Robert de Grey, 1387; of Sir John Wylcote and lady, at Great Tew, *circ.* 1410; of Sir John Segrave, or Drayton, at Dorchester, *circ.* 1425 or 1411; and to Richard Quatremayne, his wife and sons, at Thame, 1460. Of civilians there is a brass to John Rede, servant to the king, 1404, at Checkendon.

At Burford have been some very fine brasses to the wealthy woolstaplers or woolmen of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, that to John Leggare in the south transept being especially worthy of notice. Here, on the top of a table tomb, are the figures of the merchant and his lady kneeling on either side of a cross, with a sacred subject on the top and figures of their children below. Unfortunately all the brass work has been removed, and only the matrices remain. Of figures of ladies, that to Lady Philippa Byschoppesdon, at Broughton, date 1414, is perhaps the best in the county. The majority of examples are memorials to ecclesiastics, and some of the finest may be enumerated, as at Dorchester, where is the matrix only, showing a hand holding a pastoral staff and inscription to John de Sutton, abbot, who died in 1349. At New College, Oxford, are brasses to Archbishop Cranley, 1417, and Bishop Yong, 1526. At Merton College is the very interesting memorial of Dr. John Bloxham, warden, and his friend, John Whitton, under rich canopies of early fifteenth century date, and of Dr. Henry Sever, warden, with a series of the Apostles, of date 1471. At Lewknor is the effigy, etc., of John Aldeburne, 1370. At Dorchester is an interesting figure of Sir Richard Bewfforeste, abbot, *circ.* 1510, and at Queen's College, Oxford, of Robert Langton, 1515. A large cross with inscription records the last resting-place of Roger Cheyne, esquire to the king, *circ.* 1414, at Cassington Church. Most of these examples will be found beautifully figured in the large edition of Boutell's series.

A few specimens still retain the sacred subjects which were not uncommonly, and especially in the later brasses, placed above the figures of the deceased, for instance on that to Sir John Cottusmore, chief justice, *circ.* 1439. At Brightwell Baldwin is a representation of the Blessed Trinity, and the same subject is to be found on brasses at Shirburn, to Richard Chamburleyn, *circ.* 1493, and at Witney, to Richard Wenman, 1500. On that of John

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Spycer, died 1437, at Burford, is the Virgin and Child, and there can be no doubt that these representations were much more common before the order for the destruction of all superstitious pictures was promulgated, and so vigorously acted upon during the time of the Commonwealth. The following brasses show the deceased, no doubt according to their wishes before death, as habited in shrouds, viz.:—Thomas Flemyng, at New College, Oxford, 1472; William Leynthall, at Great Haseley, 1499; Ralph Hamsterley, at Oddington, *circ.* 1500; and John Claimond, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, died 1537. The brasses of John Aldeburne, at Lewknor, and Richard Bewfforeste at Dorchester, have the "fylfot" on the vestments. There are a few palimpsest brasses in the county, those of "Master Thomas Englysche" and his wife Isbel, at Ipsden, 1525, and of Walter Curson and his wife Isabell, 1527, at Waterpery, being specially mentioned by Haines. The brass of Richard Atkinson, died 1574, at S. Peter's in the East, Oxford, is also a palimpsest.

There are many other interesting details which one would like to draw attention to, such as the brass pre-Reformation eagle lecterns at Merton College, Oxford, and Cropredy; the beautiful reredosses with rows of saints or subjects, as at Bampton and Somerton, Yarnton, and in the cloisters of New College, Oxford; the sculptured figures, as for example the Norman Crucifix at Langford, and the series of early fourteenth century subjects in the life of our Lord in the north transept at Ducklington; the various fine stone and wooden pulpits, fonts, etc.; and the numerous pre-Reformation bells throughout the county; but this short sketch has already exceeded its proper limit, and must not be any further prolonged. It is, however, hoped that it may be of some service to the student of architecture, and enable him the more easily to ascertain and inspect the finest and most uncommon styles to be found in the very interesting churches of the county of Oxford.

CHARLES E. KEYSER, M.A., F.S.A.

KING JOHN'S PALACE AT LITTLE LANGLEY.

SOME sixteen miles west and a little to the north of Oxford lies the village of Shipton, which gives its name to a station on the Oxford and Worcester Railway. "Shipton-under-Wychwood" is the full name of the village, a name which it owes to its proximity to the once royal forest of Wychwood. The parish includes the districts of Leafield and Ramsden, and the townships of Shipton, Milton, and Langley; it is with the last-named place that we are at present mainly interested.

The hamlet of Little Langley—always a very small one—is situated on the high ground to the south of Shipton, and is locally famous as including the site of what is traditionally called "King John's palace." That the King had a palace at Little Langley is doubtful, for the very complete record which we possess of his journeyings makes no mention of his having ever stayed at Langley. At Woodstock, John frequently stayed, and no doubt he often hunted in Wychwood Forest, which stretched thence to the western boundary of Oxfordshire, between the rivers Evenlode and Windrush. Little Langley was a forester's manor, and was attached to the office of Chief Forester of Wychwood, who had charge of the vert and venison, and held his manor on the service of carrying the King's horn when he came to hunt in the neighbourhood. The lord had, of course, his manor house, and there is evidence to show that as early as the time of Henry III. there was at Langley an honour in which the Courts of the Forest

were held, which was known as the King's Court-house. Domesday survey tells us that the King owned an honour at Shipton, and Skelton has assumed that this was the Langley honour, but the survey also says that the King had twenty houses in Oxfordshire, of which that at Shipton was one. Clearly these could not have been occupied by the King himself; they were, in fact, tenements which he let on what we might call repairing leases. The occupiers, so the survey says, were free of all customs, saving that they were to follow the King to war, and that each was bound to maintain the walls of his house in repair. Of the many royal forests distributed throughout England only three or four are mentioned in Domesday survey, and one of these is Huchennode; but Wychwode, as the forest was subsequently called, is very seldom mentioned in any ancient records, excepting the Forest Rolls, and of Little Langley I have been unable to find any mention until the thirteenth year of King John's reign, when Thomas de Langelee gave the King one hundred marks and a palfrey to have the custody of the forest of Wychwode, undertaking, on the security of his goods and chattels, to safe custody the forest and to pay the King's dues. A mark was 13s. 4d., and the sum paid may seem but a small one, though really, at the time, it was by no means so. Money was a very scarce commodity at the time, and we may judge of its value from the circumstance that a thousand marks was the amount of the annual tribute which King John this very year proposed to pay to the Pope, when doing homage to him for his kingdom.[1] In our money the mark of the period was equivalent to about £16, and John, who was in dire straits at the time, scouted as he was alike by the Church and by the nobles, doubtless welcomed de Langelee's gift. Moreover, there were the King's dues to be paid, £7 annually, and in addition 14s. as tithes to the Church of Lincoln—by no

1 See Hallam's *Europe during the Middle Ages*, vol. ii., p. 429.

means an inconsiderable rent in the days when an ox was priced at 10s. and a sheep at 1s. One wonders what were the goods and chattels which were accepted as security for the payment of the King's dues—cattle, probably, and hawks and horses—for the furniture of a country squire's house was in those days of very little count. The house itself would consist merely of a hall with a small apartment, the "solar" or parlour opening into it on the south, and above the parlour the bedroom of the lady of the house. In the centre of the hall was the hearth from which the smoke rose and escaped through a hole in the roof, the windows were closed by wooden shutters, its floor was strewed with rushes, and all the furniture it contained was a few benches, a chest or two, and trestles on which at meal time were placed the boards which formed the tables. Attached to the honour was the grange or farm building in which the corn and meal and the farm implements were kept, and in which the more valuable of the stock found shelter in inclement weather. Even the King's Court honour—the palace as tradition has it—would embrace little more in the way of comforts, as the nineteenth century reckons comforts, than did the manor house. It probably boasted a covered entrance and a kitchen, and may have possessed a fire-place and chimney and glazed windows. The dais at the upper end of the hall would be furnished with a table and with chairs and a buffet for the drinking vessels. This honour generally was surrounded by a wall, which also included stables and other outhouses.

Of King John's Palace, supposing that it once existed, probably nothing remains. The site is occupied by a farm-house, which includes a considerable piece of the outer wall of a Tudor building. The wall is pierced by several windows, all of which are of the style prevailing in the time of Henry VII., and their date is further fixed by the initials "H. & E.," with the Tudor rose carved in bold relief on a stone which forms part of the wall. The

initials are no doubt those of the King and his Queen, Elizabeth of York. Henry was a great builder; he added much to the buildings of Woodstock palace, and there can be little doubt that while building there he also added to the Langley house, making it a fitting residence for the Court. In the Public Record Office Publication, *Materials illustrative of the reign of Henry VII.*, I find an entry dated 4th March, 1486, regarding Richard Doland, Clerk of the Works at Westminster, the Tower and other places, including the Manor of Langley and the lodge within the park there. Again, October, 1516 (*Domestic State Papers*), Wm. Est, Freemason, receives £9 for repairs at Woodstock and Langley, and this is repeated in February, 1518.

Leland, who was commissioned by Henry VIII. as "King's Antiquary," in the year 1533, to search the records of antiquity throughout England, notes in his *Itinerary* (second edition, vol. vii., pt. 2, fol. 63): "rode 3 or 4 miles through forest of Wichwood longinge to the Kynge where is plenty of wood and fallow deer." . . . "Langley a myle from Burford, there remayne tokens of an old Manor Place in the syde of the forest." With Henry VIII. Langley was a favourite residence, and amongst the Domestic State Papers many notices may be found of his visits there. Thus in September, 1526, occurs mention of the King's "gests" at Langley, and on 24th August, 1529, Stephen Gardiner dates a letter from Langley to Cardinal Wolsey, stating that he was with the King yesterday at Langley concerning letters citatorial to Wolsey and Campeggio. In August, 1582, to the King at Langley to play at dice, £23 6s. 8d.; and on the 28th, paid to Mr. Weston won from the King at dice, £46 13s. 4d.; and to a servant for bringing a grey staghound to the Lady Anne, which she gave to the King, 40s. The Lady Anne was, of course, Anne Boleyn, who was secretly married to the King the following January, and the Mr. Weston was no doubt the Weston

who with four others was executed on the charge of complicity in the Queen's crimes two days before she herself was beheaded. A letter from the Queen to Cromwell is dated from Langley, and appears to concern the wardship of a child which had been granted to her by the King: "Master Secretary I pray you despache with spede this matter for myn honneur lys mouche on ytt and wat should the Kynge's attornne do with Poyns hoblygaccion sens I have the chyld by the Kynge's grace gyfte, but wonlly to trobe(l) hym her haffter wych be no mens I woll soffer, and thus far you as well as I wold ye dyd. Your loving mestrees Anne the Quene." Very soon mistress and servant, the two most active instruments in bringing about the divorce of the saintly Catherine, had both perished on the scaffold. In 1536, Sir John Brudges (Bridges) and Thomas Brudges have a grant of the keeping of the manor and park of Langley with the stewardship of Minster Lovel, Burford, Shipton, Spellesbury, the bailiwick of Chadlington, the four bailiwicks called the Eight Walks in Wychwood Forest and the rangership of the Forest.

In the year 1568, John Whitwell was appointed keeper of the garden of Langley, and overseer of the garden of Wodstoke. In 1587. the Earl of Leicester had the grant of the royalty of the deer in the Forest together with the manor of Langley, but to this is appended an objection that the Forest was a part of the jointure[1] of the Countess of Warwick, and that the Forest and Manor have always gone together.

Queen Elizabeth herself may have stayed at Langley; there is, however, no mention of her visiting there in the full account of her progresses which has come down to us (see Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*). Yet in

1 Anne, 3rd wife of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1589. Dudley was descended from Margt. Talbot, one of the daughters of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He left no children, and his lordships and lands obtained by grants from the Crown (part of the inheritance of the ancient Earls of Warwick) on his death lapsed to the Crown.

the Burford Burgesses' Book occurs the following entry: "The Yeare of our Lorde God 1574, the showe daye, beinge the 4th daye of August, the Queen's Majestie came from Langley through the town of Burforde." King James visited Langley in August, 1605, and stayed there three days, attracted no doubt by the hunting which offered in Wychwood Forest (Nichols' *Progresses of King James*). An entry in Shipton Church Register, probably of this date, states that a French boy, drowned in the Evenlode, was buried from Langley, the Court being there. Tradition states that King Charles stayed at the Lodge, and we know that under his orders a wall was begun which was to surround the park, but there is no record subsequently of royal visits to Langley, and it is probable that the lodge was neglected and suffered to fall into ruins during the great Rebellion.

In May, 1656, William Lenthall, Esq., and other Oxfordshire gentlemen were desired by Parliament to report regarding Wychwood Forest; and they reported accordingly in the form of a letter signed by Miles Fleetwood and others. They say that the forest is surrounded by a wall begun in the late King's reign, and by a ring fence sixteen miles in length, and that the wall is about seven feet in height, and that it would cost £700 to complete it on the former conditions, viz., owners of inheritance lands to dig the stones, the tenants to carry them, the King to build the wall. They state that the forest included thirty-nine coppices, of which, however, only eighteen belonged to the State, the greater part of the remainder to Lord Craven. The lodges are mentioned, but Langley Lodge is not specially named. Orders were passed sanctioning the completion of the wall.

In May, 1659, it was ordered that the deer be strictly preserved, and that no warrants to kill or deliver are to be accepted save from Parliament or Council.

After the Restoration in April, 1661, the Earl of Clarendon obtained a grant of Cornbury Park, disafforested

by the order of the King, with all lands, tenements, and appurtenances near the Forest of Wychwood, also the deer and liberty of warren, and the office of the four Bailiffs or Eight Walks, and shortly after several coppices which had formerly belonged to Lord Danvers. In July, 1662, a warrant was issued for the grant to Lord Clarendon of the manors of Langley, Leefield, and Ramsden, and of lands in the Forest forfeited to the Crown on the attainder of Sir John Danvers. The mention of the name of Sir John Danvers takes us back for a moment to the time of James I., who raised Sir Henry Danvers (Sir John's brother) to the Peerage as Baron Danvers of Dauntsey. Lord Danvers was subsequently made by Charles I. Earl of Danby, and he died in 1643 at his house in Cornbury Park, where he had been accustomed to exercise a splendid hospitality. On his death a great part of his estates fell to his brother, Sir John, who took the side of the Parliament and was one of those who signed the death-warrant of the King. Fortunately for him, he died before the Restoration, when his name was excepted from the bill of indemnity and his estates were forfeited to the Crown.

To return to Langley, the lodge after the time of Charles I. seems to have been wholly neglected, and not improbably the material may have been used for the completion of the park wall during the Commonwealth times. Warton, writing in 1815 (*History of Kiddington*), says: "The ruins of King John's palace, which was inhabited by the royal family till the beginning of the reign of Charles I., are still to be seen in the edge of the forest at a place called Langley; these vestiges of the palace remain: The Queen's garden, park pool, and slaughter-house, the park closes with stone walls ten feet high, a barn and a farm-house with Gothic arches and windows. The prospect is extensive and beautiful."

In 1858 the forest was broken up, the seven thousand acres of land still included in it were sold in lots, and

the deer quickly disappeared. The farm-house was re-modelled.

Another relic of the past is the mound which to the west of the house extends in a straight line north and south a distance of one hundred yards. At its northern end the mound makes a right angle and runs west two hundred feet. This mound no doubt marks the site of the wall which formerly enclosed the lodge.

One other relic of ancient times remains at Langley, and it is one which takes us back to very early times. A little to the south-west of the present farm-house is a five-acre coppice, a remnant of the ancient forest, and known as the "Nutteridge." Now in the Close Roll of the 15 Henry 3 (1230) occurs an entry to the following effect: "The King grants to Thomas de Langelee, his forester, of Wychwode, an acre of ground to be measured according to the King's perch (measure), the ground is that called Nutterigg, and is before the gate of the King's Court house at Langley, on which acre Thomas is to build a chapel." The chapel no doubt stood in the field between the mound just mentioned and the Nutteridge Coppice; but nothing of it now remains, unless the tradition be true that the present entrance doorway of the farm-house is that of the chapel; and the only reference to it which I have been able to discover in any ancient document is an entry in the Patent Roll of the 33 Edward I. (1304), which states that the King had given to Thomas de Netherton the chaplaincy of his chapel of the Holy Cross in the forest of Wychwode.

And here one is tempted to inquire whether in the circumstances of the time or place one can find anything which may have prompted Thomas de Langelee to build this chapel? And in the affirmative one may point to the new and powerful religious influence which at this period the Friars Minors were exercising in many parts of England. Their great master, St. Francis of Assisi, had but lately founded a new Evangel, and had sent forth

his followers to preach the Gospel in all parts of the then known earth. Six years previously the Friars had landed in England, and had speedily established missions in London and York, in Norwich, Bristol, and elsewhere, and in the year 1225 they reached Oxford. "Outside the city walls at Lynn and York and Bristol, in a filthy swamp at Norwich, . . . in the 'Stinking Alley' in London, the Minorites took up their abode, and there they lived upon Charity, doing for the lowest the most menial offices, speaking to the poorest words of hope, preaching to learned and simple such sermons—short, homely, fervent, and emotional—as the world had not heard for many a day. How could such evangelists fail to win their way? Before Henry III.'s reign was half over the predominance of the Franciscans over Oxford was almost supreme,"[1] and as his business must often have taken Thomas de Langelee to Oxford, he was quite in the way of hearing and of becoming impressed by the earnest call of the Friars to charity and good works, and may have been moved thereby to found a chapel for the spiritual benefit of the hamlet of which he was over-lord.

The office of Chief Forester which Thomas de Langelee now enjoyed was one of importance and responsibility, obliging as it did a constant watch upon vert and venison over many square miles of country. Woe to the forester if by any carelessness on his part the King suffered loss; his office might be taken from him, or at the least he would be mulcted with a heavy fine. Thomas de Langelee's case is one in point, for in the Close Roll of the fourteenth year of Henry III. (1229), it is written that restitution of his bailiwick may be made to Thomas de Langelee, King's forester of Wychwood, taken into the King's hands because of trespass in the forest, Thomas having paid a fine of £100 in satisfaction thereof. And not only as regards the King's officers, but in the case of trespassers and others, the forest-laws were at this

[1] *The Coming of the Friars*, p. 44, by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp.

period severe and cruel in the extreme. The King could, without leave or asking, take possession of any tract of country, drive out the inhabitants, and afforest it, that is, convert it into a forest; force offered to the keeper of a forest entailed loss of limb, and a second offence, of life; it was death to kill a deer, and to hunt a deer till it panted was punished by a heavy fine. It was not till some twenty-seven years after the time of which we are writing that the nobles wrung from the King the Charter of the Forests, which vastly ameliorated the punishments prescribed by the old forest-laws.

To return to Thomas de Langelee, the Close Rolls of the period contain many notices of him. Thus, in the first year of the reign of Henry III. he is ordered to allow the Abbot of Bruerne wood from two carucates of the forest, and the following year to allow William de Harcourt to take three bucks in the forest, and Robert Arsic to hunt foxes and hares as he has been accustomed. The last of these entries is in the year 1239, when Thomas had become custodian of Cornbury Park, and it would seem had charge also of the manor of Woodstock. He had complained to the King that the men of Woodstock did not attend as they were bound to do the forest courts, and that they refused chiminage, that is, toll for passage through the forest; in reply, the King tells him to let the men be at peace till he next comes into the neighbourhood, when he will cause that Thomas has his rights.

Thomas de Langelee died in this or the following year, and was succeeded in the Bailiwick by William de Langelee, who was no doubt his son, for the office was hereditary, and, moreover, we find him in the year[1] 1240 acting as the representative of the family. A certain Marsilia, wife of Henry de Langelee, claimed as dowry from William de Langelee, in the King's Court at Westminster, the third part of four virgates of land and of a mill in Shipton. William appeared and asserted that

1 *Abbrevatio Placitorum*, p. 118.

Marsilia ought not to have this dowry because she really never became the wife of Henry. The Court referred the matter to Bishop Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, but of his decision no record is forthcoming. Five years after this trial, the Patent Roll of 30 Henry III. (Memb. 7) records a notification from the King to the verderers of Wychwood Forest, that Ralph, formerly with William de Langelee, forester of Wychwood, had been convicted of transgressions and that William was henceforth sole forester. William was dead in the year 1259; the original of his post mortem inquisition is missing, but the printed calendar states that it was taken during the 44 Henry III., and that it concerned his property in Langley, Wychwood Forest, Middleton (Milton), and Shipton. William left a widow and children, who were with the Bailiwick[1] entrusted to the charge of Thomas Credle, Justice of the Forests on this side Trent. This was in the year 1260, and eleven years[2] after we find Thomas de Langelee acting as Chief Forester of Wychwood Forest, preferring charges against offenders before Geoffrey de Langelee,[3] a man very famous in his time, who, amongst other offices, held that of Chief Justice of the Forests. And here it may be well to note that the Langleys of Wychwood were not of the same family as Geoffrey de Langelee; the latter belonged to the de Langlees of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, and from him sprung the Langleys of Suddington, Gloucester. But owing to the identity of the names of the two families, the connection of two members of the Gloucestershire family with the Royal Forests, and the fact that the family possessed property in Oxfordshire, at Chalgrove, Brightwell, and Kirtlington, the pedigrees have been mixed and confused. Yet, that they were not connected has been made clear by a very large number of references to ancient records, in which

1 Roberts' *Excerpt:* e. rotul: finium, p. 334.
2 *Chapter House Forest Roll*, Oxon, box 3, No. 3. A.D. 1271.
3 For an account of this Geoffrey, see Dugdale's *Warwick*.

mention is made of members of the two families and of the lands which they held. Moreover, the armorial bearings of the families were quite distinct

Thomas de Langelee was dead in the year 1282. His post mortem inquisition (No. 7 of 14 Edward I.) also is missing; but the printed calendar shows that at the time of his death he was custodian of the Forest of Wychwood, and held land in Little Langley, Shipton, Burford, Milton, Littlewood, Nonnescroft, Axton, all places in the neighbourhood of the forest. His children at the time of his death were under age, and were with the Bailiwick[1] committed to the charge of Richard de Williamscote, a gentleman of good family, seated at Williamscote, near Cropredy. In due time, John, son and heir of Thomas de Langelee, was put in charge of the family office,[2] and in the year 1302 we find[3] him with his wife, Joan, buying land in Swynbrok, Asthalle, and Wydeford. and a little later in Shorthampton and Walcote. In addition to the Bailiwick of Wychwode, John de Langelee held the Bailiwick of Cornbury,[4] or as in one document is called "lagarde" of the park of Cornbury in Wychwode Forest. From the documents just quoted, and from three ancient petitions preserved at the Record Office, Nos. 2,789, 2,790, and 2,801, it appears that the Langelee family had a quarrel with Roger le Chambre, guardian of the manor of Woodstock, as regards their respective rights, and not improbable it was Roger who stirred up Edward I. to order an enquiry regarding John Langelee's right to the manor of Langelee. At any rate, in the year 1306 Edward, who was then resting at Lanercost Priory from his wars against the Scots, issued a warrant to the Escheator of Oxfordshire, Walter de Gloucester, to summon a jury to enquire by what right and service John de Langelee held the manor. The jury[5] assembled and reported that John

1 *Pat. Roll*, 10 Ed. I. (Jan. 23, 1282).
2 *Inquis.* No. 98 of 30Ed. I.
3 *Oxon fines*, 146 of 31 Ed. I., 65 of 4 Ed. II., 125 of 7 Ed. II.
4 *Close rolls of* 5 *and* 11 *Ed. II. and Ancient Petitions*, No. 13169.
5 *Inquis. ad quod damnum*, 35 Ed. I., 74 b.

and his ancestors had held the manor from time immemorial on payment to the King of 20s. per annum, and that the manor was worth 111s. 8d. per annum. But the jury do not mention a further condition, which is, however, supplied by another document of the period, namely, that the holder of the manor was to carry the King's horn when he came to hunt in the neighbourhood. However, the family's rights were thus confirmed, and the jury further declared that John de Langelee had within his manor right of view of Frankpledge, and of Infang and Outfang, terms the meaning of which it may not be amiss to explain. At the age of fourteen a new freeborn had to give security for his truth to the King and his subjects, and when doing so some of his neighbours became bound to see him forthcoming at all times when required, and the lord of the manor who had view of frankpledge took cognizance of these pledges. "Infang" implied the privilege which the lord of the manor possessed to try any felon taken within his lordship, and "Outfang" the right to try for felony any man dwelling within his manor, though the offence was committed elsewhere.

In the year 1316, Parliament ordered a return of the lords of the townships throughout the country, and in the return[1] for Oxfordshire, Isabel de Clare, John Trillowe, and John de Langelee appear as lords of the townships of Shipton-cum-Middleton, Swynbroke, Rammesden, Walcote, Ascote Earls, Shorthampton,[2] and Langley.

In the year 1322, John de Langelee was summoned to muster on the 24th July at Newcastle for service against the Scots, and necessarily shared in the disastrous results of the campaign, and we have reason to believe that he, as was the case with many other knights and gentlemen of Edward's army, fell into the hands of the enemy, and

1 *Parl. Writs.*, vol. 2, div. 3, p. 352.

2 Kirtlington, Bigenhull and King's End are included, but this has arisen from a mistake in compiling or editing the returns, for John de Langelee of the Suddington family was the lord of those townships.

was obliged to pay a heavy ransom in order to gain his release. Unless this was so, it is difficult to explain the fact that at York, in February of the following year,[1] John de Langelee borrowed £300 from Thomas West on the security of his Bailiwick and his lands in Oxfordshire. The deed was enrolled in the Chancery at York, the Mayor of the city acting as one of the witnesses to it.

In the Lay Subsidy Roll of the year 1316 (Oxon $\frac{1}{8}\frac{6}{1}$) John de Langeleye heads the list of those paying the subsidy in Langley. He paid twenty-five shillings, while Robert Dobbe, who follows, paid but eight shillings. Seven other individuals in the hamlet contributed smaller sums.

John de Langelee died in the year 1324, which year his post mortem inquisition[2] was taken at Oxford on the 23rd September. It states that he had a capital house and garden at Langley, ninety-five acres of "assart" (land cleared from the forest) and land and houses in Middleton and Shipton. He held his manor on the service of carrying the King's horn when he hunted in Wychwood. Thomas, his son, was of full age.

Thomas de Langelee found his inheritance burdened with a debt[3] of one hundred marks to Thomas West, secured on his lands in the county. But the times were favourable to the landholders. Wool was the great staple and to some extent the coin of England; thus Parliament granted the King not so much coin, but so many bales of wool. The Oxfordshire wool was a famous brand, and the de Langelees, with the large extent of country which they controlled, must have had opportunities for pasturing many flocks of sheep. So it came about that Sir Thomas (he was knighted) became a leading man in the county, and mated with daughters of two ancient and noble families.

The Close Roll of the year 1330 contains an entry that

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1 *Close Roll*, 16 Ed. 2, Memb. 14, dors. 2 59 of Ed. 2.
3 *Close Roll of* 1327.

Thomas de Langelee was to have custody of the Abbey of Bruerne, which, for want of good rule, had fallen into decay and debt. Like his father, Thomas had disputes with Roger de la Chambre. In his petitions to the King he calls himself son and heir of John de Langelee, "lagarde" of the park of Cornbury, which is part of the forest of Wychwood, an office which he asserts he and his ancestors had held from time out of mind.

In the year 1335, Sir Thomas represented the county in Parliament, and again did so in the years 1337, 1351-2, 1353, 1354, and 1360, during the stirring times of Edward III.'s wars with Scotland and France. During the same period he frequently acted as collector in Oxfordshire of the subsidies to the King by Parliament.

The years 1315-16 were years of a terrible famine in the land, but from thence onwards till the coming of the Black Death in the year 1348 was a time of great national prosperity and glory which culminated in the great victory of Creçy in August of that year. But just two years after the Black Death appeared, first in Dorsetshire, whence it quickly reached London, devastating on its way the counties of Gloucester and Oxfordshire, and killing one-third and more of the population. The plague raged a second time in the years 1361-62, and a third visitation occurred in 1369. Thomas de Langelee and his three sons, John, Simon, and Peter, died during the years 1361 and 1362, and doubtless owing to the pestilence.

Some time prior to the year 1335, Thomas de Langelee had married Margaret Tracey, and with her received as dowry the manor of Burgate in Southampton (Hampshire). She was no doubt the daughter of Sir William Tracey of the noble Gloucestershire family of that name, who[1] in 1316 and in 1327 was lord of Burgate. Margaret was alive in the year 1335, as we learn from an ancient charter[2] of

1 *Parliamentary Writs of* 1316, *and Lay Subsidy Roll, Southampton*, 172-4, 1327.

2 *Miscell. Charters*, vol. vi., No. 22, P.R.O.

that date which has been preserved. This charter conveys to Thomas, son of John de Langelee, and to his wife, Margaret, and to their heirs male, lands and rents in Shipton, Wolcote, Estcote, and Shorthampton, and failing heirs male (sons) to the right heirs of Thomas. Margaret died not long after her marriage, and Thomas retained her dowry, the manor of Burgate, until his death, when in default of heirs of her body the manor[1] escheated to the Crown. Thomas's second wife was named Alice—Alice de Montfort, as we shall presently see. If so, she was probably a daughter of Peter de Montfort, of the noble family of that name, and kin to Simon de Montfort, the famous Earl of Leicester, slain at the battle of Evesham in August, 1265. Peter de Montfort[2] was himself famous in his day; he died in the year 1369, leaving no legitimate issue, but several children by a concubine, Lora de Uttenhale, daughter of Sir Richard Astley, of Uttenhale. The sons took their father's name and arms (Bendy of ten or and azure and probably another coat, borne by the de Montforts, arg. a lion ramp. gules), and are called "de Montfort" by him in his will.

Thomas de Langelee died in 1361 or 1362, but previous to his death he had in the year 1355, conveyed[3] his manor of Langley with the custodianship of the forest of Wychwood to trustees to hold in trust for himself and his wife, Alice, during their lives with reversion to their sons, John, Peter, and Simon, in succession. John was alive at the time of his father's death, but as well as his brothers died shortly after, victims in all probability to the Black Death. That neither of the sons long survived their

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1 *Inquis. P.M of Thos. de Langelee, Excheq.* series ii. file iii., No. 28 of 35 Ed. III., and *Inquis. P.M.* No. 116 of 35 Ed. III. These inquisitions taken in the year 1361 wrongly state the age of John, son and heir of Thomas, thirty and upwards. Had he been thirty in the year 1361 he would be son of Thomas by his first wife, Margaret, and would have inherited the manor of Burgate, to which, however, the inquisition expressly denies his right.

2 See "de Montfort" in Dugdale's *Baronage of England.*

Inquis. 29 Ed. III., 2 Nos., No. 41.

father we learn from a very full account of the affairs of Thomas de Langelee, dated[1] September, 1362, in which no mention is made of them while their mother and her second husband, John Giffard, held the manor of Langley, the Bailiwick and all the lands and tenements in Oxfordshire lately those of Thomas de Langelee. Further, in the year 1367[2] died Simon de Verney, consanguineus and heir of Thos. de Langelee, seised at his death of the manor of Langley and the custody of Wychwood Forest.

The inquisition of September, 1362, is an unusually interesting one, illustrating as it does the circumstances of the country life of the period, and especially does it exemplify the fact that, owing to the ravages committed amongst the agricultural labourers by the plague of 1348, the landowners were no longer themselves able to cultivate their manors profitably by the services of their villeins and cottars. Instead of attempting to do this any longer, they divided up their lands into farms, and had moreover to build houses and cottages for their tenants as an inducement to them to remain upon their land. The inquisition tells us that Thomas de Langelee built houses on his manor where before there was no house. Of these houses two were timber granges, which he built in the year 1352, one called Whytehevesdeplace, and the other Smyth's tenement, and he built also several cottages. Further he built a mill called Langeleyesmill, which, however, was not in the manor, but in the lordship of Shipton. Also he built a grange and sheepfold on his manor of Middleton, and another such on his manor of Shorthampton. He made also a pit to take manure, and he dug a well in the forest upon Churchehull. The inquisition also tells us that he made, or completed, this well with slates which he brought from the grange at Ewelme, which is the grange of the King adjoining the chapel

[1] *Inquis. taken Sept. of* 36 *Ed. III., Chapter House Forest Rolls*, box 3, Oxon No. 5.

[2] *Inquis. P.M. of* 42 *Ed. III.*, No. 57, dated 7 June.

of Ewelme, which was taken into the hands of the King about the twentieth year of his reign because the Abbot of Bruerne did not make the Chantrey of the King in the Chapel. For his own use, de Langelee appropriated from the forest a piece of land called Bancroft, thirty perches in length by two in breadth, and he cut down trees from the forest to make a paling about his garden at Langelee, where formerly it was enclosed by a hedge.

Sir Thomas de Langelee was the last male representative of his house, though with three sons at his side he might well have hoped that his name and honours would be continued. Yet within four or five years of his death his sons were all dead, his widow had twice re-married, and his manor of Langley with the Bailiwick had been acquired by Roger de Elmerugge by the purchase of the rights of the widow, now Alice de Honyngton, and of those of the Verney family, the heirs of Thomas de Langelee. Collins, in his *Peerage of England*,[1] states that Alice (Elena?), sister of Sir Thomas, married William Verney, son of Simon and father of Simon and William Verney. Such a relationship must have existed or the Verney family would not have become the heirs of de Langelee.[2] It is said that besides these sons, Thomas de Langelee had two daughters, one, Katherine, married to Nicholas St. John, and another, Alice, married to John Percevall. Petronilla Simeon was one of those who renounced her rights to the de Langelee property, but her relationship to the family, if she had any, is unknown.

And now, in conclusion, we return to the village of Shipton, that we may notice very briefly the two ancient monuments which still exist in the north wall of the parish church. The monuments in question are two arched recesses beneath two of the windows of the north aisle. In one of the recesses the figure of a lady carved in stone

1 *Brydge's Edition*, vol. vi., p. 693.
2 *Lansdowne MS.*, No. 863, fol. 65 b., a vol. of Collections of Sir Robert St. George, Clarencieux King of Arms.

has been placed, but manifestly the figure, if entire, could not be placed in the recess, it must have been taken from another tomb now destroyed. Traditionally the figure is said to be that of Isabel, daughter of an Earl of Warwick —more probably it is that of an Isabel de Clare who was lady of Shipton, and appears to have lived there in the year 1316. The discussion, however, of this question would occupy more space than could now be spared for it. To return to the recesses, they and the windows above them are of the Late Decorated which overlapped the early part of the Perpendicular period, and may be assigned to the years 1350-1380, which it will be noticed embraced the year of the death of Sir Thomas de Langelee. The earliest mention we have of these monuments is in the gatherings of Oxfordshire which Richard Lee, the Herald, made during his visitation of the county, A.D. 1574. From these notes[1] and from Anthony Wood's MSS., we learn that in a window with an old tomb under it were three blazoned shields side by side, the centre one gu. two bars on a chief az. two bucks' heads cabossed or, on one side Bendy of ten or and az. (Montfort); on the other, or two bends gu. an escallop sa. in the chief point (Tracey).[2] Now, considering the place, de Langelee's parish church, the period of the architecture, and the three shields side by side in the way usual with those of a man who had two wives, and that one of the wives' shields is that of Tracey, we have here very strong evidence that the shields were those of Sir Thomas de Langelee and his two wives, Margaret Tracey and Alice, whose shield declared her a de Montfort. As regards the second window, Lee notes: "In a wyndow with a parsonag in stone Lynge under yt very ancient two bars

1 *Bodleian MSS.*, Wood D 14, and Wood Ed. I. and Ed. IV.

2 Tracey, of Toddington, Glouc., descended from John de Studeley, Lord of Studeley and Toddington, A.D. 1140. He married Grace, daughter and heir of Henry de Tracey, Lord of Barnstaple, and by her had two sons, Ralph and William. The latter assumed the name and arms of his maternal ancestors.

in chief two bucks' heads cabossed (untinctured) and a lion rampant (untinctured). These may have been the arms of an ancestor of Thomas de Langelee and of his wife, or they may have been a repetition of the arms of Thomas in conjunction with, as his wife's arms, the shield the lion rampant, which was also borne by the de Montforts.

But there is other and curious evidence that the bars and bucks' heads formed the armorial device of the de Langelees of Wychwood. Ancient[1] documents show that the Langelee manor and the Bailiwick, after the death of Sir Thomas, passed to Simon Verney, his relative and heir, and that Simon died in 1367, leaving as his heir his brother William, then twenty-two years of age. In the year 1399, William's[2] daughter and heiress, Alice, was the first wife of John Danvers, of Colthorpe, Banbury, and they had three sons, Robert, Richard, and John. Now, the children and their descendants of John and Alice Danvers quartered, and do so now, the bucks' heads and bars with the Danvers arms, while the children and descendants of John's second wife, Joan Bruley, quartered Danvers and Bruley. The bucks' heads and bars were upon the escutcheon of Richard Danvers, son of Alice (Verney), which till comparatively recent years hung upon the wall of Bicester church, and they may still be seen displayed upon the tomb of Richard's son, Sir John Danvers, in Dauntsey Church, and upon the tombs of other members of the family. The bars and bucks' heads were not the proper arms of Verney, but were doubtless assumed by the Verneys of Byfield when they inherited

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1 *Oxon. Fines* Nos. 66, 67, 68 of 43 Ed. III. *Inquis. P.M.* No. 41 of 29 Ed. III. *Inquis. P.M.* No. 9 of 42 Ed. III., 2 Nos. (20 Octr.) *Inquis. P.M.* No. 57 of 42 Ed. III. (7 June), and others already named.

2 Space will not allow of a more full account of this alliance, but reference may be made to Chapter 7 of *Memorials of the Danvers Family* by the present writer (Hardy & Page, London, 1895); the history of the de Langelee family there given is amplified, and to some extent corrected, by the present sketch.

the property and honours of the de Langelees. The bars and bucks' heads are still borne on the shield of the Danvers family, who are the descendants and representatives of that Thomas de Langelee whom King John made Forester of Wychwood, A.D. 1213.

F. N. MACNAMARA, M.D.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

HENLEY, the "Mecca" of boating men of all ages, the delight of both sexes, either votaries of the oar or lovers of the great annual three-days' pic-nicking and fun of the Regatta, affords the greatest interest to the archæologist on account of its great antiquity as a town, and to the lover of the picturesque and the wielder of the magic brush, for its unrivalled river scenery, its quaint nooks, its old houses, inn yards, and fascinating old gardens behind the houses. Viewed from each point of the compass, Henley presents a most charming aspect, whether from the heights of Friar Park, the "Mount" in Henley Park, the steep slopes of "White Hill" (once the terror of the coaching days), or approached either way by the river, when the noble church tower, the bridge with its elegant contour and beautiful bend of its five arches, which were regulated by General Conway, of Park Place, and as Horace Walpole says, "for grace does not veil the bonnet to the Ponte de Trinita at Florence"—forms an exceptionally beautiful picture. The freedom from manufacturing business is an extra charm, for Henley brews beer, builds boats, and saws wood as its principal occupations. Of late years, Henley has taken to building, for with the ever-increasing love of river life and easy access by train, this "Haunt of Ancient Peace" has been discovered to be a fitting place for rest after labour. Between the coaching period to the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century little was done in the building line, and Henley rested on its oars and contemplated its great antiquity, only roused by its annual festival, the Regatta.

A very short sketch of its ancient history can be given here. All periods of life are represented: Paleolithic and Neolithic flint implements are found or dredged at and near Henley. In the valley once roamed the mammoth elephant and other huge animals, together with bears, wolves, deer, wild horses, etc., bones of these creatures having been found at Caversham and other spots near Henley, notably at Hurley. The Bronze Age is represented, too; a fine sword was discovered near Marsh Mills in 1882. Specimens of Early English pottery have been dredged from the river, Roman urns and coins found in the Market Place and elsewhere, notably in a field called Ancastle, to the west of the town, on which was probably a Roman "castrum," one of the chain of forts placed between Wallingford and Henley. From Wallingford, still in nearly a consecutive line, the mysterious Grymes, or Grims Bank, or Dyke, can be traced till it is lost at the end of Lambourn Wood, having originally entered the town in Bell Street, as is mentioned in a deed of 1591. Camden thought Henley the place that the Romans under Dio pursued the Britons over the river. Dr. Plot, in his *History of Oxfordshire*, considers Henley the most ancient town of the county, and says the name is compounded of the British *Hen* (old) and *Ley* (a place). Henley has also been called Henlegh, Henlé, Hanlegang, Hanewege, and Harneburgh. *Leag* or *Ley* in Anglo-Saxon means uncultivated land; the verb *Leaswian* in the same dialect means to feed, foster, or pasture cattle. No more appropriate name for the situation of the town could be found, placed in a valley amongst rich alluvial meadows—a direct contrast to the originally dense forest of the Chiltern hills which shadow the town each side. In Saxon times Henley formed part of the Kingdom of Mercia. For centuries it was included in the royal manor of Bensington, in the Honour of Wallingford, situated in the four-

and-a-half Hundreds of the Chilterns termed in Domesday the Ciltria.

The Conqueror granted Henley to Gilbert de Gand or Gaunt, under whom it was held by Robert D'Oyley. At the extinction of his family the King resumed possession. In 1199, King John granted the manor to John de Harcourt. In 1243, Henry III. gave it to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall; after his son's death the manor was possessed by the Clares, Moleyns, Hungerfords, Hastings, and Huntingdons. Queen Elizabeth gave the manor outright to the latter. The fourth Earl sold it to the Spensers, who in 1659 re-sold it to Sir Bulstrode Whitelock: from the Whitelocks it passed to the Coopers, who again in 1724 parted with it to Sambrook Freeman, Esq., of Fawley Court. In 1853, W. Peere Williams Freeman, Esq., sold the manor to Edward Mackenzie, Esq., in whose family it still remains.

Henley is said to have been a municipal corporate town before the Conquest, and when in 1835 the great Corporation Reform Act was passed, it did not affect Henley. Previous to the Act of the 17th of Henry VIII., viz., in 1526-7, the mayors were called Wardens of the Town or Keepers of the Guild. Mr. Burn, in his *History of Henley*, gives a list of mayors, numbering two hundred and twenty-nine, before the Act of George I. The Corporation ledger books commence in the 19th of Richard II., viz., 1396-7, and there are successive books till the present date, with the exception of one lost from the 36th of Henry VIII. till the 38th of Elizabeth. The original government consisted of a Warden and two Bridgemen or Pontenarii, who by ancient custom were churchwardens of the parish church, and to whose charge the structures of both church and bridge were committed from time immemorial; ten aldermen, six burgesses, out of whose number the Bridgemen were taken, a High Steward, and to these a Recorder was added. The bridge and church have always been most intimately connected.

In a roll of 1230, mention is made of eight bishops, the Pope's legate, and six heads of religious houses, granting indulgences to benefactors of the bridge. On the bridge stood a chapel dedicated to S. Anne. In 1642, the bridge was broken down by either the Royal or Parliamentary forces during the Civil War; this was partially repaired, but in 1774 it was swept away by a high flood. The present structure was finished in 1786, but the architect, Mr. W. Hayward, did not live to see it completed. Mrs. Damer, the daughter of General Conway, of Park Place, carved the two heads on the keystones of "Thamesis" and "Isis," the model of "Isis" being the portrait of Miss Freeman, of Fawley Court. No pleasanter lounge can be found than the bridge on a fine summer's day. The parish church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is a mixture of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, with traces of Early English. The earliest mention of a church at Henley that we know of is in 1204, when King John gave to Americus de Harcourt the advowson, stated as being vacant. The tower is built of black flints mingled with stone. It is believed to have been built by Bishop Longland, a native of Henley, Confessor to Henry VIII. and Bishop of Lincoln for twenty-six years, Henley being then included in the vast See of Lincoln. There have been many restorations of the church. Originally it contained chapels or altars to the Virgin, S. Leonard (afterwards the Elmes' Chantry, now the vestry), S. Catherine (which was the Bridgemen's Chantry, the extra funds going to the sustentation of the bridge), the Name of Jesus, the Holy Trinity, the Holy Rood, S. John, S. Clement, S. Nicholas. The chantry priests lived in the "Chapel House" on the north of the churchyard. In the Lady Chapel there existed till the time of Henry VIII. a representation of the murder of Thomas à Becket, the last left at that period in England. The church is rich in good modern glass. The east window by Lavers and Westlake was given by Sir W.

Makins, who has given the majority of the remainder of the others in memory of relations or friends. There are two squints, one in each pillar at the entrance of the chancel, designed to enable worshippers to see the altars in the Lady Chapel and Jesus Chapel. Over the chancel arch is a painting of the "Adoration of the Lamb," by the Rev. E. Geldart. The pulpit of alabaster and marble was given in 1899 by Mrs. Crisp, of Friar Park. A new organ, costing £1,250, has recently been erected. In the Baptistery is a fine monument to Lady Elizabeth Periam, who died in 1621. She was a sister of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Bacon. Over the south aisle door is a tablet to the memory of General Dumouriez, who died at his residence, Turville Park, in 1832, and was buried here. Outside the church is the tomb of Richard Jennings, master builder of S. Paul's.

The Town Hall, built in 1796, being out of repair and inadequate, a new Town Hall, in the Renaissance style (architect Mr. H. Hare), was erected, and opened in 1901. It was to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. In it are portraits of George I. and the Earl of Macclesfield by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and a half-length of Archbishop Laud, a benefactor to the town.

The old Guild Hall stood opposite the cross, and fell down in 1760. Outside it were the stocks, whipping-post, pillory irons, and a ducking-stool for scolding wives. The market, held on Thursdays, is now a small one, but formerly was important, malt, corn, and cheese being the principal goods. There are four fairs a year.

Henley suffered much in the troublous times of the Civil War. Fawley Court, garrisoned for the King, was rendered unfit for habitation by the soldiers. Phyllis Court, another seat of Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, was fortified and occupied by the Parliamentary troops. A skirmish took place on January 26th, 1643, in the streets, and several others on the outskirts of the town. On the tree outside the Bell Inn, now the Grammar School, Prince

Rupert hung a spy in 1642. This was one of the most famous of the many coaching inns, having stabling for a hundred horses. That it is a house of great antiquity is proved by a curious crypt, now cellar, supported by columns. A passage by a fireplace led to a secret room on the roof which still exists. Here Archbishop Laud stayed in 1633. Its principal rival was the Red Lion Inn, near the bridge. Here, on a pane of glass, Shenstone wrote his famous lines on an inn. Here, in 1632, Charles I. stayed, and again in 1642, with Prince Rupert. In memory of the first visit, the royal arms and monogram are still to be seen over a chimney-piece. The Duke of Marlborough furnished a room to sleep in on his journeys to and from Blenheim. Dr. Johnson and Boswell slept here in 1776. George III. knew it from boyhood, his parents then living at Park Place. He and Queen Charlotte breakfasted at it in 1788. George IV., as Prince Regent, also frequented it, and once ate fourteen small mutton chops (for which it was famous) at a meal here! When the allied Princes in 1814 passed through to Oxford, old General Blucher went into the inn to see Lady Malmesbury, and drank to the people from a window, to their frantic delight; afterwards they drew him in triumph down the Fair Mile Avenue. But space forbids me to give a list of all the celebrities known to have stayed there.

Other inns well worth inspection from their antiquity are the "Angel," "Catherine Wheel," "White Hart" (where the gallery exists on the side of the house to view the bull-baiting from), the "Bull," "Bear," and "Broad Gates." The Fair Mile Avenue approaching Henley from the Oxford and Watlington Roads was planted by Sir William Stapleton, of Grey's Court, between 1726 and 1740. Along this road, disguised as a groom, Charles I. rode on April 27th, 1646, accompanied by Mr. John Ashburnham and Dr. Hudson, escaping from Oxford.

Bishop Longland was born in a house near the river in 1473, probably the one still called "Longlands." William

Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons during the whole of the Long Parliament, was born in one of the old timbered houses opposite the church in 1591. The Rev. James Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek, was a native, as well as Sir Charles Cooper, Judge, born in 1795; John William Hobbs, singer and composer of note, born in 1799; and Dr. Russell Woodford, born in 1820.

The University Boat Race was inaugurated at Henley on June 10th, 1829, afterwards removed to Putney. The first Henley Regatta took place on June 12th, 1839, and consisted of two races only; now the races last three days. The writer of these pages can remember the company numbering a few hundreds, now enlarged to many thousands—the most unrivalled and beautiful water pic-nic of the world.

E. J. CLIMENSON.

WITNEY AND THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE.

THERE is not, I think, a more remarkable circumstance connected with manufactures of any kind throughout the whole world than the fact that the little town of Witney, in Oxfordshire, should be able still to retain through so many centuries that woollen trade, for which so many other towns were notable in days long before machinery had come, long years before men thought of employing coal to help them in making the countless yards of cloth now day by day turned out. Nor is it easy to see why this should be so. The little place stands far away from any coal-field ; its position with regard to the other busy centres remains as inconvenient as in times long since passed away, when it was in all likelihood more or less an island on which bands of half-civilized Saxons held their little parliaments, and so gave it its name—Witney, *i.e.*, the isle of Witan.

Only two circumstances seem to explain in any way the retention of the woollen manufacture at Witney, and the first of these is that the little river Windrush, which flows through the town, is said to possess, what Dr. Plot calls in his ancient *History of Oxfordshire*, valuable "*abstergent*" properties. To-day, if you ask any of the Witney manufacturers if this be really the reason the manufacture has remained there so long, you will not be successful in getting a straightforward answer to a straightforward question—merely an amused look, with which you will have to be content. The other circumstance which can be said to account for the retention of the manufacture is the

Butter Cross, Witney.

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fact that Witney stands upon the most easterly portion of what is known as the Cotswold country—one of the most celebrated districts in England for the production of wool, both now and during many centuries.

But whether it be due to the Windrush or to the products of the Cotswolds, it is abundantly clear that from early times the manufacture of woollens proceeded here, ever since, perhaps, that time when the great monarch Edward III. enticed the wary Flemings over to this country that his people might learn from them the art of making cloth.

With regard to the woollen manufacture at Witney during the sixteenth century, I cannot but think a very grave omission was made by that usually reliable and veracious historian, Thomas Fuller, who in his *Church History* gives us much valuable information of the state of the woollen trade throughout the whole of Britain at the period named. Most full and, without question, trustworthy tidings does the old historian adduce, and yet, although he names the various towns in different parts of the country at which the manufacture of cloth went on, no mention does he make of Witney. I cannot, in explanation, claim even its out-of-the-way condition as an excuse for this, since it is quite certain that one of the rectors of Witney, Dr. Jackson, at the very time Fuller wrote his history, was his steadfast friend.

Yet, in spite of Fuller's omission, it is clear that the manufacture of woollens really did go on at the period in the little Oxfordshire town. Not only do foreign names occur in the parish registers, such as John of Brabant; not only was an alnager or cloth searcher appointed to protect the interests of the buyers and others, but one circumstance seems to me to prove, above all else, that the manufacture was not only going on, but that it had proceeded for some years.

Living in and near Witney for centuries was the great family of Wenman, who acquired the name they bore from

the fact that one of them in early days was amongst the first, if not the very first, to take cloth to London and to other places upon carts instead, as was at one time the case, upon the backs of horses. This man was appropriately called the wain-man, or, as we should now say, "the wagon man," and it is certain that he could not have acquired the appellation unless he had manufactured and carried goods upon a sufficiently large scale to bring him into notoriety.

All through the centuries, we may be sure, the Cotswolds, not far away, continued to furnish Witney manufacturers with the best of wool. And while other districts were continually being hampered in this respect by strife (both civil and otherwise), the "tummocky" Cotswolds remained for the most part entirely unmolested. Year after year, the shepherds penned their sheep within the "cotes" from which the district got its name; year by year, the Duttons and other great sheep farmers acquired the wealth with which they not only laid the foundation of the riches their descendants possess to-day, but with some of which they raised the magnificent Churches of the Cotswold country. These may be seen in all their beauty to-day, except in such instances as those in which the "restorer" has been at his horrid work.

The time when the particular branch of the woollen trade which now flourishes was introduced at Witney cannot be certainly discovered; but the following entry taken from the *Journals of the House of Lords* shows that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the manufacture was well established, and I think it a reasonable deduction to infer that "blankets" as a separate manufacture had then been made in the town for a considerable period.

"1641. Upon reading the Petition of the Blanket Makers in of the Towne of Witney, in the County of Oxon, Complaining of a patent of their Blankets which is a great oppression to them; it is ordered that the Patent by which the same are so sealed shall be brought into this House and that the Patentees shall appear before their Lordships

on Thursday the 26th of this instant and that the patentees shall forbeare to lay any imposition upon the said Blankets made or to be made in that Towne until the pleasure of this House be further known."

Patronised during many centuries by the sovereigns of England was the Witney manufacture we cannot doubt. Henry III., when a boy staying at Witney Palace with Peter de Roches, had some of his wardrobe replenished here, as an entry in the Close Rolls shows, and it would be easy to prove that other sovereigns visited it upon many occasions, and it may be for the same purpose. Here came James II. in the midst of his troubles, and perhaps the inhabitants endeavoured to solace him in his woes; at any rate, they do not appear to have been unmindful of the respect which was due to him as the sovereign of these realms, since they presented him with "a pair of blankets with golden fringe." In later days came George III. with his little German spouse, and they, too, were given a pair of specially made blankets.

Unquestionably, the greatest supporter Witney ever had was Simon, Earl Harcourt, who lived, as do his descendants to-day, at Nuneham Court, though he sometimes resided at Cokethorpe, much nearer Witney. Every protection, every encouragement which his great power enabled him, as Lord Chancellor, to give he freely distributed, and it was very largely owing to his influence that "the Company of Blanket Makers" was established in the town. Of the utmost use, it cannot be denied, was this society in helping the manufacturers. There was much to recommend it. Every maker of blankets was bound by certain restrictions, some of which must have proved onerous indeed. As examples, I take the following entries from the Company's books:—

"Edward Dutton is fined twenty shillings for making a stockful of blankets and stuff for petty coats, thirty-six yards long and eight quarters and a half quarter wide,

contrary to the good ordinances and by laws of this Company."

"Ffined two several sums of 20 shillings for carrying two stockfuls to the Dye house before the same were brought to the Hall to be weighed."

"1729. John Wiggins, a member of this Company, is fined two shillings for abusing and speaking of vile, indecent and scurrilous language of the master and assistants of the company in open court, and particularly for calling the present master rogue in the same Court."

But, like most institutions of the kind, the rules were found by most of the manufacturers, as time brought its inevitable changes, to be unbearable, and many of the makers departed for Newbury, in which town they established a trade which was, for a long time, very considerable.

The most renowned of the manufacturers for centuries at Witney have been the Earlys, and their descendants remain to this day, exhibiting all the vigour and tenacity which ever distinguished their ancestors when the making of blankets was not quite so easy and, perhaps, not so profitable, as it is to-day. Coming originally, many years ago, it is believed from Earley, near Reading, the first of the name, in the humblest of circumstances (a subject of which the present heads of the firm are justly proud) laid the foundations of a trade which, although it has experienced fluctuations, may be now said to be in the height of its prosperity.

One of these, who lived in the middle of the last century, has left a memorandum concerning the life led by a Witney trader before machinery and other means employed now in the manufacture of blankets had been introduced. It would have been a pleasing task to have quoted this relic in full, but the space at my command forbids this, and all I can give is a very short epitome. According to Mr. Early of those days, the Witney manufacturer was then obliged to be up betimes in the morning loading his cart, if he was lucky enough to possess one, most people then

engaged in trade being able to afford only a pack horse. Either the pack horse or the cart was loaded with wool and oil, and these latter he proceeded to distribute in the villages within an area of at least sixteen miles around Witney. Usually at each place the old men and women had assembled in some house or barn lent for the occasion, and here the manufacturer gathered up the wool which had been spun, made up into bundles called "pads," and distributed the wool and oil he had brought with him. Then, his work completed, he returned to Witney, which town he was fortunate if he managed to reach before the small hours of the next morning.

I may say with regard to the manufacture which went on in the country villages, that it was usual for the husband and big boys to card the wool and for the women and girls to spin it. We sometimes wonder how the labourer managed to exist more than a century ago, when food was so dear and wages were so low. I think some kind of a solution of the mystery may be found from the foregoing.

From the same hand already quoted we get a knowledge of the dread upon which "London journeys" were then looked. No trader would have thought of leaving for town without making his will and putting his house in the most complete order. His stay in the metropolis was, as a rule, six or seven weeks, and when he returned his pockets were bulky with the letters entrusted to him for distribution amongst his brother merchants.

So things went on in Witney till railways and the introduction of machinery changed the face of everything. Fortunate, indeed, it was for Witney that there were those living in the town who were fully alive to the momentous nature of the changes introduced in the North of England, and who were conscious of the necessity of going with the times. From the very first, Witney manufacturers joined the ranks of those who took advantage of time's changes, and with the happiest results.

But great as has been the prosperity of the blanket

manufacture at Witney in days gone by, it is certain that the trade was never so excellent, never were the demands for goods so wonderful as they are to-day. In my time, great mills have been erected, not only by the Messrs. Early, but by the Messrs. Smith; while in yet more recent years Messrs. J. Marriott and Sons have built great mills near the railway station. And yet with all these, the Witney manufacturers are quite unable to comply with all the orders sent to them, even though they work by day and by night.

WILLIAM J. MONK.

POETS OF OXFORDSHIRE.

AT the outset of this essay the writer was confronted with difficulty in determining whether the emphasis should fall on the first or last word of the title; whether the primary consideration should be enumeration of verse writers born within the confines of our county, or the quickened vision of Oxfordshire to be gained by regarding it as set forth in terms of poetic imagination. This point of relative values has been determined in recognition of the fact that this paper is but one contribution to a series united for the elucidation of Oxfordshire, and not, after the manner of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, proposing to provide snippet information. The estimate made, consideration of our country-side set above the claims of literature, names wherewith men may conjure—Richard Cœur de Lion, Langland, Chaucer, and Alexander Pope—will merit and receive scant recognition in comparison with those of lesser men whose writings portray a closer kinship with our locality.

Richard Cœur de Lion, writer of verses, friend of Bertrand de Born, and, according to the thirteenth century "Vie de Troubadors," patron of Dante's "Peerless Poet," was born in 1157 at the palace of Beaumont, outside the northern wall of Oxford. It is recorded that his father "often resided in his manor of Wodstok for love of a woman named Rosamond," and the year of Richard's birth is said to have been that of Rosamond's discovery by Queen Eleanor, and her consequent flight to the convent at Godstow. Throughout life, Richard was closely linked with Rosamond's son, his half-brother, Geoffrey, and he

appears to have cherished an affection for the place of his birth. Apparently this feeling found response in Oxfordshire, for from our county many joined the Crusades, and in 1193 Oxford contributed with great generosity to the ransom of one hundred thousand marks demanded by Leopold of Austria for his royal prisoner.

The Dublin manuscript of "Piers Plowman" has a marginal note, said to be in writing of the fifteenth century, to the effect that William Langland's father was a native of Shipton-under-Wychwood, and it has been frequently asserted that this Oxfordshire village was the poet's birthplace. That in some degree he was associated with it is certain. What is, however, more valuable from the standpoint we have elected is the fact that the vision Langland set upon the Worcestershire hills of "alle manere of men" was that of humanity throughout the western Midlands in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and enormously aids imaginative reconstruction of ecclesiastical life on the banks of the Isis.

The exact measure of Geoffrey Chaucer's connection with Woodstock has been argued and re-argued to satiety. It suffices here to note that he was a member of the Court of Edward III., with whom Woodstock was a favourite residence, two of his sons being born there. Clearly Chaucer visited the place in 1357, and his allusion in the "Parliament of Fowles" to "a park walled with greenè stone" may be considered to refer to the portion of the Woodstock domains which had been enclosed and stocked with wild beasts by Henry I. In further description the poet says:—

"A garden saw I full of blossomed bowes
Upon a river in a grenè mead,
There as sweetness evermore enough is
With flowers, white, blue, yellow and red,
And coldè wellè stremes nothing dead,
And swimming full of smalè fishes light,
With finnes red and scalès silver bright."

Long ago the poets discerned that which becomes slowly apparent to the historian of Oxfordshire—the fact that in the river reaches dwells the genius of our district: ever since Leland the Isis has been sung. In 1613 there appeared the first eighteen songs of "Poly-Olbion, a Chrorographicall Description of all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests of Great Britaine," by Michael Drayton. The fifteenth song opens thus:—

"Now fame had through this Ile divulg'd in every eare,
The long expected day of Mariage to be neere,
That *Isis*, *Cotswold's* heire, long woo'd was lastly wonne,
And instantly should wed with *Tame*, old *Chiltern's* sonne.
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of the Flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Alsbury, that stood
So much upon her *Tame*, was busied in her Bowres,
Preparing for her sonne as many sutes of flowres
As *Cotswold* for the Bride, his *Isis*, lately made."

The wealth and importance is then recounted of "that imperious wold" which is the pride of Isis, and prophecy is made that, in after days, Thames shall glory to know himself "in third degree" descended from "kingly Cotswold's selfe"; vineyards on the Gloucestershire border and the Rollrich stones, near Chipping Norton, are extolled. For her bridal the Isis is arrayed in flowers culled from the gardens upon her course, "th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a gale of sweetnes," forming background for glowing embroideries.

"But for that *Tame* should be
Still manlike as himself, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with flowers, to Gardens that belong
(His bride that better fitte) but onely such as sprong
From the replenisht Meads, and fruitfull Pastures neere—
To sort which flowers, some sit, some making Garlands weere;
The Primrose placing first, because that in the Spring
It is the first appeares, then onely flourishing:
The azur'd Hare-bell next, with them, they neatly mixt:
T'allay whose lushious smell, they Woodbine plac't betwixt,
Amongst these things of sent, there prick they in the Lilly:
And neere to that againe, her sister Daffadilly.

To sorte these flowers of showe, with th' other that were sweet
The Cowslip then they couch, and th' Oxlip for her meete:
The Columbine amongst they sparingly doe set,
The yellow King-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of Eglantine a spray,
By which again a course of Lady-smocks they lay:
The Crow-flower, and thereby the Clover-flower they stick,
The Daysie, over all these sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth herselfe; to indicate her right,
Who seems in that her pearl so greatly to delight
That every Plaine therewith she powdereth to beholde:
The crimson Darnell Flower, the Blew Bottle, and Gold
Which though esteem'd but weeds, yet for their dainty hewes
And for the sent not ill, they for this purpose chuse."

William D'Avenant, the "sweet swan of Isis," was born at what is now the Crown Inn, Oxford, in the year 1605. His father was "an admirer of plays and playmakers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journeys between Warwickshire and London." On the death of Ben Jonson in 1637, D'Avenant was made Poet Laureate. In 1650 he was tried for political offences by a Court of High Commission, and imprisoned for two years in the Tower of London. Imprisoned again early in 1659, he was released on August 16th of that year, and on the 21st of the same month license was granted to him and to Thomas Killigrew to "erect" two companies of players. To D'Avenant belongs the credit of the re-introduction into England, after the Puritan period, of theatrical representations. His poems do not directly describe Oxford, but surely we may trace the influence of his birth-place in his scorn for London life. Thus he addresses Londoners on the Queen's return after a long absence:—

"How had you walk'd in mists of Sea-coal-smoake
(False sons of thrift) did not her beauties light
Dispel your Clouds, and quicken your dull sight?"

Chronicling a journey from the capital to Worcester, he writes:—

"I
Took horse, leaving th' Town, ill Plays soure Wine,
Fierce Serjeants and the plague, besides of mine
An Ethinck Taylor too, that was far worse
Than these, or what just heaven did ever curse."

And is not the voice of the vintner's son, whose sisters under his father's will were yet by turns keeping the Bar at Oxford, discernible in a tirade against—

"Great monster cities, overgrown with power
That neighbouring towns by hungry trade devour."

At Stanton Harcourt, in 1718, Alexander Pope completed his fifth volume of the Iliad. Little as we may imagine ourselves to have anticipated from the literary taste of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, a perusal of Robert Montgomery's *Oxford* will increase our understanding of the decadence of a period in which such verse was acceptable. The actual date of its publication was 1831, but it is treated at this point because it is manifestly impossible to regard it seriously as a production subsequent to Wordsworth's sonnets; and though Montgomery matriculated at Lincoln College at the end of Dr. Tatham's long rectorship, his bearing as an undergraduate marks him as a typical poetaster of the late eighteenth century. It is satisfactory to learn that "Oxford," a lengthy metrical composition of colossal dulness, was from the first ridiculed in the place the writer set out to depict. Yet clearly the author was hailed as a poet by a large number of his contemporaries, and in his well-known review Macaulay treated Robert Montgomery as a foeman worthy of his steel. To the true poets of the eighteenth century, with the exception of Wordsworth, we, alas! may make no claim. The royal feast was spread before the sister University, yet in the true spirit of thankfulness for crumbs vouchsafed we may chronicle the fact that during a visit to Southey at Oxford in June of 1794, Coleridge sketched the poet's scheme of

"Pantisocracy," a form of Socialism, including a pastoral settlement of kindred spirits on the banks of an unspoiled American river.

In the autumn of 1810 there came into residence at University College a poet of whom not alone Oxford, but the world of his day, was unworthy. The story of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is too familiar to bear repetition; few manuscripts of his boyhood remain, two at least are lost of those published in the year 1810. It is, however, much that from Hogg's life and other sources we are enabled to realize Shelley's appreciation of Oxfordshire. In the summer of 1815, when on account of ill-health he was living near Windsor, he spent a fortnight of July in tracking the Thames to its source, and to this journey belongs the poem beginning—

> "The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
> Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray:
> And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
> In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day."

In May of the year 1820, Wordsworth addressed two sonnets to Oxford. In the first he breaks forth thus:—

> "O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
> Garden and grove! your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
> Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
> I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
> Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
> Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
> The stream-like windings of that glorious street."

For a line like the last we stand the poet's debtors, but "a bold exchange" in sooth! Wordsworth also wrote a sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," which appeals at once to those who know the vicarage gardens of our north-western slopes:—

"Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine,
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred friends
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night."

With the third decade of the nineteenth century we come to a group of writers who, in an age of greyness, reverted to the colour and mysticism of the middle ages. Such men found in Oxford of 1830 the city of their dreams. That it was peopled by an alien race troubled them little: the stones of the mediæval city bore triumphant witness to faith that had been and again might be. The tale of the Provost's butler, who, bearing the news of election to an Oriel Fellowship, hesitated to deliver his message to a man who was to write "Lead, Kindly Light," and be a Cardinal of the Roman Church, because he was playing a violin, is significant. In 1833, the first year of his undergraduate life, Frederick Faber wrote "The Cherwell Water Lily." This was published in a volume containing other poems on Oxford in 1840. This collection includes a descriptive poem on the Cherwell which, in itself noteworthy, possesses for us a peculiar interest in its reference to Drayton's "Poly-Olbion." After asking—

"Was ever lapse so calm as thine,
Or water meadows half so green?"

the poet continues:—

"Yet thou wert tuneful once: that day
Be witness, when the waters lay
To their own praises proudly listening,
And Chiltern's son, the boyish Thame,
To wed the Lady Isis came,
With his white marly waters glistening.
Thou sang'st the bridal hymn, and all
The nimble Churn with gliding fall,

The linkèd streams of Coln and Leech,
And Yenload's darkling forest-reach,
And Windrush, and all Cotswold springs,
Praised thee with blithest murmurings,
Praised thee and thy most tuneful air,
From flowery-meadowed Cisseter
To where the tower of Iffly looks
Intent on Bagley's greenwood nooks."

The poet remains on the river till sunset succeeds to noon, and—

"All is still
But that one thrush upon the hill:
And now and then a flight of wind
The glassy current will unbind,
Driving the ripples to the edge
Among the spikes of rustling sedge.
Now evening lends her rosy hue
With liquid colours to bedew
The hoary stone and chapel gray
Where Austin's monks were wont to pray—
And strangely in the crimson west
Doth Atlas seem awhile to rest
On the star-gazing tower, where he
For years hath stooped full wearily,
Bearing the world, in patient sign
That he who bears it is divine
And yet true man; and in the heart
Of many sunsets hath had part."

Then, as the moon rises, the poet in imagination takes his stand with the watchmen on the pinnacles of S. Mary's, who have looked upon monastic Oxford and "princely Wykeham's convent home," and thus the central thought of one who was to be the founder of the "Brothers of the Will of God" and the Head of the London Oratory, is touched. Faber wrote some fifteen other poems on Oxford, and all merit attention; specially, perhaps, "Christchurch Meadow," "The Beginning of Term," with its opening lines—

"Dear City! Far in hollow hills,
And kept awake by flooded rills"—

and "Oxford in Winter." In the last, the poet discerns that Bagley Wood is most beautiful in the moonlight of winter, and of the town itself he writes:—

"City of wildest sunsets, which do pile
Their dark-red castles on that woody brow!
Fair as thou art in summer moonlight smile,
There are a hundred cities fair as thou.
Coy city, that doth swathe thy summer self
In willowy lines and elmy avenue,
Each winter comes, and brings some hidden pelf,
Buttress or cross or gable out to view:
While his thin sunlight frugal lustre sheds
On the straight streams and yellow osier beds."

The reproach implied in the final verse has since Faber's time been removed, though hardly in a manner to win his approval:—

"Why is it, city of all seasons! Why—
So few have homes where there are homes so fair?
They come and go: it is thy destiny,
Which for its very greatness thou must bear."

No lover of our county may neglect the story of the finding of Kelmscott Manor given in Mr. MacKail's *Life of William Morris*. Kelmscott became Morris's home for twenty-five years, and of it he wrote: "It has come to be to me the type of the pleasant places of the earth, and of the homes of harmless, simple people, not overburdened with the intricacies of life; and as others love the race of man through their lovers or their children, so I love the earth through that small space of it." To those who know the upper reaches of the Thames it is apparent that their remoteness from modern commercial existence would appeal to a poet who was a disciple of Chaucer, a reformer who saw in handicraft the solution of industrial problems. But it is to Mr. Cromwell Price, one of the group of intimate friends with whom, through the spring and summer of 1855, William Morris sang plain-song in the Church of S. Thomas in the morning, lounged on

the upper river through long afternoons, and declaimed prose and poetry far into the night, that I am indebted for an understanding of the peculiar degree in which Morris is a poet of Oxfordshire. Of his undergraduate life, in "The Aims of Art" he has written: "Oxford in those days still kept a great deal of its earlier loveliness; and the memory of its grey streets as they then were has been an abiding influence and pleasure in my life—a matter of far more importance than the so-called learning of the place could have been to me in any case, but which as it was no one tried to teach me and I did not try to learn." Again, he has told us that for him the word "Oxford" ever recalled "a vision of grey-roofed houses and a long winding street and the sound of many bells."

How different was the town of 1855 from that known to us to-day we may learn from the writings of Ruskin and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It was to the influences of mediæval Oxford that Morris and his friends surrendered themselves. Vowed to a "Crusade and Holy Warfare against the Age," their earliest ideals were monastic, and the first rules of their order definitely included celibacy and conventual life. It was by a purely natural process of development, stimulated by fuller recognition of industrial conditions, that the "Brotherhood," with its dominant note of response to social needs and its avowed devotion to the leadership of Carlyle and Ruskin, was evolved. This realized, it becomes at once natural, almost inevitable, that the poet of after days should find his home, the reformer rear his New Jerusalem, on the banks of the Isis. All who know and love the reaches of the upper Thames must rejoice that Morris has set in them his "Idyll of the Epoch of Rest." Wanderers by the upper river, in retracing their steps towards Oxford, experience a sensation of detachment, a renewal of distaste for the uncertain eddyings of modern life. Deep in the far meadows they have kept tryst with the immortals, and

they come to the surface again waveringly, uncertainly, as Rip Van Winkle came. With one who knew

> "What white, what purple fritillaries
> The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
> Above by Ensham, down by Sanford yields,
> And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries."

They have lingered late at Bablock-hithe until from out the river mist one drifted into view,

> "Leaning backward in a pensive dream,
> Trailing in the cool stream his fingers wet,
> And fostering in his lap a heap of flowers
> Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
> And his eyes resting on the moonlit stream."

They have heard the melodious measured voice roused to unwonted urging as the poet cried to the gipsy to flee these paths by mortals trod, lest contact with their feverish existence should rob him of his chosen peace—the peace that is upon the woods and the waters. And then, though ourselves no seers, it has been granted unto us who listened to discern the answering smile upon the spirit's lips. Vacillating in action, our choice unmade, we know at least with whom is security; in the presence of the Scholar-Gipsy stand self-condemned. For, since the passing of Arnold, a poet whose light was of the dawn and not of sunset, forward, not behind, has sought and sung these silent stretches. In "News from Nowhere," Morris, in imagination, journeys up the Thames with a company bound for Kelmscott. A woman among the travellers is at once his friend, and discerns that in some peculiar way he is an alien in an unfamiliar world. Consciousness of their separated standpoints leads quickly to discussion of social problems, and in every region Morris finds his vision quickened by the directness and beauty of her thought: the subjects of their speech lie without my limits, though the hand of the artist has closely

interwoven them in their setting. Kelmscott is approached by water, and it is revealed to the reader through the eyes of this woman for whom human life and poetry are one. "Oh, the beautiful fields!" she said. "I had no idea of the charm of a very small river like this. The smallness of the scale of everything, the short reaches, and the speedy change of the banks, give one a feeling of going somewhere, of coming to something strange, a feeling of adventure which I have not felt in bigger waters." "Later, she led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely sun-browned hand and arm on the lichened wall, and cried out: 'O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all that grows out of it, as this has done.'" The friends wander together through the homestead, to find use and beauty united in all its appointments. Both new-comers, to the two this seems the ideal abode, but by dwellers in the district they are told of yet more beautiful building at Burford and Cirencester. Awaking from this dream of a regenerated England, the ugliness of Hammersmith was powerless to give to this man's piping "a troubled sound." He lay and mused of the fields of Isis as they are to be, and rose to write: "If others can see them as I have seen them, then this may be called a vision rather than a dream." Drawing inspiration from the past wherewith to mould the future, Morris wrought amid the common needs of daily life to awake within his fellows that thirst for beauty whereby she may lead them again unto green pastures. For Morris the mingling of art and handicraft was no arbitrary union. Men had set asunder literature and manual labour; thereupon, from his Kelmscott farm issued the "Odyssey" and the "Æneids," dyed wools and wall-papers, Sagas and social pamphlets in inextricable confusion. "Poet, artist, manufacturer, and Socialist, author of 'The Earthly Paradise,'" thus is Morris epitomised in the "Fasti Britannici."

Musing upon these matters by the slow-moving river, Glanvil's ready plea of poverty falls away, and the Scholar-Gipsy is known forerunner of the seers who discern the barrenness of knowledge, when from life divorced.

MAY STURGE HENDERSON.

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